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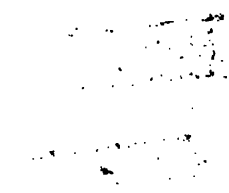




COLLECTED WRITINGS  
OF  
DOUGAL GRAHAM.









PORTRAIT OF DOUGAL GRAHAM

*From Early Chap Book.*

*Frontispiece to Vol. II.*

THE  
COLLECTED WRITINGS  
OF  
DOUGAL GRAHAM

‘SKELLAT’ BELLMAN OF GLASGOW

EDITED WITH NOTES

*Together with a Biographical and Bibliographical Introduction, and a Sketch  
of the Chap Literature of Scotland*

BY

GEORGE MAC GREGOR

*Author of ‘The History of Glasgow,’ and Member of the Glasgow  
Archaeological Society*

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.

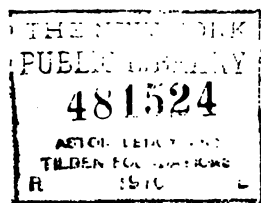
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*JOCKEY AND MAGGY'S COURTSHIP.*



[This chap-book was one of the most popular of Graham's productions. It is reprinted here from a unique copy formerly belonging the late Dr. David Laing, and now in the possession of George Gray, Esq. It is in five parts. The title-page bears that it had been 'carefully corrected and revised by the Author.' It was printed in 1779 by J. and J. Robertson, Glasgow, and is perhaps the earliest copy extant.]

JOCKEY AND MAGGY'S COURTSHIP AS THEY  
WERE COMING FROM THE MARKET.

PART I.

JOCKEY. Hey Maggy, wilt thou stay and tak kent fouks hame wi' ye the night?

MAGGY. Wiltu come awa than Johny. I fain wad be hame or the ky come in, our meikle Riggy is sic a rumbling royte, she rins ay thro' the byre, and sticks a' the bits a couties; my mither is nae able to had her up to her ain stake.

JOCKEY. Hute, we'll be hame in bra' time woman: and how's a' your fouks at hame?

MAGGY. Indeed I canna well tell you man, our guidame is a' gane wi' the gut; my mither is very frail, my father he's ay wandering about, and widdling amang the beasts.

JOCKEY. But dear Maggy they tell me we're gawn to get a wedding of thee and Andrew Merrymouth the laird's gardener.

MAGGY. Na, na, he maun hae a brawer lass to be his wife than the like o' me, but auld Tammy Tailtrees was seeking me, my father wad a haen me to tak him, but my mither wadna let, there was an odd debate about it, my guidame wad a sticket my mither wi' the grape, if my father hadna chanc'd to founder her wi' the beetle.

JOCKEY. Hech woman, I think your father was a fool for fashing wi' him, auld slavery dufe, he wants naething of a cow but the clutes, your guidame may tak him hersel, twa auld tottering stumps, the tane may sair the tither fu' well.

MAGGY. Ach man! I wad a tane thee or ony body to hane them greed again, my father bled my guidame's nose, and my guidame brake my mither's thumb; the neighbours came a' rinning in, but I had the luck to haud my father's hands till

yence my guidame plotted him wi' the broe that was to mak our brose.

Jockey. Dear Maggy, I hae something to tell you an ye wadna be angry at it?

Maggy. O Johnny, there's my hand I'se no be angry at it, be what it will.

[Shakes hands for fear of an outcast.]\*

Jockey. Indeed Maggy the fouk of your town and the fouk of our town, says, we are gawn to be married: What say'st thou?

Maggy. I wish we ne'er do war, O Johny, I dream'd o' you lang syne, an I liket you ay after that.

Jockey. O Maggy! Maggy! dost thou mind since I came to your mither's bill, wi' my mither's cow, ye ken she wadna stand, and ye helped me to haud her; ay after that they scorned me that I wad be married on a you.

Maggy. It's very true man, It'll be an odd thing an it be; but it's no fa' back at my door, I assure ye.

Jockey. Nor at mine, but my mither bad me kiss ye.

Maggy. Indeed sall ye Johny, thou's no want twa kisses man, ane on every side o' the mouth, man.

Jockey. Ha! ha! Maggy, I'll hae a merry night o' kissing you shortly.

Maggy. Ay but Johny, you maun stay till that night come: it's best to keep the feast until the feast day.

Jockey. Dinna be angry Maggy, my wife to be, but I have heard my mither saying in her daffing that fouk sud ay try gin their house will haud their plenishin.

Maggy. Ay but Johny, a wife is ae thing, an a house anither, a man that's a mind to marry a woman he'll no mak her a whore.

---

\* A custom not uncommon in Scotland at the present day among the working classes. Boys, when making a bargain, wet their thumbs and place them on each other as a token of good faith. Something of this kind may be found in the old song:—

'Though kith and kin and a' should revile thee,  
There's my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.'

Jockey. It's a' true Maggy, but fouks may do it yence or they be married and no hae nae ill in their minds.

Maggy. Aha Johny, mony a ane has been beguil'd wi' yence, and do it yence ye may do it ay, what an we get a by-start, and hae to suffer for the foul act of fornication.

Jockey. Ay but my mither says, if I dinna get thee wi' bairn, I'll no get thee ; so it's the surest way of wooing.

Maggy. Indeed Johny I like you better nor ony lad I see, and I sall marry you an yence my father's muck were out, my mither downa wirk at the midden.

Jockey. A Maggy, Maggy, I'm fear'd ye beguile me, an then my mither will murder me for being so silly.

Maggy. My jo Jockey, tell your mither to provide a' things for the bridal, and I sal marry you in three uks after this, but we maun gie in siller to the Precentor, a groat an a drink to the bellman, and then the Kirk wa's maun hear o't, three sun-day's or it come.\*

Jockey. But Maggy am no to make a blin bargain wi' you nor nae body, I maun ken o' your things an ye sall ken o' mine.

Maggy. I ken well what I was to get, an gin my mither like the bargain well, she'll make it better ; but an my father be angry at the match, I darna meet you to be married.

Jockey. I see na how he can be angry. I wat well I'm a gay sturdy fallow, when I laid on a bow and five pecks o' bear on the laird's Bawsey, an he's as bilchy a beast as in a' the barronry.

Maggy. Ay but my mither is aye angry at ony body that evens themselves to me, an it binna them she likes, indeed she bad me tak ony body if it were na auld tottering Tammie, for his beard is ay brown wi' sucking tobacco, and slavers a' the breast o' his fecket.

---

\* In Scotland, in the olden time, forty days were allowed to elapse after the proclamation of the banns, during which time objectors to the marriage might come forward. The session clerk had placed in his hands a sum of money as security for the solemnisation of the marriage ; and one had to be found to stand as surety that the parties would not cohabit before they obtained the sanction of the church.

Jockey. O! Maggy tak me an I'll tell you what I hae; first my father left me when he died, fifty merks, twa sacks, twa pair of sunks, the hens, an the gawn gear was to be divided between me and my mither, and if she died first, a' her gear was to come amang mine, and if I died before her, a' my gear was to come back to her again, an her to marry anither man if she cou'd get him. But since it's happened sae, she is to gie me Brucky an the black mare, the haf o' the cogs, three spoons, four pair o' blankets an a can'as, she's to big a twa bey to her ain gavel to be a dwelling house to me an my wife, am to get the wee byre at the end o' the raw to haud my cow and twa couties; the haf o' the barn an a bed o' the kailyard as lang as she lives, an when she dies am to pay the earding o' her honestly, and a' the o'ercome is to be my ain: an by that time I'll be as rich as e'er my father was before me.

Maggy. Truly Johny, I'se no say meikle to the contrair, but an ye hae a mind to tak me wi' what I hae, tell me either now or never, for I'se be married or lang gae.

Jockey. I wat weel I am courting in earnest, tell me what you hae, an we'll say nae mair but marry ither.

Maggy. I'se tell you a' I ken o', whate'er my guidame gies ye's get it.

Jockey. That's right, I want nae mair, it's an unko thing to marry a naket woman and get naething but twa bair legs.

Maggy. O Johny ye're ay in the right o't, for mony ane is beguil'd and gets naething, but my father is to gie me forty pund Scots, that night I am married, a lade of meal, a furlet of groats, auld Crummie is mine since she was a cauf, and now she has a stirk will tak the bill e'er beltan yet, I hae twa stane o' good lint, and three pockfu's o' tow a good cauf bed, twa bowsters and three cods, with three pair o' blankets, an' a covering; forby twa pair to spin, but my mither wadna gie me crish to them, an ye ken the butter is dear now.\*

---

\* The 'providing' has always been regarded as an important item of the marriage arrangements. Perhaps the earliest account of the possessions of contracting parties is to be found in the song, 'The Wowing of Jok and Jynny,' supposed to have been written before the Reformation.

Jockey. Then farewel the night Maggy ; the best o' friends maun part, and so maun thy twa legs yet.

Maggy. I wish you well, Johny, but sae nae mair till we be married, and then lad.

Hame gaed Maggy and tell'd her Mither.

Mag. O mither ! I hae something to tell ye, but ye mauna tell my father.

Mither. Dear Maggy an what is that !

Mag. Deed Mither, am gawn to be married an' the muck were out.

Mith. Dear Maggy an wha's thou gawn to get, it's no auld bubly Tammy.

Mag. Na, na, he's a bra young man, and has mair gear nor ilka body kens o', guess an I'll tell you, it's Johny Bell, and his mither sent him to the market just to court me.

Mith. Deed Maggy ye'll no be ill youket wi' him, he's a gay we'll gawn fallow, right spruch, amaist like an ill-far'd gentleman. Hey guidman, do ye hear that our Maggy is gawn to be married an the muck were out.

Father. Na, na, I'll no allow that until the peats be cussen and hurl'd.

Mag. O father it's dangerous to delay the like o' that, I like him, an he likes me, it's best to strike the iron whan it's het.

Fath. An wha is she gawn to get guidwife ?

Mith. An wha think ye guidman ?

Fath. A what wat I herie, an she please hersel, am pleas'd already.

Mith. Indeed she's gawn to get Johny Bell, as cliver a little fallow, as in a the barronry where he bides.

Fath. A well, a well herie, she's yours as well as mine, gie her to wha ye please.

Mith. A well Maggy, I'se hae a' things ready, an I'll hae thee married or this month be done.

Mag. Thanks to ye Mither, mony a good turn ye done me, an this will be the best, I think.

Hame gaed Jockey to his mither, crying.

Jock. Mither ! Mither ! I made it out, her mouth is sweeter na milk, my heart plays a whiltie whaltie whan I kiss her.

Mith. Fair fa' thee my son Johny, thou's gotten the geat o't at last, and whan is thou gawn to be married ?

Jock. Whan I like mither, but get the masons the morn, to big me my house, for I'll hae a' my things in right good order.

Mith. Thou's want for naething, my bairn, but pusht forward as fast as ye can.

The wooing being o'er and the day being set, Jockey's mither killed the black boul horn'd yeal Ewe, that lost her lamb the last year, three hens and a gule fitted cock, to prevent the ripples, five pecks o' maut masket in the meikle kirn, a pint o' trykle to mak it thicker an sweeter an maumier for the mouth ; five pints o' whisky wherein was garlic and spice, for raising o' the wind, an the clearing o' their water ; the friends and good neighbours went a' wi' John to the kirk, where Maggy chanced to meet him and was married by the minister ; the twa companies joined together and came hame in a croud, at every change house they chanced to pass by, providence stopt their proceeding, with full stoups, bottles and glasses drinking their healths, wishing them much joy, ten girls and a boy : Jockey seeing so many wishing well to his health, coupt up what he got, for to augment his health and gar him live long, which afterwards coupt up him and proved detrimental to the same.

So home they came to the dinner, where his mother presented to them a piping het haggies, made of the creish of the black boul horn'd Ewe, boil'd in the meikle bag, mixt with bear meal, onions, spice and mint : this haggis being supt warm, the foaming swats and spice in the liquor set John's belly a bizin like a working fat, and he playing het fit to the fidler, was suddenly seized with a bocking and rebounding, gave his dinner such a backward ca that he lost a' but the grit bits scythed through his teeth ; his mother cried to spence him, and bed him wi' the bride, his breeks being fill'd, they washed both his hips, laid him in his bed, pale and ghostly

was his face, and closed were baith his een, ah, cries his mither, a dismal day indeed, his brithal and his burial may baith be on ae day : some cuist water in his face, and jagg'd him wi' a needle ; till he began to rouze himself up, and rap out broken words, mither, mither, whar am I now ? Whar are ye my bairn says his mither, ye're beddet, and I'll bring the bride to you. Beddet, and is my brithel done ells ? Ay, said she, here's the bride come to ly down wi' you : na, na, said he, I'll no ly wi that unco woman indeed, if it binna heeds and thraws, the way that I lay wi' my mither ; O fy dinna affront yoursel. The bride faus a crying. O mither, mither, was this the way my father guided you the first night ? Na, na, thy father was a man o' manners and better mettle, poor thing Meg, thou's caud thy hogs to a bonny market. A bonny market, says his mither, a shame fa you and her baith, he's worthy o' her tho' she were better nor what she is, or e'er will be. His friends an her friends being a mixt multitude, some took his part some took her's, there a battle began in the clap of a hand, being a very fierce tumult which ended in blood, they struck so hard with stones, sticks, beetles, and barrow trams, pigs, pots, stoups, trunchers, were flying like bombs and granades.

The crook, bouls and tongs were all employed as weapons of war: till down came the bed with a great mou of peats. So this disturbed the treading.\*

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## THE WONDERFUL WORKS OF OUR JOHN.

### PART II.

NOW though all the ceremonies of Jockey and Maggy's wedding were ended, when they were fairly bedded before a wheen rattling unruly witnesses, who dang down the bed

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\* In modern editions of this chap-book the first part ends with the sentence :—  
'So this disturbed a' the diversion at Jockey's bedding, and the sky was beginning to break in the east before the hurly-burley was over.'



aboon them ; the battle still encreased, and John's works turned out to be very wonderful ; for he made Janet, that was his mither's lass the last year ; grow like an Elshin shaft, and got his Maggy wi' bairn forby.

The hamsheughs were very great until auld uncle Rabby came into redd them, and a sturdy auld fallow he was, stood stively wi' a stiff rump, and by strength of his arms rave them sindry, flingin the tane east and the tither west, until they stood a round about like as many breathless forfoughen cocks, and no ane durst steer anither for him, Jockey's mither was driven o're a kist, and brogget a her hips on a round heckle, up she gat and rinning to fell Maggy's mither wi' the ladle, swearing she was the mither of a' the mischief that happened, uncle Rabby ran in between them, he having a great lang nose like a trumpet, she recklessly came o'er his lobster neb a drive wi' the ladle until the blood sprang out and ran down his auld grey beard and hang like snuffy bubbles at it ; O ! then he gaed wood, and looked as waefu like, as he had been a tod lowrie, com'd frae worrying lambs, wi' his bloody mouth. Wi' that he gets an auld flail, and rives away the supple, then drives them a to the back o' the door, but but yet nane wan out ; than wi' chirten and chappen, down comes the clay hallen and the hen bauk with Rab Reid the fidler, who had crept up aside the hens for the preservation of his fiddle.

Ben comes the bride when she got on her coat, clappet Rabby's shoulder and bad him spare their lives : for their is blood enough shed in ae night, quoth she, and that my beard can witness, quoth he. So they a' came in obedience to uncle Rabby, for his supple made their pows baith saft and sair that night ; but daft Maggy Simson sat by the fire and picket banes a' the time o' the battle : indeed quoth she, I think ye're a' fools but mysel ; for I came here to get a guid supper, and other fouk has gotten their skin we'll pait.

By this time up got John the bridegroom, that was Jockey before he was married, but could na get his breeks ; yet wi' a horse nail he tacket his sark tail between his legs, that nane

might see what every body should hide, and rambling he cries settle ye, or I'll gar my uncle settle ye, and saften ye're heads wi' my auld supple.

Poor Rab Reid the fidler took a sudden blast ; some said he was maw-turn'd wi' the fa' ; for he bocked up a the barley and then gar'd the ale go like a rain bow frae him as brown as wort brose.

The hurly burly being ended, and naething but fair words and shaking o' hands, which was a sure sign o' an agreement, they began to cow their cuttet lugs, and wash their sairs, a but Jockey's mither, who cries out a black end on a you and your wedding baith : for I hae gotten a hunder holes dung in my arse wi' the heckle teeth.

Jockey answers, A e'en had you wi' them than mither, ye will een be better sair'd.

Up gets uncle Rabby, and auld Sandy the sutor o' Seggy-hole, and put every thing in order ; they prappet up the bed wi' a rake and rippling kame, the bearers being broken, they made a solid foundation of peats, laid on the cauf bed and bowsters, where Jockey and Maggy was beddet the second time.

Jockey no being used to lie wi' a naked woman, except heads and thraws wi' his mither, gets his twa hands about the brides neck and his houghs out o'er her hurdies, saying, I ne'er kist wife nor lass naked before, and for fainness I'll bite you, I'll bite you, &c. Naithing mair remarkable till about haf a year and four ukes thereafter, in comes Marion Mushet rinning barefoot and bare legget, wi' bleart cheeks and a watery nose, cursing and banning, greeting and flyting.

Marion enters. Crying, and whar's John.

His mither answers. Indeed he's out in the yard powing Kail runts.

Marion. A black end on a him and his runts baith, for he's ruin'd me and my bairn.

Mith. Ruin'd you ! it canna be ; he never did you ill, nor said you ill, be night or be day, what gars you say that ?

Mar. O woman ! our Jenny is a' rowing like a pack o' woo ; indeed she's wi' quick bairn, and your John is the father o't.

Mith. Our John the father o't! had, there enough said, lying lown, I trow our John was ne'er guilty of sic a sinfu action : Daft woman, I true it ill be but wind that hoves up the lasses wame ; she'll hae drunken some sour drink like sour sowens, or rotten milk that mak's her sae.

Mar. A wae be to him and his actions baith, he's the father o't furnicator dog that he's, he's ruin'd me and my bairn ; I bore her and brought her up honestly, till she came, to you ; her father died and left me wi' four o' them, there wasna ane o' them cou'd pit on anither's claes, or tak a louse aff ither.

Mith. I bid you had your tongue, and no even your bys-tarts to my bairn, for he'll ne'er tak wi't : he, poor silly lad, he wad ne'er look to a lass, be's to lay her down. Fy Maggy cry in o' John, and let's ratify't wi' the auld ruddoch : ay, ye're no blate for saying sae.

Mar. Be angry, or be well pleased, I'll say't in a your faces, an I'll ca you before your betters about it or lang gae.

John enters. An what want ye now, is our brose ready yet?

Mith. Ay brose, black brose indeed for thee, my bairn ; here Marion Mushet saying ye hae gotten her dochter wi' bairn.

Jock. Me mither? I ne'er lay in a bed wi' her dochter a my days, it'll be the young lairds, for a saw him kiss her at the Lammas fair, an let glam at her nonsense.

Mith. Ay, ay, my man Johny, that's the way she has gotten her belly fu' o' bairns ; it's no you nor the like o' you, poor innocent lad, that gets bystart weans : a wheen filthy lowns, every ane louns on anither, and gies you the wyte o' a'.

Mar. You may say what you like about it, it's easy to ca' a court whar there's nae body to say again, but I'll tell you a I ken about it, and that is what she tell't me, and you guid-wife telt me some o't yoursel ; an gin you hadna brought in Maggy wi' her muckle tocher atween the twa, your Jockey and my Jenny had a been man and wife the day.

Jock. I wat weel that's true.

Mith. Ye filthy dog at ye are, are ye gaun to confess wi' a

bystart ; and it no yours : dinna I ken as well as she do wha's aught it ?

Jock. Ay but mither, we may deny as we like about it, but I doubt it come to my door at last.

Mith. Ye silly sumff and senseless fallow, had ye been knuckle deep wi' the dirty drab, ye might a said sae, but ye telt me lang syne that ye cou'd na lo'e her, she was so lazy and lown like ; besides her crooket fit and bow'd legs.

Jock. Ay but mither, do ye mind since ye sent me out to gie her the parting kiss, at the black hole o' the peet stack ; she rave the button frae my breeks, and wad gar me do't ; and bad me do't, and cou'd flesh and blood refuse to do't ; I'm sure mither, I cou'd ne'er get her wi' bairn an my breeks on.

Mith. Na, na, poor simple silly lad, the wean's no yours, ilk ane louns on of anither, and you'll get the wyte o' a bytarts round about.

Up gets Maggy wi' a rore, and rives her hair, cries her back, belly, and baith her sides ; the weed and gut gaes thro' my flesh like lang needles, nails or elshin irons. Wae be ti' the day that e'er I saw his face, I had better married a tinkler, or a followed the sogers, as mony an honest man's dochter has done, and liv'd a better life than I do.

Up gets Jockey and rins o'er the rigs, for John Roger's wife, auld Katty the howdy, but or he wan back she parted wi' patrick thro' perfect spite, and then lay twa fauld o'er a stool in a swoon.

Jock. A well, a well, sirs, since my first born is dead without seeing the light o' the warld ; ye's a get bread an cheese to the blyth meat, the thing we shou'd a war'd on the banket will sair the burial, and that will ay be some advantage : an Maggy should die, I maun een tak Jenny, the tane is as far a length as the tither : I'se be furnisht wi' a wife between the twa.

But Maggy turn'd better the next day, and was able to muck the byre ; yet there gead sic a tittle tattling thro' the town every auld wife tell't anither o't, and a' the light hippet hussies that rins between towns at een, tugging at their tow rocks, spread it round the kintry ; and every body's mouth was

filled wi' Jockey and Jenny, and how Maggy had parted wi' bairn.

At last Mess John Hill hears of the horrid action, and sends the elder of that quarter and Clinkem Bell \* the grave maker, to summon Jockey and Jenny to the session, and to see how the stool of repentance wad set them,† no sooner had they entered the door but Maggy fa's a greeting, and wringing her hands; Jockey's mither fell a fliting, and he himself a rubbing his lugs, and riving his hair, saying, O gin I were but a half ell higher, I sud be a soger or it be lang, and gie me a good flail or a corn fork, I sud kill Frenchman enew, before I gaed to face yon flyting ministers, an be set up like a warlds wonder, on their cock-stool or black stool‡ an wha can bide the shame, whan every body looks to them, wi' their sacken sarks or gowns on them,§ like a piece of an auld canvass prickt about

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\* The usual name for the village bellman throughout Scotland.

† Jockey had been guilty of an offence which, had he lived a century earlier, might have brought about imprisonment by the civil power, in addition to his seat on the 'cock-stool.' Even about the middle of last century the penalties were severe, and the disgrace was considered great. Feeling in the matter, however, seemed to be more prompted by a fear of consequences than by true morality. Dr. Rogers, in *Scotland Social and Domestic*, p. 311, thus explains the legal position of presbyteries and kirk-sessions in regard to such matters — 'At the Reformation, Presbyterian judicatories proceeded to occupy the position of Consistory Courts. They took cognisance of offences precisely similar, with the exception of such as "speaking evil of saints" and "the non-payment of offerings," or those which bore direct reference to the Catholic faith. Under the Presbyterian system, the kirk-session exercised the functions of the Archdeacon's Commissary, and Presbyterian Synods and the General Assembly formed an appellate jurisdiction similar to that which was exercised by the Archdeacons and Bishops and the Archbishops of St. Andrews.'

‡ The stool was placed in front of the pulpit, in full view of the congregation. In some parishes the culprits were allowed to sit, but in most cases they had to stand.

§ The 'sacken sark' had a variety of names, such as 'the harden gown,' 'the sack gown,' 'the harn gown,' and 'the linen.' Each parish was supposed to have one of these habits: and in 1655 the sum of £4 4 6 Scots was expended by the kirk-session of Lesmahagow in the purchase of one. A specimen of the 'sacken sark' may be seen in the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries in Edinburgh.

a body, for naething, but what every body does amaist, or they be married as well as me.

Mith. My man Johny, ye're no the first that has done it, an ye'll no be the last; een mony o' the ministers has done it themselves, hout ay, your father and I did it mony a time.

Mag. Ay, ay, and that gars your son be so good o't as he is: the thing that is bred in the flesh is ill to pit out o' the bane.

Mith. Daft woman what way could the warld stand, if fouks wadna make use o' ither, it's the thing that's natural, bairns getting, therefore it's no to be scunnert at.

Mag. Ay, ay, but an they be for the like o' that, they should marry.

Mith. But I think there's little ill tho' they try it yence or twice or they be married; it's an unco thing till a body to be bound to a business, if they dinna ken whether they be able for it or no.

Mag. Ay, ay, that's your way o' doing and his, but its no the way o' ither honest fouk; see what the minister will say to it.

Mith. The minister is but a mortal man, and there's de-flections in his members as well as mine.

Mag. Ay, but fouk should ay strive to mortify their members.

Mith. An is that your Whigry? Will you or any body else, wi' your mortifying o' your members, prevent what's to come to pass? I wish I saw the minister an his elders, but I'se gie him scripture for a he's done yet: tell na me about the mortifying o' members, gin he hae gotten a bystart let her and him feed it between them an they sud gie't soup about: but she maun keep it the first quarter, an be that time muckle black lady 'ill be cauft, we sall sell the cauf an foster the wean on the cow's milk: That's better mense for a fault, than a' your mortifying o' your members, and a' your repenting-stools; a when papist rites an rotten ceremonies, fashing fouks wi'

sack gowns and buttock-males,\* an I dinna ken what, but bide you yet till I see the minister.†

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## THE WONDERFUL WORKS OF OUR JOHN MADE MANIFEST BEFORE THE MINISTER, &c.

### PART III.

NOW Jockey and his mither went into the little byre, and held a private meeting, nane present but auld bruckie, and the two brutes the bits a cuties.

Mith. Ye silly dog, an he be drown'd to you, how cou'd ye confess sae muckle to maeslie shanket Marion, altho' she be her mither.

Jock. O mither, mither, say nae mair about it, my ain wand has dung me dourly ; sadly have I suffered for that, and ye ken a' the misery's com'd o'er our Maggy, my mouth's the mither o't, sae ha'd your tongue I tell you now.

Mith. An tell ye me to ha'd my tongue, an ye had a hauden your tongue and your tail, an a done as I bade you, ye hadna hane sae muckle ado the day daft silly dog it thou is.

Jock. Mither, mither, gies nane o' your mocks nor malice. for tho' I got the wean, ye hae as muckle the wyte o't as I

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\* A fine paid to the Kirk-Session, who distributed it, with the other moneys in their possession, among the poor of the parish. See the second part of *The History of Buckhaven*, where the culprit is made to pay 'four pound and a groat,' probably Scots money, equal to about seven shillings sterling.

† The following paragraph concludes the second part in modern editions :—'Now Jockey and his mither went into the little byre and held a private meeting, nane present but auld Bruckie and the twa Brutes, the bits of cuties, that she might give him counsel how to behave when he appeared before Mess John, to answer for his bastard ; which concludes the third and last part.' The 'third and last part' in these editions, however, fails to carry the story to its proper issue, and only gives a very summary account of Jockey on the cutty-stool.

Gae seek me out my three new sarks, an Sunday's shune, an I'se gae whar ne'er man saw my face before, neither wood, water nor wilderness, sall haud me again.

Mith. My braw man Johny, ye mauna do that, stay at hame wi' me, and set a stout heart till a stay brae, I'se gae to the session wi' you, gang whan ye like.

Jock. A well mither, I sall do your bidden for ance yet, but whan the minister flytes on me, answer ye him, for I canna speak well again.

Mith. Say nae mair, I hae a pokfu' o' perfect petitions to louse an put to him an his elders, and if thou maun gae to their black-stool, it's no be thy lane sall sit upon't.

Jock. But mither, whether will I deny the doing o't or confess the game was at the getting o't?

Mith. Ay, ay, confess ye did it, but say but ance, and that it was on the terms of marriage, the way that a' our kinty bystarts is gotten.\*

Now Jockey being three times summon'd to the session and did not appear, the session insisted for a warrant from the justice of the peace,† which was readily granted, more for diversion than justice' sake, the warrant being given to John King the constable, who went away with Clinkem Bell on Saturday's morning, and catch'd John just at his breakfast, hauls him awa, ane at ilka oxter like twa butcher dogs hinging at a bull's beard, his mother followed, driving him up with good counsels, my bra' man Johny, haud up your head, dinna think shame, for a' your fauts is but perfect honey, you're neither a thief, whore nor horse stealer.

Then Maggy ran for uncle Rabby, an uncle Rabby sent to Sandy the Souter of Seggyhole, the Souter saddled his mare,

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\* Ante-nuptial fornication—'on the terms of marriage'—was lamentably common, but in such cases the law of the church, while duly put in force, was considerably relaxed in its severity, if marriage followed.

† The civil authorities were frequently called upon to give effect to church censures. In the seventeenth century sentence of excommunication practically carried with it all the pains of civil outlawry; but in 1690 an Act of the Estates abrogated the civil consequences of the sentence.



and uncle Rabby got aff at the gallop on his gray powney west the hags, an o'er by Whitehill shough, the nearest, and was at Sir James the justices lang or John was brought into judgment.

John enters, before the justice, with a red, red face, Goode'en Mr. Justice, Sir James, an't please your honour ye manna put me in prison, for am no malefactor, but a poor honest kintry-man, that was born in an ill planet, my mither says't I had the ill luck of a misfortune to fa' foul wi' furnication, and got my mither's lass wi' bairn the last year, and they're gawn to father't on me the year again.

The justice smiling, answer'd, indeed John I think it is but very just and reasonable that ye be accountable this year for your last years labours.

Jock. Ay, ay, sir, I have laboured very sair since my father died, but our plough canna get gaun for frost this four days.

Just. Ay but John, that's no what I mean, it's the child ye got last year, ye must be answerable for this.

Jock. A deed stir, there was twa o' them, but there is ane o' them dead.

Just. A well then John you'll have the more to give the one that's alive.

Jock. Oh! but stir, it's my ain wean that's dead, the ane I got wi' my wife; I dinna ken whither the tither be mine or no.

Just. Yours or no sir, when ye told me ye got it; if ye should get it wi' a beggar wife at the back of a dike what is that to the purpose, when it is of your getting you must maintain it.

Jock. O! yes stir, am no refusing to gie meat and meal to maintain't; but my mither winna let me to the black-stool.

Just. Why not go to the black-stool, when guilty of such an action as deserves it, if you have any reasons why you should not go, argument it in session and clear yourself if you can.

John's mother enters, and addresses herself to the servant lass, thinking she was the justice's lady.

Indeed mistress madam, if ye were a kintry good-wife, like

mysel, I could tell you a' about it, but you that's gentiles, I canna use freedom wi you, cause I hae na Latin. But waes me we that's poor fouk is born to mony fealins and backwart faus, this lad is my son, an am his mither, he has had the foul fortune to get a bystart bairn, nae doubt but we hae been a' guilty o' as muckle and ne'er a word about it, a what say ye madam?

Off goes the lass, saying, Foul fa' the wife, for I was never guilty o't.

Just. Well goodwife, what is the reason but ye let your son give satisfaction to the kirk?

Mith. Deed stir, he's no denying the bairn, but he'll no hae the black-stool.

Just. Ay, but I tell you, them that gets a bystart, gets the black-stool to the bargain, and as he is in my hands now, he must find caution that he will answer the session and be subject to the law.

Mith. Ony thing ye like, stir, but that shamfu' stance, the black stool, here's uncle Rabby, and auld Sandy the Sutor, will be caution that we's face the session on Sunday, the lad's wae enough he did it, but he canna help it now, the weans born and by hand; Sae goodnight wi' your honour's ladyship it's the first time e'er I was before you.

On Sabbath after sermon the session met, John and his mother is call'd upon, he enters courageously, saying, Good-eeen to you Master Minister, bellman and elders a', my mither and me is both here.

Mess John. Then let her in, come awa goodwife, What's the reason you keep your son so long back from answering the session? you see it is the thing you are obliged to do at last.

Mith. Deed stir, I think there needs na be nae mair wark about it, I think when he's gien the lazy hulke, the mither o't, baith meal and groats\* to maintan't, ye need na fash him, he's a dutifu' father indeed, weel a wat, whan he feeds his bystart sae weel.

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\* Milled oats, or oats with the husks taken off.

Mess John. Woman are you a hearer of the gospel? that ye reject the dictates of it, how come you to despise the discipline of the church? Is not offenders to be rebuked and chastised?

Mith. Yes stir, a' that is very true, but I hae been three or four times through the Bible, and the New Testament, and I never saw a repenting stool in't a'; then whar cou'd the first o' them come frae, the Apostles had nane o' them. But a daft history book tells me, that the first o' them was used about Rome amang the Papists, and ay whan ony o' them turn'd Whigs, they were put on a four neuked thing, like a yarn winnle blades, and rave a' their gouls sindry till they turn'd Papists again: and then for anger they put them on a black stane or stool, in the mids o' the kirk, and the seck gown about them, wi' the picture o' the de'il and Satan on't, a sweet be wi' us, we sudna speak o' the ill thief in the kirk, but it is a mercy the minister's here an' he come, but that was the original of your repenting stools, and whan the whigs chas'd awa the Papist fouk out o' this kintry, they left a wheen o' their religious pictures, and the stool o' repentance was amangst the spoil, but yese no get my bairn to set upon a thing as hich as a hen bawk, and ilka body to be glowing at him.\*

Mess John. Woman I told you formerly that any who refuses submission to the government of the church, is liable to excommunication: and that we are to put the law in execution against adultery and fornication, or the sin thereof, lies partly on our head.

Mith. As for your sin of adultery, I have naething ado wi't; I ken my son is a fornicator, and ye can neither mak him better nor war nor he is, there's nae man can keep a

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\* This is rather an original account of the rise and progress of the black-stool: but it would be difficult to say how far history supports it. In a chap-book printed in 1776 under the title of 'An Account of the General Assembly's Invention for the final Extirpation of the Black-stool of Repentance and the Sackcloth Gown out of the Kirk of Scotland: proposing a new and easy method of punishing sporting ladies,' a similar account is given of the stool.

standing in their ain hand, fortune I mean, if it be a sin let him confess't, and forsake it, and wi's pay the buttock-mail and mak nae mair about it.

Mess John. Goodwife you need not think your son will pass so, more than others that has been before him, he must actually come before the congregation three sabbaths before he be absolved from the scandal, and get the benefit of any church privileges like any other honest man.

Mith. Indeed Mess John, my son will never set his hips upon't ; if he maun come before you, I'se gar him stand a bit a back frae't and hear what ye hae to say about fornication, twa harmless free bodies, passing their trials to see what they can do, ye that's whigs may mak enough o't, but I think na muckle about it.

Mess John. Woman you may go home and see what ye have to do ; ye have a very bad tongue : it's no you we are to take account of.

Mith. Ay, ay, ye that's ministers and modest fouk may say sae, but if my son had tane as good tent o' his tail, as I can do o' my tongue, there had na been sae muckle about it, a wheen silly loons kens na what they were made for, or how to guide a thing whan they get it.

Mess John. Put her out, she's going to speak bawdy.

Mith. O ay, stir, I'se gang out, but I'll hae my bairn out wi' me.

Mess John. We must first ask some few questions at him, there is no harm can come on him here.

Mith. For as good company as you think yourselves, I wad rather hae him in anither place.

John's kept in and his mother put out.

Mess John. Well John, you must tell us whether this child was gotten before ye was married, or since : for I suppose by the time of the birth it is much about the same time.

Jock. Hout ay, stir, it was gotten lang or I was married, I need na forget the getting, it was na sae easy to me.

Mess John. How long is it since ye was first acquaint ?

Jock. Just when she came to be my mither's lass, I never

saw her but ance before, and gin I had never seen her, I had never kend her in sic a fashious fashion.

Mess John. How long was she serving with your mother.

Jock. Just twa hail-yerts : and I got her wi bairn about a year after she came, and its no a year yet since I was married.

Mess John. Dear John there is a contradiction indeed, a woman cannot go two years with child.

Jock. Deed stir, it was then the wean was first gotten.

Mess John. A John, John, I find you out to be a sinful liver, you and that woman has had carnal dealings for some time ; it is ill keeping the cow out of the corn, if she once got a way of going to it, ye should actually a married the poor woman, when ye cohabited so long together.

Jock. No stir, we didna cow habit, tho' she kist me, and I kist her, sometimes in the barn, and sometimes in the byre : nane ken't o't but my mither, an' she wadna let me tak her, but sent me awa to court our Maggy.

His mother cries through the hole o' the door : A ye senseless sumph, is that a' the thanks I get for counselling you to do weel, war na me ye wad a been married on a lownlike leepet lazy lump, who had neither wit nor wyles, no say much judgment as wyfe the wind frae her tail but lute it gang afore fouks.

Up gets the elders crying, Fy, fy, Duncan the bell-man drive that wicked wife frae the door she disturbs us all.

Duncan runs to the door whispering, shame fa you for a wife had out o' that : but I wad rather hear you, as hear them yet.

Mess John. Now John will you be so plain as tell me whether ye promist to marry the woman or no, when ye lay with her.

Jock. Na stir, I didna lie wi' her, for the herd and me lay in the byre-bed, and she lay in the little lang saddle at the hallen end.

Mess John. It is all one whether ye lay with her or not, when ye have got her with child, that's what ye confess.

Jock. I kenna whither I got her wi' bairn or no : but I did wi' her as I did wi' our Maggy, when she fell wi' bairn.

Mess John. But the question is, whether or no, did you promise to marry her when that child was gotten?

Jock. Hut, tut, stir, ye wad fash fouk spiering a' thing, it was her that promist to marry me for the getting o't.

Mess John. And did not you do the like to her?

Jock. A what needed I do the like when she and my mither did it a' but the wean getting, she could na do that.

Mess John. Indeed John you seem to have been a parcel of loose livers altogether.

Jock. A loose stir, I wish I were loose yet, better be loose than bun to an ill stake.

Mess John. I see it is needless for me to enquire any further into the matter, I find you out guilty, therefore, you must appear publicly on the stool of repentance on Sabbath next, and the two following thereafter, or ye be absolved from the scandal.

Jock. Indeed master minister, am very easy about repentance, and for your stool, its a seat am very indifferent about, for am but bashful, and as I was never guilty o' getting bystarts, either before or sin syne, except in thoughts, words, deeds and actions, I think ye may een let me pass, I suffered enough wi' the clash o' the kintry, and loss o' my ain wain, it was nae bystart, ye canna gar me stand for that.

Mess John. You appear to be such a stupid fellow, the like of you should neither have lawful child or bastard, and I admire that such an ideot as you, was allowed to be married to any woman; and you James, who is the elder of that proportion, should have given information of this man's capacity, before he was joined to a wife. \*

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\* The Church rule on the point here brought out by Mess John may be illustrated by an enactment passed by the Kirk Session of Glasgow in 1591, which bore that those desirous of entering the conjugal state had to repeat the ten commandments, the articles of faith, and the Lord's prayer. If the candidates could not pass the examination they were declared unworthy of being joined in marriage, and were liable to censure. A few days after this decree had been issued, the Session prohibited a marriage until the bridegroom had learned his task. The Presbytery of Glasgow, in 1594, prohibited a marriage because the bridegroom was 'in greit debt.'

Elder. Indeed sir, ye ken very well, he answered the questions at the examine, better nor any other fouks, and I think he is best married, for he might a gotten mae bystarts and fasht us.

Jock. Indeed stir, it's very true, for when ance I got the gate o' women, I cou'd na bide aff them, but our Maggy was unco cunnen, she wad na let me do naething but kiss her and kittle her till ance we was married.

Mess John. I'll ask no more questions at him : call on his mother, (in she comes,) Goodwife, we have ordered your son to appear three Sabbaths on the stool an' there to be reprov'd before the congregation publicly an' be absolved from the scandal.

Mother. Than the ill thief be in his a-se Mess John, gin e'er he set his hips upon't, my bairn on your black stool? and wadna't be a great blunder on the auld black face o't, to my son to gang on't before the young laird, who has had twa bys-tarts and ne'er set a hip on't yet, and he's continually riding on the hussies to this day, and them that wadna let him, he rives their duds, and kicks their douns. A dear Mess John, an ye gie gentle fouk a toleration to whore, to fornicate, kiss an' kuddle a wee, wi' ilka body they like, I'll gie you ten marks and gie't to me and my son too.

Mess John. And what shall we do with these odious persons?

Elders. Indeed, sir, we see not what we can make of them.

Mess. John. Make of them, we'll exclude them from all church benefit, and lay them under the lesser excommunication.\*

Mith. Indeed stir, tak your mind o't as our cat did o' the haggies, when she sippit it a', and crap in o' the bag.

If ye winna christen the wean, ye canna hinder us to cast a cogfu' o' water on the face o't, and ca't ony thing we like.

So out she goes shooting Jockey before her, so John went and pisht on the auld minister's widow's gavel, and there was nae mair about it that day.

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\* Suspension from church privileges for a time, until they showed signs of repentance.

HOW JOCKEY AND HIS MOTHER WENT AWAY  
TO SEE HIS BASTARD CHILD, &c.

PART IV.

NOW Jockey and his mither came hame together, cheek for chow cracking like twa hand guns.

Moth. I trow I have fought a battle this day, and win the field condingly, whan I hae conquer'd a' the canker'd carles about the kirk.

Jock. Indeed mither I think ye are a better man nor the minister, and gin ye had Arithmattock and Latin, to ken the kittle figures you may preach as well as he.

Moth. I true Jock lad their black stool o' sham repentance ne'er got sic a rattle as I hae gient the day.

Jock. Na, na, mither, a' the whoremongers that ever set a hip on't kens na sae muckle about the auld foundation o't as ye do.

Moth. But Johny man, an' thou wad start in the morning, the first o' the daft days,\* and that's on Munday, ye an' I wad go and see the daft jade, Jenny the mither o't.

Jock. Wi' a' my heart mither, but wi maun giet something an' it were an auld servet, or an auld sark to keep the hips o't warm, young weans is ay wet about the a-se ye ken.

Moth. A well then Johny, I'se cry to thee whan the hens begin to keckle, and that's about the break o' day, an' wees be ready to tak the road again Torryburn day light, whan weel ken a turd by a stane.

Up gets auld Maggy, Jocks mither in the morning, puts on the kettle, and maks her Yool sowens, the meikle pot hung on the fire a' night wi' the cheek of an auld cows head, skims aff the fat an' mak's a great cog o' brose, then pours on a chappen o' clean creish like oil, which made a brave sappy breakfast for Jockey and his mither, and Maggy got the cog to scart.

The brose being done and a' thing ready, he halts the

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\* The beginning of the New Year, or Yule, festivities.



black mare, lays on the sunks and a covering, fine furniture for a country wife.\*

Jockey mounts, and his mother behind him, trots awa, till coming down the brae abune John Davie's well; the auld beast being unfiery o' the feet, she fundred before, the girth and curple brake, Jockey tumbled o'er her lugs, and his mother out o'er him in the well wi' a slung.

Jock. Ay, ay, mither, tho' I fell ye needna faun abune me, an' gin ye had lyne whar ye lighted first, ye wadna tumbl'd into the well; its an unco thing that a body canna get a fa' but ye maun fa' abune them: auld ruddoch it thou is, thou might a hauden better by the rumple, an' ye wadna a bruised a my back wi' your auld hard banes, nor a wat a' yoursel say, and see how ye hae drummel'd a John Davie's well.

Moth. Hech quo she, I wonder gin I be kill'd, thou always was wont to get the word of a good rider, baith upon hussies and horses, an' this be thy management thou's little worth; fel'd the auld beans it bore thee! sic a bath as I hae gotten to my Yool, thou coudna gien me a war bed nor a water hole in a cauld frosty morning: wae be to thee an' that ill gotten gett o' thine, O! let never better bounty be gotten wi' bystarts getting, an' this is so much for the fruits o' fornication, a war stance nor the black-stool yet.

Jock. Let's a be now wi' your auld taunts about bystarts getting, or I'se gie you the wind o' the mare's tail, an' gar you wammel hame an' a' your wate coats about you.

Moth. Na, na, my man Johnny, haud the auld jade till I loup on, we came together, and wi's gang together, wi sall see thy bystart and its mither or wi gae hame.

Jock. Wi' a' my heart mither, but yonder the house an' the hens on't, the lums reeking rairly, but little ken they wha's coming.

At length they came to Jenny's mother's door.

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\* The ordinary mode of travelling long distances. Country women were then good horse-women.

In goes his mother and in goes his mare,  
Himself follows after, cries how's a' here?

Moth. Hech, is that poor body in her bed yet?

Her mother answers,

Well a wat she's in her bed, an' cauld cauld, and comfourtless is her lying; bystarts getting is just like lent gear, seldom or ever weel paid back again; but my poor lassie coudna done war nor she's done, O! gin she had yielded her body to some bit herd laddie, he wad a seen her lang or now.

Moth. A dear Marrion what wad ye be at? Do ye think that our John wha has a wife o' his ain, cou'd come an' wait on her as she were a dame o' honour, or yet an honest man's wife, poor silly lown it she is, an' he had thought on what he was com'd o' he wad ne'er a offer'd benevolence to the like o' her.

Mar. An' ye had been as great an instrogater against his making her double ribbet, as ye're now against doing her justice, for the filthy jimcrack he's gien her, ye wadna need to ca' her silly lown the day, an him an honest man; but the ne'er an honest man wad a hodd'l'd sae lang on a ae poor hussie an' then gane awa an a married anither for love of a pickle auld clouts, and twa three pock-fou's o' tow: an she is but a silly lown indeed that lute him or ony rattle-scul else, shake their tail so lang upon her, without his faith, an' his troth, an' his fist before the minister.

Moth. A cauld be your cast kimmer, do ye think it your dadeling daughter's a match fit for my son John; I think less may sair, her father was but a poor cotter carle, an' our John's father was a farmer, an' its but a trick o' youth, an' the course of youdeth maun be out; but she may thank good fortune an' tell her friends ay, an' count it a credit that ever she bore a bystart to the like o' him; a good fu fat farmer's son, but ae laigher nor a laird.

Mar. A wae be to sic a credit it's no worth the cracking o', an' whar was a' his noble equals whan he bute to lay a leg on a my poor lassie, poor clarty clukny it thou is? an' if they warn a

baith ae man's mak I wad think naething o't ; for they warn a needle o' differ between their dadies an' what war they baith but twa sticket taylors at the best? ye had as good a gane hame an' a counted bow-kail stocks, as to come here to count kindred wi' me.

Jock. Hout awa daft witless wives, I kenna what you're flyting about, I wad rather see the wean gin it be ony thing wally and like the warld.

Mar. Indeed sall ye John, you'll see your ain picture for little siller, a muckle mouth't haverel it is just like yoursel.

The child is presented.

Jock. Mither, mither, it has a muckle mouth just like mine, an' sees wi' baith ot's een, an' bit five days auld yet.

Moth. Dear Johnny thou's no wise man, wad tu hae the wean to be blin, the poor thing saw whan it was new born.

Jock. A what ken I mither, am no sae weel skill'd as the howdies, an' them that's ay hobbling weans : but I thought they had a been like the wee bit's a whalpies, nine nights auld before they had seen ony.

Moth. Awa, awa, ye witless widdyfu', comparing a beast till a woman's ain bairnie : a dog is a brute beast, an' a wean is a chrisen'd creature.

Jock. Na mither, its no a chrisen'd creature yet, for hit has neither gotten the words nor the water, nor as little do I ken how to ca't yet.

Mar. I wat well it's a very uncanny thing to keep about a house, or yet t' meet in a morning, a body wanting a name.\*

Moth. Hout tout ay, ye it's auld wives is ay fu o' frits an' religious fashions, them that looks to frits, frits follows them, but it is six and thirty years since I was a married wife, an' I

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\* A superstition long prevalent, and scarcely yet eradicated in some parts of Scotland. The mother was not safe from the power of fairies until she had been 'kirk't,' and the child, until baptised, was in danger of being carried away by them, a changeling being substituted in its stead. Jockey's mother seems to have had a touch of the same superstition when she spoke of the difference between a child and a dog—'A dog is a brute beast, an' a wean is a chrisen'd creature.'

never kend a sabbath day by a nither ane, mony a time till the bell rang.

Mar. Dear guidwife what needs ye speak so loud? ye fright the wean wi' crying sae, see as it starts.

Moth. Ay, ay, the bystarts is a' that way, but ken ye the reason o' that?

Mar. Ye that kens the reason of everything may soon find out that too.

Moth. A deed than woman I'll tell you, the merry begotten weans, its bystarts I mean, is red wood, half wittet hillocket sort o' creatures: for an it be nae ane among twenty o' them, they're a' scar'd o' the getting, for there's few o' them gotten in beds like honest fouk's bairns; but in out-houses, auld barns, backs o' dikes, and kil-loggies; whar there's ay somebody wandering to scar poor needfu' persons, at their job of journey-wark: for weel ken I the gaits o't, experience gars me speak.

Jock. A deed mither that's very true, for whan I was getting that wean at the black hole o' the peat stack, John Gammel's muckle Colly came in behind us wi' a bow wow, of a great goul just abune my buttocks; an' as I'm a sinner, he gart me loup laveruck height, an' yet wi got a wean for a' that.

Moth. A weel than Johnny that mak's my words good yet.

Jenny answers out o' the bed. A shame fa your fashions ye hae nae muckle to keep whan ye tell how it was gotten, or what was at the getting o't.

Jock. A shame fa yoursel Jenny, for I hae gotten my part o' the shame else, an' gin ye hadna tell'd first there wad nane kend, for nae body saw us but John Gammel's auld colly an' he's no a sufficient witness.

Mar. Now guidwife amang a' your tales ye hae tell'd me, how is this wean to be maintain'd?

Moth. Ill chance on your auld black mouth Marrion, did I not send you my guid sprittled hen, a pund of butter and a sixpence, forby a libby o' groats an' a furlat o' meal; mak her a guid cogfu' o' brose, an' put a knoist o' butter in them, to fill up the hole whar the lown came out, an' I'll send mair or that be done.

Mar. An it be na better nor the last ye may een keep it to your sell ; your groat meal, and gray meal, sand dust and seeds, course enough to feed cocks an' hens, besides a woman in her condition.

Moth. A foul be your gabs, ye're a sae gash o' your gab-bies ; a whine fools that stives up your gutses wi' guid meat, to gar the worms turn wanton and wallop in your wames ; feed yourselves as I do, wi' hacket kail brose, made o' groat meal, an' gray meal, sand, seeds, dust an' weak shilling, ony thing is good enough to fill the guts an' make a t—d of.

Jock. Na, na, mither an' the wean wad suck our Maggy, I sud take it hame in my oxter.

Moth. O ye fool, Maggy's milk is a mould salt and sapless lang syne ; but I trow she wad keb at it, as the black ew did at the white ews lamb the last year, sae speak nae mair o' Maggy's milk, no to compare a cat to a creature, the yeal cats is never kind to kitlens, an' the maiden's bairns is a' unco weel bred.

Jock. Na, na, ye're a' mistane mither, Maggy has milk yet for every pap she has is like a burn pig, I'se warrand ye they'll haud pints the piece.

Moth. My man Johny let them keep the wean, that has the wean, we'll never miss a pockfu' of meal now and tan, I wadna hae my bed pisht and blankets rotten for a bow o' the best o't.

Jock. O mither ! I canna lea't I like it say weel it has twa bonny glancing een, just like mine in a keeking glass, I wonner how I was able to get the like o't, indeed mither I think mare o' it, nor I do o' my gray horse, Maggy an' the four ky.

Moth. My man Johny ye're at nae strait about bairns getting, nane needs to gang to London to learn that auld trade ; I ken very weel when ane gets warklums right to their hand, nature will teach them how to fa' to.

Jock. Now fare ye weel Janet, that wean is weel worth the warkmanship, I'll warrand ye weel a wat ist.

Jenny. Guidnight wi' you John, but O man thou's broken my fortune, I'll never get mair o' a man nor I hae gotten, an'

dear, dear, hae I suffer'd for what I hae done, an' if thou had a bestowed thyself on a me, ye see what a bonny bairn time we had a hane.

Moth. Thou says it thou's suffer'd sadly for what thou's done, but though they wad take the hide o'er thy een holes it wadna tak the inclination out o' thee ; for thou'll do't again, but it's no wi my bairn I'se warrand thee, an' now Johnny come awa hame to thy hauf marrow an' use thy freedom as formerly, thou'll hae weans thick and three fauld ; I'se make thee a decoction of cock stanes, lamb stanes, an' chicken broe, will gar thee cock thy tail like a mevies an' canter like a Gallo-way toop.

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#### THE VTH AND LAST PART.

*Being an Account of Jockey's Mother's Death and Burial:  
With an Elegant Elegy and Epitaph on that occasion—  
The Baptizing of his two Children, and how he mounted  
the stool.*

AS Jockey and his mither came hobbling hame together on the out side of the auld doil'd beast his mither's black mare ; a waefu' misfortune befel them ;—Her hinderlets being wickedly wet, in John Davie's well that morning, and it being a frosty night, her coats was a' frozen round about her and the hard harn sark plaid clash between her legs like a wet dish clout, her teeth gaed like a rattle bag till almost haf gate hame, then she was suddenly seiz'd wi' a rumbling in her muckle bag, what we kintry fouks ca's a rush i' the guts ; Jockey was fash'd helping her aff and helping her on, foul, fat and dirty was the road, having like half a T——d as ever tadder length.

Jock. Deed mither, I doubt death has something to do wi' you, for there's a rumbling in a your wame like an auld wife kirning.

Mith. Hout tout I canna hear o't, but they'll be na fear o' me now, I'm safe at my ain door, thanks to thee an' the auld

beast it brought me ; heat my feet wi' the bannock stane, an' lay me in my bed, fling four pair o' blankets an' a cann'os on me, I'll be weel enough an' ance I were better, swieth Maggy gae mak me a cogfu' o' milk brose, an' a placks worth o' spice in them, nae fear of an auld wife as lang as she's loose behin, an can tak meat.

Jock. I'se be't mither, a e'en fill up the boss o' your belly, you'll stand to the storm the better, I'se warran ye never die as lang as you can tak your meat.

Ben comes Maggy wi' the brose ; but four soups an' a slag filled her to the teeth, till she began to bock them back again, and ding awa the dish.

Jock. A mither, mither I dout there's mair ado wi' you nor a dish to lick : whan ye refuse guide milk meat, I'm doubtfu' your mouth be gaun to the mules.

Mith. A dear Johnny am no willin to die if I could do better : but this will be a sair winter, on auld frail fouks, yet an' I wou'd grow better I might live these twenty years yet, an' be nae auld wife for a' that : but alake a day there is e'en mony auld fouk dying this year.

Jock. A deed mither there is fouks dying the year that never died before.

Mith. Dear Johnny wilt thou bring me the doctor he may do me some guide, for an my heart warn a sick an' my head sae sair, I think I may grow better yet.

Jock. A weel mither, I'se bring the doctor, the minister, an' my uncle.

Mith. Na, na, bring nae ministers to me, his dry cracks 'll do me but little guid, I dinna want to see his powder'd pow, an' I in sic an ill condition ; get me a pint o' drams in the muckle bottle, an' set in the bole in the back side o' my bed.

Jock. A deed mither ye're in the right o't, for ye want to be weel warm'd within ; to chace the call wind an' frosty water out at your back side.

Then awa he rins to draff Meg's at the Kirktown, an' brings a bottle in every hand, out wi' the cork an' gies her ane in o'er, she sets it to her gab an' squattles up a mutchkin at a waught,

which was like to wirry her till she fell a rifting and roaring like an auld blunder-bush.

Mith. Hech hay, co' she, but that maks an alteration and wears awa the wind.

Wi' that her head fell to the cod and she sughte awa, like a very saint or drunken sinner.

Jock. O! Maggy, Maggy, my mither's lost her breath, (she'll no live lang without it,) I doubt she be dead already, and nae body seen her but ye and I and oursels twa; an' she had been fair o'er seen it maksna, I'll no ha'd this a fair strae death indeed, fy Maggy, cry in a' the neighbours to see her die, although she be dead. O an' she wad but shake her fit, or wag her muckle tae, it wad ay be some satisfaction: \* but in came the neighbours in a hush, dinging ither down in the door.

Jock. Come awa sirs, for my mither's as dead as a mauk, good be thanket for't; but I'd rather it had a been the black mare, or the muckle rigget cow, for weel a wat I'll een miss her, for she was a bra spinner o' tow; an' cou'd a cardet to twa muckle wheels, she had nae faut but ane an that was her tongue, but she'll speak nae mair, fy gets a dale or a barn door to straught her on, for ay whan she was cauld she was unco kankert an' ill to curch, but I'se hae her yerdet on Wednesday teen.

Come, come, says Maggy, wi maun hae her drest.

Jock. What does the fool mean? wad ye dress a dead woman, she'll never gang to kirk nor market a' her days again.

Mag. A dear John be at ease, ye ken she mauna be buried as she is, a sark and winding sheet is the least she can get.

Jock. Ah ha Maggy is that what you mean, she has a guid new windin sheet, it was never about her shoulders yet,† say

\* The custom in Scotland was to have a number of the neighbours along with the members of the family.

† Young women, besides providing their bridal clothes before their marriage, frequently spun their winding sheet immediately after that event. Flora MacDonald carried about with her, throughout all her wanderings after her liberation in 1747, the sheet in which Prince Charles had lain at Kingsburgh's house in Skye, with the intention that it should be her shroud. And so it was.



Maggy do't a' yoursell, and I'se gar clinkem Bell misure the grave and mak it.

Now when they brought out the corps John told the people they were welcome, to haud in a cheek o' his auld mither wast the gate; and being laid right on the spakes,\* ha! ha! quoth he, this is a braw honestly indeed, its mair boukie nor my bridal was, but when they came to the grave, it was o'er short and strait about the mouth, which set John in a great passion, saying a foul fa your naughty fashions master bell man, did not I packshon wi' you for the bried o' my mither's back and the length o' her carkage? an' this hole winna haud her thou's get nae mair o' my change if I sude die the morn.

Uncle Rabbie. Whisht, whisht, stir, this sude be a day o' mourning for your mither, dinna flyte here.

Jock. What the vengeance uncle, sudna fouks die when they're auld? an' am to pay for a hole and get but haf a hole; that's the thing that vexes me, but I'se keep twopence out o' his trencher for't, an' se will I een; but gang ye hame uncle to get cog and cap for the dradgery, and I'll see her get fair play or I gae.

Hame they came in a croud and fell to the cheese and cheeks of leaves tuth and nail, the ale was handed about in cogs and caps, lashing it down o'er like bletchers watering their webs; John blutter'd in the cog like a cow in warm water, till the barm and bubbles came belling out at his nose, saying, a guide health to you a round about, an shoon and shortly may wi a gang the gate may mither's gane, an' I wish them a burying among the dogs that speaks against it.†

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\* These were not the days of hearses. The common people never thought of a carriage, and, indeed, it was only at the funerals of the nobility that hearses were to be seen. Usually the coffin was taken to the grave on wooden bars, called 'spaiks,' borne by the mourners, who, if the journey were long, relieved each other.

† The eating and drinking long prevalent at funerals was something marvellous, and on more than one occasion it is recorded that mourners separated in confusion and ill-feeling. At the funeral of Sir Hugh Campbell of Calder, in March, 1716, nearly £70 sterling were spent in meat and drink alone, and when the difference in the value of money is taken into consideration the sum must

About eight and twenty weeks thereafter Maggy had a wally weame fu of weans to bear, an' ay whan she cryed, John cryed, which made a' the kimmers and auld Katty the howdie laugh heartily to hear them.

Katty. Here now John, your wife's brought to bed wi' a bra lad bairn, gie him your blessing.

Jock. Well I wat he's no want that, but an' there had a been samuckle din at the getting o' him, as at the bearing o' him, it sude ne'er a been gotten for me : Come, come, gets in uncle Rabbie, the corn riddle fu' of the three nucket scones, whang down the cheese like peats, eat and drink\* as at my mither's dradghey, till wi forget our sorrow, and then weel see Mess John about a name till him ; since wi see its the way o't, that the young comes into the warld and chases out the auld, wi maun chrisen them, and they maun bury us.

Now John and his uncle goes to the minister, he enters, saying, guideen to you Mr. Minister ye dinna ken my mither's dead ?

Minister. Yes John I heard so : but how is your wife ?

Jock. My wife stir a wae worth her, for the wives o' our town an' I hae gotten a waking night wi' her ; but wi hae gotten her tum'd and still'd again, she's born a bra wally thumping stirra, he'll herd the kye belyve to me an' he had huggers on him, an' am come to you to get a bit name to him.

Minister. A bit name to him John, if ye want no more but a name, ye may gie him that yourself.

Jock. Na but stir, I want baith the words and the water, what ye say to ither fouks say to me.

Minister. A but John you must give security or satisfaction, you're a man under scandal.

Jock. What the muckle mischief stir, though under scandal or abune scandal, will ye refuse to chrisen my wean that's

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appear large. In 1704, Lord Whitelaw, a Senator of the College of Justice, was buried at the expense of £5189 Scots, or £432 8s. 4d. sterling, which meant more than two years' salary as a judge.

\* At births it was customary—and still is under a modified form—to hand round 'blythe-meat' to all visitors.

honestly gotten in my ain wife's bed beneath the blankets ; caus I had a bystart, canna ye chrisen the weel com'd ane, let the bystart stand for its ain skaith without a name.

Minister. No John you have been too slackly dealt with, I'll bring you to obedience by law, since you reject counsel.

Jock. A deed stir, I wad think naething to stan a time or twa on't to please you, if there were nae body in the kirk on a uke day, but you an' the elders to flyte a wee on me ; but its war on a Sunday, to hae a' body looking and laughing at me, as I had been coding the piese, suppen the kirn, or something that's no bonny like pissing the bed.

Minister. A well John never mind you these things, come ye to the stool, its nothing when its over we cannot sae o'er much to you about it.

Upon Sunday thereafter John comes in with uncle Rabbies auld wide coat, a muckle great gray lang tail'd wig and a big bonnet, which cover'd his face, so that he seem'd more like an old Pilgrim than a young fornicator ; mounts the creepy\* with a stiff stiff back as he had been a man of sixty, every one looked at him, thinking he was some old stranger who knew not the stool of repentance by another seat, so that he passed the first day unknown but to very few, yet or the second it came to be known, that the whole parish and many more came to see him ; which caused such a confusion that he was absolved, and got his children baptized the next day.

But there happened a tullie between the twa mother's who would have both their names to be Johns, a weel, a weel says old John their father to the minister, deed stir ye maun ca' the tean John an' the tither Jock, and that will please baith these enemies o' mankind.

Minister. A well John suppose ye do, it is still twa Johns nevertheless.

Jock. A deed stir, ye maun gie the wicked a' their will, wi's ca' the bystart Jockie, an' my son Johnny Bell ; On wi't some way and let her ca't as she likes.

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\* Another name for the stool of repentance.

Minister. A dear John but ye speak indifferently about this matter, ye know not the nature of it.

Jock. A mony thanks to you Mess John, now caus ye hae chrisend baith my bairn and my bystart I hope you'll forgive me the buttock mail.

Minister. John I desire you to be silent and to speak none here: You must keep a straight walk in time coming, free of scandal or offence.

Jock. Ay stir an' how think ye the like o' me can wak straight wi' sic auld shevelin heel'd shune as mine, amang such rough rigs, highs an' hows as I hae to harl through.

Minister. I need not speak to you, you are but a poor mean ignorant person.

Jock. Na stir welawat am neither poor nor yet mean, my mither's fairly yerdet now guide be thanket, and left a' she had to Maggy and me.

Minister. But hear ye this John, ye must not kiss any other woman nor\* your own wife, live justly like another honest christian, and you'll come to die well.

Jock. A black end on a me stir, in ever I lay an unlawfu leg upon hissie again an they sude lie down to me while our Maggy lests; and for dying their's nae fear o' that, but I'll no get fair play if ye an' a' the aulder fouk in the parish be not dead before me, so I hae done wi' ye now.

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#### AN EPITAPH.

HERE lies the dust of John Bell's Mither,  
Against her will, death's brought her hither;  
Clapt in this hole, hard by his dady,  
Death snatch't her up, or she was ready;  
Lang might she liv'd wer't not her wame,  
But wha can live beyond their time?

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\* A colloquialism. The meaning is—'You must not kiss any woman *other than your own wife.*'

There's none laments her but the Suter,  
So here she lyes looking about her ;  
Looking about her ! how can that be ?  
Yes, she sees her state, better than we.

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An ELEGY on the Death of JOCKEY'S MOTHER

Now a' body ken's my Mither's dead,  
For weel a wat I bore her head,  
And in the grave I saw her laid,  
                                It was e'en right drole,  
For her to change a warm fire side :  
                                For a cauld kirk-hole.

But every ane tell'st just like a sang,  
That yon's the gate we have to gang,  
For me to do it, I think nae lang,  
                                If I can do better.  
For I trow my Mither thinks it nae sang,  
                                What needs we clatter.

But thanks to death ay for the futer,  
That did not let her get the Suter,  
For about her gear wad been a splutter,  
                                And sae had been,  
For he came ay snoaking about her,  
                                Late at een.

For our Maggy watch't and saw,  
My Mither's back was at the wa',  
But what was mair hach ha' hach ha'  
                                I winna tell,  
She to do yon stood little aw',  
                                Just like mysell.

But to get gear was a' her drift,  
And used many a pinging shift :  
About her spinning and her thrift,  
Was a' her care,  
She's gotten but little o't abune the lift,  
Wi' her ti wear.

FINIS.



*THE COALMAN'S COURTSHIP.*



[The edition reprinted from here is 'the tenth edition,' as the title page bears. The full title is :—'The Young Coal-Man's Courtship to a Creel-Wife's Daughter, or, a Dialogue between an Old Woman and her Son: wherein she instructs him in the Real Art of Courtship. Very beneficial for blate Wooers or young Beginners. The Tenth Edition. Containing all its Three Parts. Glasgow: Printed and sold by J. & J. Robertson. MDCCLXXXII.' It is a 16 pp. 12mo.]

## THE YOUNG COALMAN'S COURTSHIP TO A CREEL-WIFE'S DAUGHTER.

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ALL you that's curious of Courtship, give attention to this History of Mary and her son Sawny, a young Coalman, who lived in the country a few miles from Edinburgh.

Mary, his mither, was a gay hearty wife, had mair wantonness nor wealth ; was twelve years a married wife, nine years a widow, and was very chaste in her behaviour, wi' her ain tale (for want of charging :) for a' this time of her widowhood, there was never a man got a kiss o' her lips, or laid a foul hand on her hind quarters.

Sawny her son was a stout young raw lown, full faced, wi' flabby cheeks, duddy breeks, and a ragged doublet, gade always wi' his bosom bare, sometimes had ae gartan, a lingle or rash-rape was good enough for Sawny: his very belly was a' sun burnt and brown like a piper's bag, or the head of an auld drum ; and yet his beard began to sprout out like herring banes: he took thick brose to his breakfast, and baps and ale through the day, and when the coals sell'd dear, when the wind was cauld, bought an oven farl and twa Dunbar weathers,\* or a Glasgow magistrate,† which fish-wives ca's a waslen herrin.

His mither, auld Mary plagued him ay in the morning, got up when the hens keckled, reinged the ribs, blew her snott-box, primed her nose, kindled her tobacco pipe, and at every puff breathed out fretting against her hard fortune, and lanely single life. O but a widow be a poor name, but I live in a wilderness in this lang-lonen ; mony a man gaes by my door, but few looks in to poor auld Mary : Hoch hey, will I never win out o' this weery'd life.—Wa' Sawny man, wa' Sawny man ; wilt thou na rise the day ; the sun's up, an a' the nibours

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\* A witticism for whittings or haddocks. Dunbar has from an early period been one of the leading ports on the east coast fishing grounds.

† It would be difficult to say how the herring caught in Loch Fyne came to be called 'Glasgow Magistrates.' The name is still applied to them.

round about ; Willie and Charlie is to the hill an hour syne, an' haf-gate hame again. Wilt thou rise and gi' the beasts a bite ; thou minds na' them, I wat man.

Grump, grump, quo' Sawny, they got their supper an hour after I got mine. Shute to dead come on them, an' they get a bit frae me till they work for't.

*Sawny.* But O Mither, I been dreaming that I was married, an' i' the bed aboon the bride, I wonder gin it be true : Od ! I never got sic fun ; what wilt be, think ye ? How auld am I mither ; do you think I could man a hissy yet ? Fegs am a mind to try, but the sour saucy hissies 'ill no hae me, I ken well enough.

*Mither.* Hae you lad, ay mony a hungry heart wad be blyth o' you ; but there was never a sca'd Jocky but there was a scabbit Jenny till him yet : \* dinny be fear'd lad.

*Sawny.* A hech, mither, I'se no be lordly, an I sud tak a beggar wife aff the hi' gate : but I'll tell you something it'm ay thinking on, but ye manna tell the nibours, for the chields wad aye jamf† me wi't.

*Mither.* Wad I tell o' thee, I wad tell o' mysel as soon.

*Sawny.* Do ye mind, mither, that day I gaed to the Pans,‡ I came in by Auld Mattie's, your countrymans, the Fife wife, it came out o' the town ye came frae, the wife it says, *Be-go laddie*, I gaed there, and she wisna in, and her doughter kend me ; she was unco kind, and made me fat, fat brose out o' the lee side o' her kail pat, there was baith beef and paunches in't : od they smell'd like ony haggies, an' shin'd a' like a gou'd lac'd waiscoat, figs I suppit till I was like to rive o' them, and had a rift o' them the morn a' day ; when I came out, I had a kite like a cow wi' ca'f. She spier'd for you mither, and I said ye was gaily : and she looked to me, and leuch ay, and grippet my shakle bane, and said I wad be a sturdy fallow yet.—I

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\* One way of putting an old Scottish proverb. Henderson's reading of it is :—  
'There ne'er was a silly Jockey but what there was a silly Jenny.'

† In some modern editions the word 'jaw' is inserted instead of 'jamf,' or, as it is sometimes spelled 'jamph.'

‡ Probably Prestonpans, famous for fishers and potters, and for its battle-field.

looked ay to her, and thought I liked her, and thinks on't ay sin-syne, she leugh, and bad me seek out a coal-driver for her, for she did na' like to carry a fish creel.

*Mither.* Forsooth, Sawny, I'll gie my twa lugs for a lav'rocks egg if she binna in love wi' thee, and that will be a bargain.

*Sawny.* An' upon my word mither she's a sturdy gimmer, well worth the snoaking after ; she has a dimple in every cheek, and ane on her chin, twa legs like twa posts, an haunches like a sodger's lady's hoop, they hobble when she shakes, and her paps plays nidity nod when she gangs, I ken by her keeking\* she has a conceit o' me.

*Mither.* But Sawny man, an tou see her mither Matty in the town, auld *Be-go-laddie*, as ye ca' her, gi' her a dram, she lik'st well ; spout ye a mutchkin o' molash in her cheek, ye'll get her mind an' speed the better.

*Sawny.* But mither how sud I do when I gang to court her ; will I kiss her and tan kittle her, an' fling her o'er as the chiels does the hissies amang the hay. I seen them gang our ither, and o'er ither ; an' when they grip them by the wame, they'd cry like a maukin when the dogs is worrying them.

*Mither.* Hut awa', daft dog it thou is, that's no the gate, thou maun gang in wi' bra' good manners an' something man-fu' ; put on a Sunday's face and sigh as ye were a saint ; sit down beside her as ye were a Mess John ; keek ay till her now and then wi' a sto'en look, and had your mouth as mim, and grave as a May-puddock, or a whore at a christening ; crack well o' our wealth, and hide our poverty.

*Sawny.* Ay but mither, there's some other way in courting nor that, or the lasses would never couple so close to them.

*Mither.* Ay but Sawny man, there is a time for everything and that too ; when ye sit where nae body sees you, you may tak her head in your oxters, like a creesh pig, dab nebs wi' her now an' than, but be sure ye keep a close mouth when ye kiss

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\* In Morren's edition of this chap-book, published in Edinburgh in the early years of the present century, the word here used is 'keckling,' meaning to laugh, or, more properly, to 'smirk.' 'Keckling' seems the more likely word.

her ; clap her cheeks and straik her paps, but for your drown-  
ing gang nae farther down ; but fouk's that's married can put  
their hand to ony part they like.

*Sawny.* Aha, but mither, I didna ken the first word o'  
courting, the lassie 'ill no ken what am com'd about.

*Mither.* Ay will she lad, wink and keek well to her, she'll  
hae a guess ; seek a quiet word o' her at the door ; an' gin it  
be dark, gie her a wee bit kiss when ye've tell'd her your  
errand ; an' gin they gi'e you cheese and bread, or ony meat, ca't  
good, whether it be sae or no ; and for my blessing, be mensfu'  
wi' your mouth, and dinna eat o'er muckle, for I seen you sip as  
mony milk brose as wad a sar't twa men to carry on a barrow.

*Sawny.* A but mither, ye're lying now, or it was na' a' at  
ance than, but an they set meat before me, and I be hungry, a  
de'il claw the clungest \* an' I be nae upsides wi't, for that same.  
A faith mither, fouks maun hae meat, an' they should ne'er  
get wives, there's some o' them no worth the cursing, an' a  
body were na letting an oath whether or no : a hear ye that  
now, when ye pit me till't, and gar me speak ; ay by my sooth,  
I wad rather hae a bit good powny† an' a pound o' cheese, or  
I were bound to bab after ony hizzies buttocks I see yet.

*Mither.* Wa Sawny man thou's a fool an' that's a fau't:  
gin every ane were as easy about women as thou is, the world  
wad be a wilderness in a wee time ; there wad be nae body to  
inhabit the earth but brute béasts, cats and dogs wad be wor-  
rying ither, and every thing gae to confusion. Gae to the court-  
ing ye dog it ye are, and either do something or naething at a'.

#### End of the FIRST PART.

*The other two Parts give an account of his behaviour when  
in courtship with the bride, the wedding, speuing of the  
blankets, &c.*

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\* Another reading of the old saying—'The deil catch the hindmost.'

† This can hardly be taken literally. Possibly what is meant is 'powsee,' a small  
fresh haddock.

## PART II.

UP got Sawny in the morning, and swallowed o'er his sodden meat, slag by slag; and aff he goes to the coals and the courting, lilting and singing like a lav'rock in a May mornin, *O to be married if this be the way*. The colliers wonder'd a' to see him sae well busket, wi' a pair o' wally side auld fashioned breeks o' his father's,\* and a lang cravate like a minister, or Baillie Duff at a burial, a clean face and hands, and no less than a gun sleev'd linen sark on him, which made his cheeks to shine like a sherney weight, and the colliers swore he was as bra' as a horse gawn to a cow's dredgy.

But Sawny came aff wi' his coals whistling, and whipping up the poor beast e'en as outrageous as ony ram at riding time; well might ony body see there was a storm in Sawny's nose, light where it like; for no sooner had he sell'd his coals than he left his horse to come hame wi' a nibour callen, and gade keeking up the Cow-gate, and thro' the closes, seeking auld *Be-go* his good-mither to be, then in thro' the fish market where he bought a lang herrin, an' twa baps, a pair of suters auld shoon greesed black and made new, to make his feet feasible like, as he kend the lass wad look at them, (for his mither tell'd him the women look'd ay to the men's legs or they marry'd them, and the well-legged louns gade ay best aff.)

So Sawny came swaggering through a' the shell wives, but she was nae there, but coming down the town beneath the guard, meets auld *Be-go* just in the teeth, and crys, hey laddie my dow, how's your mither honest Mary? I thank you co' Sawny, she's meat-heal, and ay working some, how is a' at hame, is Kate and the laddie well?

*Mat.* Fu' well my dow, you're a bra' soncy dog grown, a wally fa' me gin I kend ye.

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\* In some later editions the description of Sawny is made more complete by the insertion, in this place, of the following:—'and an auld creeshy hat, mair like a fryingpan than any thing else.'

Come, come, co' Sawny, and I'll gie you a nossock to heat your wame, it's a cauld day, an' ye're my mither's countryman.

Na' fair fa' you Sawny, I'll no refus't, a dram's better the day nor a clap on the arse wi' a cauld shule, sae fallow me my dow.

So away she took me, co' Sawny, down a dark stair to ane o' the how houses, beneath the yird, where it was mirk as in a coal heugh,\* and they had a great fire, *Sweet be wi' me*, co' Sawny, *for it minds me o' the ill part*, an' a muckle pot like a little caldron, seething kail and roasting flesh, the wife forket them out as fast us she cou'd into cogs and caps, for there came in a whin sutor-like fallows wi' black thumbs and creashy aprons, that cuttied them a' up in a wee time, but they ne'er fashed wi' us nor we with them; we first got a gill and then a het pint; a vow said I Matty, is nae Kate gawn to get a man yet?

A man laddie, a wha wad hae her? a muckle lazy useless jade, she can do naething but work at husband wark;† card and spin, wash ladies rooms, and scour gentlemen's bonny things, she canna tak a creel on her back, and apply to merchandizing as I do to win a man's bread.

*Sawny.* I think some o' the fishers and her may mak it up.

*Mat.* A fisher laddie, hech the fishers has a better look out

\* Taverns and eating-houses were frequently, in east-coast towns, on the 'sunk-flat,' access to them being gained by a flight of steps down from the foot-pavement. Several such shops may still be seen in the old town of Edinburgh, in the vicinity of the High Street and Canongate.

† The women about fishing communities differed, and do still, from their sisters further inland, regarding house-work, or 'husband-work.' Matty's opinion is a fair reflection of the ideas of her class. A further expression is given to this feeling in *The History of Buckhaven*, where Graham, describing the people about whom he was writing, says:—'They kept but little communication with the country people, for a farmer, in those days, thought his daughter cast awa if she married one of the fishers in Bucky-harbour, and Witty Eppie the ale-wife wad a sworn, be go' laddie, I wad rather see my boat and a' my three sons upset against the Bass, or I saw ane o' them married on a muck-a-byre's daughter, a when useles taupies that can do naething but rive at a tow rock [spin], and cut corn; they can neither bait a hook nor red a line, hook sandles nor gather periwinkles.'

wi' them, the fishers wad rather hae a pickle good baits to their hooks, and twa three bladders to their lines, then put up wi' the like o' her, a stinking pridefu' jade, although I bore her, ay scraping and washing at hersel, pricking and prining, keeps her face ay like a Flanders baby, and no less nor ribbons and rings, and her shone made o' red clouts ; an' de'il stick pride, when our auld goodum ran barefoot, and our gutchers gaed wi' bare hips. Gie her a man, ill thief stap a gouk in her arse first, that it may cry cuckow whenever she speaks o't ; she can do naething but scour ladies piss pots, and keep clean the tirlie whirlies that hangs about the fire, heth she's o'er gently brought up to be a poor man's penny worth.

Hegh how co' Sawny, an' its e'en a great pity, for she's a weel far'd lusty hissy, I had a great kindness for her.

*Mat.* A-well-a-wat she's no lingle tail'd, she may be a caff-bed to a good fallow ; but an thou had seen me at her age, I was a sturdy gimmer : there was na ane about a' the Hyne or Dubby-side, cou'd lay a curpen to a creel wi' me ; the fient a fallow in a' Fife, but I wad a laid him on the braid o' his back, an' a' his gear upmost, I was a chicken to chatter wi' indeed laddie, I had a pair o' cheeks like a chapman's arse, and a flank like an ox ; sae had I een.

*Sawny.* Nae doubt co' Sawney but ye had a pair o' beefy buttocks, for your very cheeks hings like leather bags to this very day ; but I'll tell you what am gaun to tell you, do you think that your Kate wad tak me, an I wad come to court her.

*Mat.* Tak you laddie, tak you, a faith she'll tak you, for she wou'd a tane a poor button thing of a half blind taylor, wartna me, a poor, bleir'd scabbit like creature it was, I seen the day I wou'd ha carried it in my pouch : wode I'se warrent her jump at you like a fish at a flee, wode I say tak you, an' she winna tak you I'se tak you mysel ; but she and I cust out the day, about her cockups and blackcaps, gard me say sae meickle o' her, but she's my sonsy dawty for a' that, weel a wat she's a weel natured lassie an' she turn an ill-natured wife I canna tell.

*Sawny.* A we'll then I'll venture on her as she is, for my



mither's pleased, and ye're pleas'd, an' am pleas'd, an' in she be pleas'd wode I am sure to get her, an' the taylor has nae bridled her, or tane a trying trotty o' her.

*Mat.* But Sawny man, I'll tell you what we'll do, I'll hame and broach her the night on't, an' come ye the morn, we'll make it fude fast in a wee time, so thou's get mair tocher than a cramon, *gamon to gamon*, she has baith blankets and sheets, a covering and twa cods, a caff-bed and bowster, and hear'st thou me laddie, I have a bit auld hogger\* an' some thing in't, thou's get it when I die; but by my suth it will be the last thing that I will part wi', I kenna what I may need yet, its an auld wife kens her wierd.

On this they paid their spout† and parted; but when Sawny came out he stoited and stagger'd like a sturdy stot, molash was chief commander, for he thought every body had two heads and four een and more noses than they needed; being sometime in the dark house, thought it was the morning of a new day, a hech said he, when was I a night frae my mither before, she'll think I am put in the guard, tane wi' the deel, or the doctors, or anse married, and wirking at the wanton wark o' wean's making.

*Mat.* Hute daft laddie, the soup drink's in your head, this day and yesterday is a' ae day, ye'll be hame in bra' time yet.

*Sawny.* A well a well then good day to you good-mither, ye maun gar Kate tak me or thief tak you a' the gither, I'll hame and tell the length its come, an' it come nae farther it maun e'en stick there.—Off he goes tacking about like a ship against the wind, as if he would knock holes in the wa's and windows wi' his elbows, he looked as fierce as a lion; wi' a red

\* An old stocking leg, in which it was the custom of old women to sew up whatever savings they might have been able to make, and generally hidden away in some odd corner. Some of these 'hoggers' have been known to be very substantial. Even yet, now that banks are everywhere, the simile is kept up, though the stocking leg has fallen into disuse for banking purposes. Some persons speak about 'laying by for a sair fit.'

† The beginning of the paragraph reads this way in Morren's edition:—'On this Sawny paid their spout and parted.' That seems the more likely way of it, for later on Sawny speaks of courting being 'a curst wark and costly.'

face like a trumpeter, and his nose was like a bublic-cocks neb, as blue as a blawirt ; but or he wan half way, his head turned heavier nor his heels, and many a filthy fa' he got, through thick and thin he plash'd, till hame he gets at last, grunting and grap- ing by the wa's, that auld Mary his mither thought it was their neighbour's sow, he was so bedaubed wi' dirt, gets him to bed, he was in a boiling barrel fever, and poor Mary grat wi' grief.

*Sawny.* Hech hey co' Sawny, but courting be a curst wark, and costly, an' marriage be as mortifying and murdering, the devil may be married for me.

*Mither.* Wa, Sawny man what's come o'er thee now, thou's gotten skaith, some auld wife has witcht thee,\* or the deel has dung thee o'er in some dirty midden, my bairn's elf-shot ; whar has thou been, or what hast thou seen, thy een reels like a wild cat, and the sweat is hailing o'er thy nose, thou's witcht, O man what will I do !

*Sawny.* Bock, bock co' Sawny, but it couldna win up wi' bubbles and herrin banes, o' co' Sawny put me in my bed, for my days will soon be done, a curse on your courting wark, for its kill'd me, and wives is but wicked things I ken by the same.

*Mither.* O dole ! dole my bairn has gotten poison, for the smell o't is like poison to me.

*Sawny.* Gin herrin and het ale be poison, there'll no be mony left alive : Bock co' Sawny, the bed's filld.

*Mither.* My bairn thou was ay a cleanly bairn till now, thou's surely lost thy senses when thou files where thou lies as the brute beasts does, thou never did the like o' this before since thou left cakyng o' the cradle.

N.B.—*The third Part gives a further account of the Courtship and Marriage, &c.*

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\* Sawny's mother, besides showing herself well acquainted with the wise saws of her native country, further exhibits her belief in witchcraft. In this she was not singular. After a long crusade against witches, the minds of the better educated classes became somewhat enlightened on the subject, and Parliament, in 1735, revoked the penal statutes against sorcery. Many of the ministers regarded this act as a national sin, and said it was contrary to the express law of God. John Wesley, it may be remembered, said that to give up belief in witchcraft was, in effect, giving up the Bible.

## PART III.

POOR Sawny had a terrible night o't, wi' a sair head, and a sick heart, his een stood in his head, his wame caddled like onny mill trows,\* and a' his puddings crocket like a wheen paddocks in a pool; his mither rocket and wrang her hands, crying a wae be to the wife that brew'd it! for I hae lost a well foster'd bairn, wi' their stinking stuff, a meikle deel ding the doup out o' their ca'dron, my curse come on them and their whisky pots, its burnt him alive, ay, ay, my bairn he's gone.

But about the break of day, his wind brake like the bursting of a bladder; O happy deliverance! cried Mary his mither, tho' dirt bodes luck,† and foul farts files the blankets, I wish ne'er war be amang us. The next thing that did Sawny good was, three mutchkins o' milk made in thin brose, and a fine pickle pepper in them, yet he had a soughing in his lugs like a saw-mill, and every thing ran round about wi' him a' that day. Yet his mother got him out o' the bed, on o' the meikle chair, a pair o' blankets about his shoulders, a cod at his back, and a hot brick to his soles, to gar him true he was nae well; and there he sat like a lying-in wife, cracking like a Hollander, and ate twa dead herrin and a cufe,‡ telling a' the outs and ins about his bridal, and whan it was to be; for he had gotten every body's consent but the bride's about it.

*Mither.* But Sawny man that's the main thing, ye maun hae that too.

*Sawny.* Na, na, mither am the only thing myself, she's but a member, the men maun ay be foremost, gang what way it will, I'se ay be the uppermost.

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\* Morren's edition reads 'milk cows' here; while a later issue has 'cow's milks.' The only satisfactory one is Morren's.

† One of a set of Scottish proverbs showing the disregard of Scots in bygone days for all sanitary considerations. Two proverbs having a similar bearing are—'The clartier the cosier,' and 'The mair dirt the less hurt.'

‡ In some editions the word 'crust' is substituted for 'cufe.' Certainly it is more likely.

*Mither.* But Sawny man, what way is thou gaun to do? will ye mak a pay penny wedding?\* or twa three gude neighbours, a peck o' meal baken, wi' a cheese, and a barrel o' ale, will that do?

*Sawny.* Na, na, mither, I'll take a cheaper gate nor ony o' them; I'll gar haf-a-crown and haf-a-mutchkin or a rake o' coals do it a', then a body has nae mair a-do but piss and then go to bed syne.

*Mither.* Na, na, my man Sawny, I have mony, mony a time, heard thy honest father say, that never a ane wad do well that cap-strided the kirk, or cuckol'd the minister.†

*Sawny.* A tell na me mither, o' the ministers; they're ay for their ain hands as well as other fouks, an' if a poor beggar body had a bit wean to chrisen, the deil a doit they feike him o't.

*Mither.* Hute awa man, there's nae body has weans, but what has siller to pay the chrissening o' them; or if they be that poor they sude na get nae weans, and they wad na be fash'd syne.

*Sawny.* Ha, ha, mither the poor foukes like the lice; ay when they meet they marry and maks mae o' them: And I think the ministers might chrisen their bits a weans for nae

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\* Penny weddings have been immortalised by Semple of Beltrees in his song *The Blythsome Bridal*. Originally, pennies were contributed by those present, and any overplus, after providing for the wedding feast, went towards assisting the young couple in their furnishing. Latterly, the neighbours sent in eatables of various kinds, the bride's friends only preparing one dish, the 'bride's pie,' the equivalent to the 'bride's-cake' of modern days. As with the cake, so with the pie, every one present received a piece. The marriage ceremony was generally celebrated at the manse, and the wedding festivities took place in the bride's house. These festivities some times lasted several days—see, for example, Ramsay's addition to *Christ's Kirk on the Green*, by James I.—and were productive of serious irregularities. Ultimately the Church made an effort to regulate them, but with little effect.

† That is, by failing to pay the Kirk dues. There was the money for the 'cries,' or banns, which was in itself a respectable sum, and a variety of other payments, which made marriage an expensive affair. The minister was given a small acknowledgment for his services; but now-a-days it is usual, instead, to make a present of a satin hat, a pair of gloves, a comforter, or such like.

thing, the water is no sae scant ; the're well paid for their preaching, they may very well both marry and chrisen a' the poor foukes into the bargain, by the way of a maggs.\*

*Mither.* Ay, ay, my man Sawny, marriage is a sweet thing for young fouke an' the bed undefil'd.

*Sawny.* What the vengeance mither, do ye think that a body is to file the bed every night, an' they do't ance.

*Mither.* Na, na, that's no what I mean, its happiness that fouk has that's married, besides the wearied lonesome life it I hae, lying tumbling and gaunting in a bed my lane ; O sirs ! but a man in a bed be a usefu' body, an' it were but to claw ane's back, as for a body's foreside they can claw it themsel.

*Sawny.* A' mither, mither, ye hae fun a string again, I think ye might a wanted a' your days when ye fasted sae lang ; ye hae plenty o' baith milk and meal, snuff and tobacco, but ye smell at the crack o' the whip, I kend my mither wad ride yet ; for I seen her fit wagging this lang time.

*Mither.* A dear Sawny man, an thou were ance fairly aff the fodder, I'll be casten into a hole of a house by mysel, where I'll just ly and break my heart, and weary mysel to dead, but an I cou'd get a bit honest weaver, a cobbler, or some auld taylor by the tail, I wad tickle to him yet, let the country clash as they please about it.

*Sawny.* A well, a well, then mither, take then your ain flight ; there's nae fool to an auld fool ; for the morn I'se be aff or on wi' the hissy I hae on hand.

So on the morning Sawny got a' his clase clean, his hair cam'd and greas'd wi' butter, and his face as clean as the cat had licket it ; and away he goes singing.

*I will buy a pound of woo',  
I will wash'd and make a plaidy :  
I'm gaun o'er the moor till woo,  
Carline, is your daughter ready ? †*

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\* A 'magg' is a synonym for the cant term 'maik,' a halfpenny ; but in the text it is used in the sense of 'a gratuity,' such as has been referred to in the previous note.

† Portion of an old song, long popular among the Scottish peasantry. It bore

Now poor Sawny altho' he sang, was as pale as a ghost from the grave, his face was whitly white, like a well bleatch'd dish-clout, he looked just as he had been eaten and spued again ; but at length he came to the bride's door, and in he goes wi' a brattle, crying how is a' here the day? an' what's com'd o' thy mither lassie? O Saunders said the bride she's awa' to the town, what came o' you yesterday, she waited on you the whole day ; ye gart her lose a day's trade lad, and she is away this morning cursing like a heathen, an' swearing *be-go* that ye hae geen her a begunk.

*Sawny.* A dole woman, I took a sudden blast o' the hame gawn, an' was never so near dead in my life.

An' wha think you was in company wi' Kate the bride, but the wee button of a taylor, who sat and sewed on a table, cocking like a t—d on a trencher, but when he kend wha was com'd he leaped down on the floor, custe a dash o' pride like a little bit prince, he bobet about, and so out he goes with the tear in his eye, and his tail between his feet like a haff worried colly-dog.

*Sawny.* Now Katty do ye ken what I'm com'd about?

*Kate.* O yes my mither tell'd me, but I'm no ready yet, I have twa gowns to spin, and things to mak.\*

*Sawny.* Hute, things to mak, ye have as mony things as ye'll need woman, canna ye spin gowns in your ain house wi' me, as right as here wi' an auld girning mither?

the name of 'For the Sake of Somebody,' and is believed to have suggested Burns' song with the same title. The old song is to be found in *The Tea-Table Miscellany* ; and there the last four lines of the first double stanza are :—

' I am gawn to seek a wife,  
I am gawn to buy a plaidy ;  
I have three stane of woo ;  
Carling, is thy daughter ready? '

\* An indication of the derivation of the word 'spinster.' Kate, like most Scotch women, had the idea that her marriage could hardly take place until she had her 'providing.' There was something more than mere sentiment about this, for owing to the hard struggle married couples had to exist in a poor and undeveloped country, such as Scotland then was, it was probable that the bride would have little chance of getting such a complete set out after, as before, marriage.

*Kate.* But dear Saunders, ye must give a body time to think on't, 'twad be ill far'd to rush together just at the first.

*Sawny.* And do ye think I have naething a-do, but come here every other day hoiting after you? it'll no do, I maun be either aff wi' you or on wi' you, either tell me or tak me, for I ken of other twa, and some o' you I will hae, for as I'm a sinner my mither is gawn to be married too, an' she can get a bit man of ony shape or trade.

*Kate.* Indeed then Saunders, since you're in such a haste, you must e'en tak them that's readiest, for am no ready yet.

*Sawny.* Dear woman whan your mither an' my mither's pleas'd, am willing to venture on ye, what a sorrow ails you?

*Kate.* Na, na I'll think on't twa or three days; it's o'er lang a term to see without a thought.

*Sawny.* Wode I think ye're a cumstrarie piece o' stuff, it's true enough your mither said o' ye, that ye're no for a poor man.

*Kate.* And what mair said she o' me?

*Sawny.* Wode she said you could do naething but scure wash mugs, an' gentlemen's bonny things, but hissies it is bred amang gentle houses, minds me o' my mither's cat, but ye'r far costlier to keep, for the cat wastes neither saep nor water, but spits in her lufe and washes ay at her face, and whins o' you can do nae ither thing, and up he gets.

*Kate.* O Saunders but ye be short, will ye no stay till my mither come hame?

*Sawny.* I stay'd long enough for any thing I'll be the better; and am no sae short as your totum of a taylor it I cou'd stap it my shoe, sae cou'd I e'en.

Hame he goes in a passion, and to his bed he ran crying, O death, death! I thought the jade wad jumpet at me; no comfort nor happiness mair for poor me. O mither gar make my burial bread, for I'll die this night or soon the morn.\* But early next morning in comes auld *Be-go* his good mither,

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\* Sawny seems to have been guided in his wooing by the old Scotch proverb:—  
'Happy is the wooing that's no lang o' doing.'

who had left her daughter in tears for the slighting o' Sawny; and haules him and his mither away to get a dinner of dead fish, where a' was agreed upon, the wedding to be upon Wednesday; no bridal fouks but the twa mithers and themselves twa.

So according to appointment they met at Edinburgh, where Sawny got the cheap priest,\* who gave them twa three words, and twa three lines, took their penny and a good drink, wish'd them joy and gaed his wa's. Now said auld *Be-go*, if that be your minister, he's but a drunken b—h, mony a' ane drinks up a', but he leaves naething, he's got that penny for deil haet, ye might cracket lufes on't† and been as well, if no better; I have seen some honest men say mair o'er their brose‡ nor what he said a' the gither, but an ye be pleas'd am pleas'd, a bout in the bed ends a', and makes firm wark: so here's to you, and joy to the bargain, its ended now well I wat.

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\* In Edinburgh, during last century, there was occasionally to be found some worthy in the ministerial profession available for such purposes, and whose character would be fairly indicated by the coarse but forcible language of *Matty*. They were, however, outwith the pale of respectability, and were not recognised by their clerical brethren. Such individuals were not altogether peculiar to Scotland, but might also be found in London about the same period.

† In *Morren's*, *M'Kenzie & Hutchison's*, and other editions, there is here this parenthesis:—'Ta'en ane anithers word, a kiss, and a hoddle, at the hillock side.'

‡ The Scotsman's grace has passed into a proverb, on account of its inordinate length and its theological tinge. The story is often told of the servant girl who, after leaving a family in which she had once served, returned to stay a night with them. At supper the grace was the same as she was wont to hear before she went away, and she complimented her late master and host upon his 'guid memory.'





*COMICAL TRANSACTIONS OF  
LOTHIAN TOM.*

[This is another unique specimen of the early chap-book from the library of George Gray, Esq. The original is in three numbers of eight pages each, breaks being made in the narrative without respect to any thing but the filling of requisite space. The first number bears the title :—‘The History and Comical Transactions of Lothian Tom. In Six Parts. Wherein is contained a Collection of Roguish Exploits done by him, both in Scotland and England,’ while the other two are but modifications of it. There is this addition on the third number :—‘Which contains a dialogue betwixt Tom and Pady about their questions, and Tom’s song.’ They were all printed in Niddery’s Wynd, Edinburgh : the first in 1775, the second in 1777 ; while the third is without date. Since the Introduction to these volumes was written we have seen an edition of this chap-book published by Morren, Cowgate, Edinburgh, without date. It is a 24 pp. 12mo., and contains all the material to be found in the edition from which the following pages are printed, including Tom’s Song. In this edition, however, ‘Pady’s New Catechism’ is made part VI., while part II. as in the 1775 edition, with additions and alterations, is incorporated into part I. The ‘Catechism,’ as already explained, does not seem to belong to this chap-book, but to ‘Pady from Cork.’]

THE LIFE AND COMICAL TRANSACTIONS OF  
LOTHIAN TOM.

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THIS Thomas Black, vulgarly called Lothian Tom, because of that country, was born four miles from Edinburgh, his Father being a very wealthy farmer, who gave him good education, which he was very awkward in receiving, being a very wild cross mischievous boy.

When he was about 10 years of age, he was almost killed by the stroke of a horse's foot, which his father had ; who had a trick of kicking at every person that came in behind him. But when Tom was got heal of the dreadful wound, whereof many thought he would have died. To be even with the horse, he gets a clog, or piece of tree which was full of wooden pins ; a thing which the shoe makers used to tann their leather upon ; and with a rope he tied it to the cupple balk in the stable, directly opposite to the horse's tail, gets up on the balk and gives it a swing back so that the pikes in the end of it, came with a full drive against the horse's arse ; which made him to fling and the more he flung and struck at it, it rebounded back again and struck him ; the battle lasted with great fury for a long time, which was good diversion for Tom, until his father hearing some disturbance in the stable, came in to know the matter, and was surprized when he saw the poor horse tanning his own hide, with his legs all cut and bloody, with kicking against the pikes of the tanners stool ; so he cut the rope and the battle was ended, but the poor horse would never kick at any thing that came behind him afterwards, but always run from it.

It happened one day that Tom went a fishing and brought home a few small fish, which his grandmother's cat snapt up in the dark ; so Tom to have justice of the cat for so doing

catches her, and puts her into a little tub cogbome,\* then sets her a drift into a mill-dam, ordering her to go a fishing for herself; then sets two or three dogs upon her, where a most terriable seafight ensued as ever was seen in fresh watter: for if any of the dogs assayed to board her, by setting in over their nose, badrons came flying to that quarter, to repulse him with her claws; then her vessel was like to overset by the weight of herself, so she had to flee to the other, and finding the same there, from thence to the middle, where she sat mawing, always turning herself about, coming her nose with her foot. The old woman being informed of the dangerous situation of her dearly beloved cat, came running with a long pole to beat off the dogs and haul her ashore: What now, says Tom, if you be going to take part with my enemies, you shall have part of their reward: then gives the old woman such a push that she tumbled into the dam over head and ears, beside her beloved cat, and would undoubtedly perished in the water, had not one of the people who were there looking at the diversion, com'd to her relief.

After this Tom was sent to the school to keep his hands out of an ill turn; and having an old canker'd crab witted fellow for his dominie, they were always at variance, for if Tom had got his whips, which he often deserved, he was sure to be revenged upon his master again for it. So Tom perceiving his mastre had a close-stool in a little closet within the school, where he went and eased himself when need was: Tom gets a penny-worth of gun powdar, and strinkled it on the ground directly before the seat, and lays a little of it along in a train to the fire side, then perceiving when his master went into it, and as he was loosing down his breeches, sets fire to the train which blew it all up about his master's bare hips, which scorched him most terriably, besides the fright; for

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\* A little wooden trough such as is used for the feeding of sheep or swine. In an edition of this chap-book printed in Stirling by C. Randall, in 1801, the reading is:—'Into a little tub or trough.' It is the same in several later issues, but in Morren's edition it reads:—'Into a little tub or cogboin.'

which Tom was severely whipt ; yet in a little after he began to study revenge on his master.

So it happened one day as Tom went into the master's house, the wife was stooping into a big meal barrel\* to bring out some meal ; there he takes her by the feet and cowps her up into the barrel with her head down, and her bare backside upper-most ; then runs into the school, crying, "O ! master, master ! the deel's looking out of your meal stand wi' a fat face, and a black ill far'd mouth : yon's just auld nick and he be living." At this the master run with all speed he could to see what it was, and found it to be his own wife speechless and almost smothered to death ; but as she could not tell who did it, Tom got clear off ; yet he was not satisfied without some more vengeance on the old fellow ; and knowing his master had a fashion when he was going to whip the boys, if they would not loose their breeches willingly, he drew his knife and cut them thro' the waistband behind : so Tom goes to a butcher and gets a raw pudding, and fills it with blood and watter and puts it in within the waistband of his breeches : then goes to school next day, and as the master was sitting with his back towards the fire, Tom lights a piece of paper and sets his wig in a low, which burnt for some time unperceived, until the flames came fizing about his ears : he first put out the wig by trampling it upon the ground with his feet, and being informed that Tom did it, flies to him in a rage, ordering him to loose his breeches, but Tom told him he was never so mad : then he drew his knife and whips poor Tom over his kneec, and with great kicking and struggling cuts the waistband of his breeches through pudding and all, so that the blood gushed out ; and Tom cried murder, murder, and down he fell. The poor dominie went out of the door crying and wringing his hands. Word flew about that Tom was sticket by the dominie, which made the people come running from several parts of the country round about to see how it

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\* The Scotch 'girnle,' to be found yet in most country houses, especially among 'bein' or well-to-do people, who purchase their meal in larger quantities than is usual in towns.

was ; but searching him for the wound, found none but the empty pudding, which discovered the fraud.\* Then two men had to get horses and ride after the poor dominie, who had by this time got two or three miles away ; and when he saw them coming after him, crying to stand, and come back again, he ran the faster, untill he could run no more, but fell over on the road, praying him to let him go, for if he was taken back he was sure of being hanged : and would not be persuaded that Tom was alive, until they forced him back and he saw him : but he would be Tom's teacher no longer ; so Tom's father had to seek another master for him.

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PART II.

THERE was a young woman servant to Tom's father, which Tom had offended by some of his tricks, and she to be up with him again ; one night spread a handfull of short nettles in his bed, between his sheets ; which stinged his legs and thighs so much, that he was obliged to quit his bed, for some

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\* The story of the chase after the 'poor dominie' is omitted in Morren's edition, but the following new matter is inserted in its stead :—'Tom came running home all besmear'd with blood, at the sight whereof his father cry'd, what's the matter Tom ? To which he made no answer : searching him, the trick was discovered and poor Tom received a severe chastisement. Tom, to be revenged on his father, rose in the night time and broke the fauld and let out the cattle amongst his father's corn, and goes to bed again, this he did unperceived. Next morning, the neighbours observing the cattle lying amongst the corn, came running, and told his father how they had destroyed all his victual, for they had eat till they had like to burst. All the time Tom lay in his bed, and his father much vexed at his laziness, and told him that he would never have the benefit of more schooling as his master had so many grievous complaints against him ; at which Tom rejoiced within himself as he did not value learning, nor put it in balance with his designed tricks ; Tom then scampered away, and meeting with an egg cadger coming to Edinburgh, desired him to alight from his horse, and he would give him a dram at the Fallow kirk, at which, the poor man was glad, and went in with him. Tom called for two drams and bade the cadger drink hearty, in the mean time Tom slips out and mounts the cadger's horse, and puts a foot in each creel, and made the eggs all caddle, and then he dismounted and ran ; so that the poor cadger lost his eggs, and had the drams to pay for.'

part of the night ; for which he resolved to be revenged when ever a proper opportunity offered. It happened in a few days after that she was invited to a wedding where the dancing and diversion induced her to stay all night ; and on coming home in the morning, her mistress set her to wash some cloaths. But she being fatigued with her night's diversion, and for want of rest fell fast asleep with her hand extended in the tub, and standing on her feet with her belly leaning on the tub, Tom perceiving this, slips her petticoats and smock over her head, letting the sun shine on her bare back side, which faced the highway. Several people passing by while she continued in this posture, some of them were diverted, and others ashamed at the sight. But a poor cadger had the misfortune to be coming on the road at the time, and his horse taking fright at this unusual sight, threw off the creels which broke the poor man's eggs all to smash. Which so enraged him, that he lashed her buttocks with his whip in so unmerciful a manner, that with the smart and shame together, she had not the least inclination to sleep for the remaining part of the day.\*

Tom being grown up to the years and age of a man, thought himself more wiser and slyer than his father ; and there was several things about the house he liked better than to work : so he turned to be a dealer amongst the brutes, a couper of horses and cows, &c. and even wet ware amongst brewers and

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\* In Morren's edition this story is told in a very different way. As has already been explained, the first and second parts in that edition are run into one, and the following paragraph immediately succeeds the story told in the preceding note :—'Tom was always playing tricks to his grandmother, as he knew she was rich, and would part with nothing to him ; he lays in wait one night, and conceals himself in a corner until all was at rest, Tom rises and takes the keys of a drawer, and slips out about forty shillings, and slips off to Dalkeith on a Thursday where his grandmother's servant girl came that day. Tom was spending largely, and the girl who knew that Tom had no money, came home and told his grandmother that Tom had taken away her money, this so enraged him, that he lashed her buttocks with his wheep in so unmerciful a manner, that what with the smart and shame together she had not the least inclination to sleep the remaining part of the day.' The narrative then proceeds :—'Tom being grown up to the years and age of a man,' etc.



brandy shops ; until he couped himself to the toom halter ; and then his parents would supply him no more. He knew well his grandmother had plenty of mony, but she would give him none ; but the old woman had a good black calf her own, which Tom went to the fields one evening and catches and takes her into an old waste house which stood at a distance from any other, and there he kept her two or three days, giving her meat and drink when it was dark at night, and made the old woman believe some body had stole the cow for their winter mairt :\* which was grief enough to the old woman, for the loss of her dearly beloved cow. However, she employs Tom to go to a fair that was near by, to buy her another, gives him 3 l<sup>r</sup>† which Tom accept of very thankfulli and promised to buy one as like the other as possibly he could get ; then he gets a piece of chalk and brays it small as meal, and steeps it in a little water, and therewith rubs over the cow's face and back which made her both brocket and rigget : So Tom in the morning takes the cow to a public house within a little of the fair, and there left her till the fair was over, and then drives her home before him ; and as soon as they came home the cow began to rout as she used to do, which made the old woman so rejoice, thinking it was her own black cow ; but when she saw her white face, sighed and said, " Alas ! thou'll never be like the kindly brute my black lady, and yet routs as like her as ony I ever did hear ;" but Tom says to himself, the mercy is you know not what she says, or all would be wrong yet. So in two or three days the old woman put forth her bra' rigget cow in the morning with the rest of the neighbours cattle, but it came on a sore day of heavy rain, which washed away all the white from her face and back : so the old woman's

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\* It was customary among country folks, and is so still in some districts of Scotland, to kill a fat animal at Martinmas of each year, and salt it for the winter's provision. Even people in urban districts, though they had not a cow nor an ox, had a pig which they had been fattening for a year, and which was then considered ready for the sacrifice. Hence the term 'winter mairt.' The word 'mairt,' or 'mart,' ultimately came to denote a person who lived in ease and prosperity.

† In all other editions we have seen the reading is 'three pounds.'

black lady came home at night, and her rigget cow went away with the shower and was never heard of. But Tom's father having some suspicion, and looking narrowly into the cows face, found some of the chalk not washed away ; and then he gave poor Tom a hearty beating, and sent him away to seek his fortune with a skin full of sore bones.

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PART III.

TOM being turned to his own shifts, considers with himself how to raise a little more money, gets a long string as near as he could guess to be the length of his mother ; and into Edinburgh he goes, to a wright who was acquainted with his father and mother ; the wright asking him how he did ? he answered him very soberly, for he had lost a good dutiful mother ; last night, and there's a measure of her coffin. The wright was surprised at the news, and lamented his loss and so fell to work on the coffin. Tom went out and stayed for some time, and then comes in again, and tells the wright he did not know what to do, for his father had ordered him to get money from such a man, which he named, and that he was that day gone out of town ; the wright asked him how much he wanted ? to which he answered, a guinea and a half might do, or thirty shillings at the least ; so he gave him the guinea and the half : then Tom gave him strict charge to be out on the morrow against eleven o'clock with the coffin, and he should have his money altogether ; Tom set out for the alehouse with the money, and lived while it lasted. Next morning the wright and his two lads goes out with the coffin ; and as they were going in the house, Tom's mother stands at the door, asking the master how he did, and where he was going with that fine coffin ? he did not know well what to say, being so surprized to see her alive ! but at last he told her it was made designedly for her, and that her son brought in the measure the day before, and had got a guinea and a half from him, which he said was to buy some other necessaries for the funeral. O the

rogue! said she has he played me that? So the wright got his guinea and half and so much for his trouble, and had to take back his coffin with him again.

Tom being now short of money again began to think how he would raise a fresh supply; so he went to the port amongst the shearers, and there hires about thirty of them, and agrees to give them a whole week's shearing at tenpence a day, which was twopence higher than any had got that year; this made the poor shearers think he was an honest generous genteel master as ever they got, so he took them all into an alehouse, and gave them a hearty breakfast, till they could eat no more. Now says he, when there are so many of you together perhaps from different parts, and unacquainted with one another, I do not know but there may be some of you honest men and some of you rogues: and you are to lie all in one barn together, any of you who has any mony, you'll be safest to give it to me, and I'll mark it down in my book, with your names and what I receive from each of you and you shall have it all again on Saturday's night when you get your wages. O! very well good man, take mine take mine, every one cried faster than another; some gave him five, six, seven and eight shillings, even all they had earned through the harvest, which amounted to near seven pounds sterling. Having got all their money, he goes on with them till about three miles out of the town, and coming to\* a great field of standing corn, though some thing green, yet convenient for this purpose, as it lay some distance from any house or person; so he made them begin there, telling them he was going to order dinner for them, and send is own servants to join them: Away he goes with all the speed he could, but takes another road into the town, lest they should follow and catch him.

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\* This ends Number I. of the edition of *Lothian Tom* from which the text is here taken. It finishes at the foot of the page. The next number has a title page similar to what is on the first, and the narrative continues on the back of the title as if there had been no break. The folios run right through the three numbers, the whole chap-book occupying twenty-four pages.

Now when the people to whom the corn belonged, saw such a band in their field, they could not understand the meaning of it; but the goodman whose corn it was, went off crying always as he run, to them to stop; but they would not, until he began to strike them, and they at him, he being in a great passion, as the corn was not fully ripe; at last, by force of argument and other peoples coming up to them, the poor shearers were convinced they had gotten the bite, which caused them to go away lamenting their misfortune.

In two or three days thereafter as Tom was going down the Canongate, he meets one of his shearers, who knew him and kept fast by him demanding his money and satisfaction for all the rest: whisht, whisht, says Tom, and you'll get yours and something else beside. So Tom takes him into the jail,\* and calls for a bottle of ale and a dram, then takes the jaylor aside, as if he had been to borrow the money from him: and says to the jaylor, this man here is a great thief, I and two others, have been in search of him these three days, and the other two men have the warrant with them, so if you'll keep the rogue here till I run and bring them, you shall have a guinea in reward: yes, said the jaylor, go and I'll fix the rogue for you. Tom gets clear out, leaving the poor innocent fellow and the jaylor struggling together, and then sets off for England directly.

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\* The old jail in the Canongate of Edinburgh is still an object of interest. Jailers in the past occupied a very different position from what they do now. They acted more in the capacity of taverners than their brethren of the present day. In English plays and novels of last century their position is fully shown; and in the same period a similar state of matters existed in Scotland. In Glasgow, after the erection of the Tolbooth at the Cross, in 1627, the jailer was given a yearly salary of 40 merks (£2 4s. 5½ sterling), and he was to receive from every burgess or inhabitant of the city who should be committed to his care 2s. Scots (2d. sterling) for entry and booking fee, and the same sum for every twenty-four hours during which the person should be incarcerated. Outsiders, however, had double fees to pay their host. On account of 'having only thieves and lounes as prisoners,' and getting no profit from them, the jailer of 1661 received from the Town Council of Glasgow a grant of £20 Scots (£1 13s. 4d. sterling). The Privy Council Records show that in 1696 the keeper of Canongate Tolbooth was allowed 2s. Scots per night, with one penny sterling for the servants—in all 3d. sterling—for every recruit he kept.

## PART IV.

TOM having now left his own native country, went into the county of Northumberland, where he hired himself with an old miser of a farmer ; and here he continued several years, performing the duty in his service very well, though sometimes playing a roguish trick to those about him : his master had a very naughty custom that he would allow them no candle at night to see with when at supper ; Tom one night sets himself next to his master, and as they were all about to fall on, Tom puts his spoon into the midst of the dish where the crowdie was the hottest, and claps a spoonful into his master's mouth : a pox upon you for a rogue, cried his master, for my mouth is all burnt ; a pox upon you for a master, says Tom, for you keep a house as dark as Purgatory, for I was going to my own mouth with that sup and mist the way it being so dark : don't think master that I am such a big fool as to feed you, while I have a mouth of my own. So from that night that Tom burnt his master's mouth with the hot crowdie, they always got a candle to shew them light at supper, for his master would feed no more in the dark while Tom was present.

There was a servant girl in the house, who always when she made the beds neglected to make Tom's, and would have him to do it himself, well then, says Tom, I have harder work to do, and I shall do that too, so next day when Tom was in the field at the plough, when he saw his master coming from the house towards him, he then left the horses and the plough standing in the field, and goes away towards his master, who cried, What is wrong, or is any thing broke with you ? No, no, says Tom, but I am going home to make my bed, it has not been made these two weeks, and just now is about the time, the maid makes all the rest, so I'll go home and make mine too. No, no sirrah, go back to your plough, and I'll cause it to be made every night to you. Then, says Tom, I'll plough two or three furrows more in the time.\*

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\* This clause is added in some modern undated editions :—'and so Tom gained his end.'

There was a butcher came to his master's and bought a fine fat calf, so Tom laid it on the horses neck before the butcher, and when he was gone, now, says Tom, what will you hold master, but I'll steal that calf from the butcher before he goes two miles off? Why, says his master, I'll hold a guinea you don't; done, says Tom; in he goes, and gets a good shoe of his master's, and runs off another way cross the fields until he got before the butcher: near to the corner of a hedge, where there was an open and turning of the way, here Tom darns himself behind the hedge, and throws the shoe in the middle of the highway, then up comes the butcher riding and his calf before him; hey, said he to himself, there's a good shoe, if I knew how to get on my calf again I would alight for it but what signifies one without its neighbour? so off he goes and lets it lye. Tom then slips out and takes the shoe up again, and runs across the fields until he got in before the butcher at another part of the hedge, about half a mile distant, and there he throws the shoe out again in the midst of the way; then up comes the butcher, and seeing it, says to himself, now I shall have a pair of good shoes for the lifting: and down he comes, lays the calf on the ground, and tying his horse to the hedge, runs back, thinking to get the other shoe; in which time, Tom whips up the calf and shoe, and home he comes, demanding his wager, which his master could not deny, being so fairly won.

The poor butcher returned to his horse, got only his travel for his pains, so missing his calf, he knew not what to say or do, but thinking it had broke the rope from about it's feet, and had run into the fields, the butcher spent that day in search of it amongst the hedges and ditches, and so returned to Tom's master's all night, intending to go and search farther for it next day, giving them a tedious relation how he came to lose it by a curs'd pair o' shoes which he believed the devil had dropt in his way, and now he had taken the calf and all along with him, expressing his thankfulness that the devil was so honest as to spare his old horse when he stole away his calf. Next morning Tom went to work and makes a fine white face

on the calf with chalk and water then brings it out and sold it to the butcher, which was good diversion to his master and other servants to see the butcher buy his own calf again : no sooner was he gone with it, but Tom says, now master what will you hold but I'll steal it from him again, or he goes two miles off? No, no, says his master, I'll hold no more beats with you, but I'll give you a shilling if you do it, done says Tom, it shall cost you no more ; and away he runs a foot through the fields, until he came in before the butcher, hard by the place where he stole the calf from him the day before ; and here he lyes behind the hedge, and as the butcher came past, he puts his hand on his mouth, and cries, Baw, baw, like a calf ; the butcher hearing this, swears to himself, that there was the calf he had lost the day before, down he comes and throws the calf he had on the ground, gets in through the hedge in all haste, thinking he had no more to do but take it up ; but as he came in at the one part of the hedge, Tom jumps out at another, and gets the calf on his back, then gets in over the hedge on the other side, and through the fields he came safely home, with the calf on his back ; while the poor butcher spent his time and labour in vain, running from hedge to hedge, and hole to hole, seeking what was not there to be found. So the butcher returned to his horse again, and finding his other calf gone, he concluded it to be done by some invisible spirit thereabout that spot of ground ; and so went home and raised a bad report on the devil, saying he was turned a highwayman and had taken two calfs from him. So Tom washing the white face off the stolen calf, his master sent the butcher word to come and buy another calf, which he accordingly did a few days after, and Tom sold him the same calf a third time ; then told him the whole affair as it was acted, giving him his money again so the butcher got but fun for all his fuddle.\*

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\* In the Stirling (1801), and other editions the reading is:—'So the butcher got but fun for his trouble.'

## PART V.

THERE was an old rich blind woman, who lived hard by, that had a young girl her only daughter, and she fell deep in love with Tom, and Tom fell as deep in love with the money, but not with the maid : the old woman bestowed a vast of presents on Tom, and mounted him like a gentleman, but still he put off the marriage from time to time, and always wanted something, which the old woman gave the money to purchase for him, until he had got about thirty pounds of her money and then she would delay the marriage no longer : Tom went and took the old woman and girl aside, and made his apology as follows —Dear mother,\* said he I am very willing to wed with my dear Polly, for she appears as an angel in mine eyes, but I am sorry very sorry to acquaint you that I am not a fit match for her : what child, says the old woman, there's not a fitter match in the world for my Polly, I did not think your country could afford such a clever youth as what I hear of you to be,† you shall neither want gold nor silver, and a good horse to ride upon and when I die you shall have my all : O but says Tom, mother that's no the matter at all, the stop is this, when I was at home in Scotland, I got a stroke with a horse's foot on the bottom of my belly, which has quite disabled me below that I cannot perform I husband's duty in bed. Then the old woman clapt her hands, and fell a crying, O ! if it had been any impediment but that, but that, but that, woful that ! which gold and silver cannot purchase and yet the poorest people that is even common beggars have plenty off it. The old woman and her daughter sat crying and wringing their hands, and Tom stood and wept lest he should get no more money, O says Polly, mother I'll wed with him nevertheless, I love him so

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\* 'Madam,' in some later editions.

† A fair indication of the opinion Englishmen had of their Scottish neighbours. Could any good come out of Scotland ? It is only fair to admit, however, that the contempt was not all on the one side.



dearly? No, no, you foolish girl would you throw yourself away to marry a man and die a maid, you don't know the end of your creation, it is the enjoyment of a man in bed that makes women to marry, which is a pleasure like a paradise, and if you wed with this man, you'll live and die and never know it. Hoo, hoo, says Tom, If I had got money, I needed not been this way till now ; money, you fool, said the old woman, there's not such a thing to be got for money in all England : ay, says Tom, there's a doctor in Newcastle, will make me able as any other man for ten guineas: ten guineas, said she, I'll give him fifty guineas if he will, but here is twelve and go to him directly, and know first what he can do, and come again and wed my child, or she and I both will die for tny sake. Tom having now got twelve guineas more of their money, got all things ready, and next morning early, sets out for Newcastle, but instead of going to Newcastle, he came to old Scotland, and left Polly and her mother to think upon him, then in about two weeks after, when he was not like to return, no nor so much as a word from him : the old woman and Polly got a horse, and came to Newcastle in search of him, went through all the doctors shops asking if there came a young man there about two weeks ago with a broken cock to mend: some laught at her, others were like to kick her out of doors, so the old woman had to return without getting any further intelligence of Tom.

Now after Tom's return to Scotland, he got a wife and took a little farm near Dalkeith, and became a very douse man for many days, followed his old business the coupling of horses and cows the feeding of veals for slaughter, and the like : He went one day to a fair and bought a fine cow from an old woman, but Tom judged from the lowness of the price that the cow certainly had some fault ; Tom gives the wife the other hearty bicker of good ale, then says, he, wife the money's your's and the cow's mine, ye must tell me ony wi' bit of faults it she has: Indeed quoth she goodman, she has nae a fault but ane, and in she had wanted it, I wad never a parted wi' her ; and what's that goodwife said he? Indeed said she the

filthy daft beast sucks ay hersel ; hute, says Tom, if that be all, I'll soon cure her of that, O can ye do't said she, If I had kend what wad a done it, ye had nae gotten her. A well says Tom I'll tell you what to do, tak the cow's price I gave you just now, and tye it hard and fast in your napkin, and give it to me throw beneath the cow's wame, and I'll give you the napkin again over the cow's back, and I'll lay my life for it that she'll never suck hersel in my aught; a wat well, said she, I'se do that an they sud be witchcraft in't,\* so Tom no sooner got it throw below the cow's wame than he looses out his money and puts it in his pocket, and gave the wife again her napkin over the cow's back accordingly as he told her, saying, now wife, you have your cow and I my money, and she'll never suck herself in my aught, as I told you, O dole, cryed the wife, is that your cure, ye have cheated me, ye have cheated me.

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PART VI.

TOM being very scant of money at a time when his rent was to pay, and though he was well acquainted with the Butchers in Edinburgh, he tried severals of them, yet none of them would lend him as much, he was known to be such a noted sharper.† Tom thinks with himself that he'll give them all a bite in general who had refused him : So in he comes next day (and all of them had heard of a fine fat calf he had feeding) comes to one of the butchers, and tell's him he was going to

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\* The old woman, by her remark about witchcraft and her belief in Tom's proposal, discovers the presence of superstitions in her mind. The belief in witchcraft was then in a transition stage. Many people firmly believed in it ; others were doubtful ; while not a few, like Tom, played the rogue on the strength of the superstition in others. It is more than probable that the tricks of such as Lothian Tom did more to enlighten the people than anything else. As for the clergy, they were a hindrance, and rather fostered the belief in witchcraft.

† This concludes the second number. The third number, like the others, had a title-page, and the narrative was continued on the back of it.

sell the fat calf he had at home. Well says the butcher, and what will you have for it? just five and thirty shillings, says Tom: No, says the butcher, by what I hear of it I'll give thirty. Na, na, says Tom, you must remember that is not the price of it, but give me twenty shillings just now, and send out your lad the morrow and we'll perhaps agree about it. Thus Tom went thro' ten of them in one day, and got twenty shillings from each of them, and kept his speech against the law for whatever they offered him for his calf, he told them to remember that was not to be the price of it, but give me twenty shillings just now, and send out your lad on the morrow morning and perhaps we'll agree was all that passed. So Tom came home with his ten pound, and pay'd his rent; and early next morning one of the butcher's sent out his lad to Louthan Tom's for a calf, and as he was about a mile from the town, went to an ale house door and calls for a bicker of ale, and as he was drinking it, up comes another butcher's lad on the same errand, he being called by the first to come and drink, which caused another bicker; then come other two on the same errand; again six more, which made out the ten; and every one told he was going to Louthian Tom's for a calf, which made them think Tom had gathered together all the calves in that country side: So up they comes to Tom's house and every one called for his calf, and his calf; and Tom had but one calf to serve them all; which he took out and shews them. Now, says he, whoever gives most for it shall have it, or I'll put it to a roup. What said they, our masters bought it yesterday. Then says Tom, you would be fools to buy it to day for it is heavy to carry and fashious to lead,\* you must all go home without it; next day Tom got ten summonses, to answer at the instance of the butchers for selling his calf and not delivering it. Tom then goes to Edinburgh, gets the ablest lawyer in town for that purpose, tells him the whole of

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\* The modern undated Glasgow editions end here with the words :—'for it is fashious to lead and heavy to carry.' All that goes before of this part is added to part five, so that in them there are only five parts. In the Stirling (1801) edition, however, the story is carried on to the end of the scene with the lawyer.

what past, from first to last. Then said the lawyer, as they cannot prove a bargain, and deny the paying of the money again, if you'll give me the calf, I'll bring you off; but remember in law there is no point like that of denial. The calf, says Tom, you'll not want the calf, and a stone of butter to make it ready with. Then the lawyer goes to the court, where Tom is called upon; his lawyer answers first, who asked the butchers, if they could tell the price of the calf, or prove the bargain? they answered, No; but he ordered us to send out our lads and we would agree about it? Gree about it, said the judges! why, do you come to sue for a bargain and to gree about it; Ay, but, said they, we want twenty shillings a piece from him of money we gave him. Tom is called out, then said the judge, did you borrow twenty shillings of any of these men? Not I my lord, I came indeed asking the loan of money from them, but they would lend me none; and then I came next day beggar-ways, and they were so generous as to give me twenty shillings a piece. But said the judge, were not you to give it back again; I never promised nor never intended at all, my lord; for what is given to the poor is given gratis, and I appeal to this whole court that whatever pence any of you has given to the poor that you look not for any of it back again. Then Tom was freed at the bar, and the butchers lost, and laughed at.

After the court, Tom and the lawyer had a hearty bottle;\* and at parting the lawyer said, now mind Tom, and send me the calf to-morrow. O yes, says Tom, but you must first send me out forty shillings for it. What, says the lawyer, did not you promise me it and a stone of butter to make it ready with, for gaining your plea? But, says Tom, did you not tell me,

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\* It was quite a common conclusion of a law-suit for the lawyer and his client to 'drink a bottle' or even get 'fou' together, especially if they were on the winning side. Consultations were generally held in some tavern in the vicinity of the court, and the whole aspect of a case was discussed under the stimulating influence of a 'tappit hen.' Sir Walter Scott in the text and notes to *Guy Mannering* gives a most interesting account of the convivial habits of the Scottish bar during last century.

that the only point of the law was to deny? and you cannot prove it: So I'll sell my calf to them that will give most for it; and if you have learned me law, I have learned you roguery to your experience. So take this as a reward for helping me to cheat the butchers: and I think I'm even now with you both. And this was all the lawyer got of Tom.\*

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### THE PLOWMAN'S GLORY; or, TOM'S SONG.†

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As I was a walking one morning in the spring,  
I heard a young plowman so sweetly to sing,  
And as he was singing, these words he did say,  
No life is like the plowman's in the month of May.

The lark in the morning rises from her nest,  
And mounts in the air with the dew on her breast,  
And with the jolly plowman she'll whistle and she'll sing,  
And at night she'll return to her nest back again.

If you walk in the fields any pleasure to find,  
You may see what the plowman enjoys in his mind;  
'There the corn he sows grows and the flowers do spring,  
And the plowman's as happy as a prince or a king.

When his days work is done that he has to do,  
Perhaps to some country walk he will go,  
There with a sweet lass he will dance and sing,  
And at night return with his lass back again.

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\* Nearly four pages are here inserted in the edition from which this text is taken, but they do not belong to *Lothian Tom*, but to *Pady from Cork*. They consist of 'Pady's New Catechism,' 'Pady's Humble Petition,' and 'Pady's Creed for Irish Believers,' and they will be found in their proper place in a subsequent part of this volume.

† *Vide* Introduction, vol. i. p. 45.

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And as they return from the walk in the town,  
When the meadows is mowed and the grass is cut down,  
If they chance for to tumble among the green hay,  
It's kiss me now or never the damsel will say.

Then he rises next morning to follow his team,  
Like a jolly plowman so neat and so trim ;  
If he kiss a pretty girl he will make her his wife,  
And she loves her jolly plowman as dear as her life.

Come Molly and Dolly let's away to the wake,  
There the plow boys will treat us with beer ale and cake,  
And if in coming home they should gain their Ends,  
Ne'er fear but they'll marry us, or make us amends.

There's Molly and Dolly, Nelly and Sue,  
There's Ralph John and Willie and young Tommy too ;  
Each lad takes his lass to the wake or the fair,  
Adzooks they look rarely, I vow and declare.

FINIS.



*HISTORY OF*  
*JOHN CHEAP THE CHAPMAN.*



[A Falkirk edition of this chap-book, printed by T. Johnston in 1798, has been used here. The full title is—'The History of John Cheap the Chapman: containing above a Hundred Merry Exploits done by him and his fellow Traveller, Drowthy Tam, a sticked Shaver. In three parts.' It has been usual to suspect that the work is autobiographical to some extent.]

THE HISTORY OF JOHN CHEAP  
THE CHAPMAN.

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PREFACE.

JOHN CHEAP the chapman, was a very comical short thick fellow, with a broad face and a long nose ; both lame and lazy, and something leacherous among the lasses : he chused rather to sit idle than work at any time, as he was a hater of hard labour. No man needed to offer him cheese and bread after he curst he would not have it ; for he would blush at bread and milk, when hungry, as a beggar doth at a babee. He got the name of John Cheap the chapman, by his selling 20 needles for a penny, and twa leather laces for a farthing. He swore no oaths but one, which was, Let me never sin.

He used no imprecations, But let me never cheat nor be cheated, but rather cheat, &c.

He gave bad counsel to none but children, to burn the bone-combs, that their mother might buy another when he came again.

He never fought with any but dogs,\* and the good wives daughters in their daffing, and that's not dangerous.

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PART I.

*The following relation is taken from his own mouth,  
verbatim.*

I JOHN CHEAP by chance, at some certain time, doubtless against my will, was born at the Hottom, near Habertehoy mill : My father was a Scots Highlandman, and my mother a

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\* Dogs and chapmen were proverbial enemies. The tradition regarding the feud will be found in the answer to the question—'What is the reason that dogs are worse on chapmen, than on other strange people?'—in *The Scots Piper's Queries*.

Yorkshire wench, but honest, which causes me to be of a mongrel kind ; I made myself a chapman when very young, in great hopes of being rich when I became old ; but fortune was fickle and so was I ; for I had not been a chapman above two days, until I began to consider the deep ditches, midden dubs, biting dogs and wiet sacks : And what comfort is it, says I, to lye in a cows oxter, the length of a cold winter night : to sit behind backs, till the kail be a cuttied up, and then to lick colley's leavings.\*

My first journey was through old Kilpatrick, all the day long I got no meat nor money until the evening, I began to ask for lodging, then every wife to get me away, would either give me a cogful of kail, or piece of cake. Well says I to myself, if this be the way, I shall begin in the morning to ask for lodging, or any time when I am hungry. Thus I continued going from house to house, until my belly was like to burst, and my pockets could hold no more ; at last I came to a farmer's house, but thinking it not dark enough to prevail for lodging, sat down upon a stone at the end of the house, till day-light would go away out of the west ; and as I was going to get up to go in to the house, out comes the goodwife, as I supposed her to be, and sat down at the end of the stone I being at the other, there she began to make off her water with full force, which I bore with, very modestly, till near an end ; then she made the wind follow with such force, as made (as I thought) the very stone I leaned upon to move, which made me burst out into laughter ; then up gets the wife, and runs for it ; I followed hard after into the house, and as I entered the house, I heard the goodman, saying, Ay, ay, goodwife, What's the haste, you run so ?

No more passed, until I addressed myself to the goodman

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\* Chapmen were looked upon by the common people as characters whose disinclination to work led them into a lazy life. Their services to the community were acknowledged, but only under a protest that had they not been 'haters of hard work' they could not have gone into the business. This feeling, however, arose chiefly from the popular idea, which still finds expression, that nothing can be called work except manual labour.

for quarters ; which he answered, " Indeed lad, we hae nae beds but three, my wife and I, our sells twa, and the twa bits a little anes, Willie and Jenny lies in ane, the twa lads our twa servant men Willie Black and Tam, lies in anither, and auld Mags my mither, and the lass Jean Tirram lies the gither, and that fills them a'." O but says I, Goodman, there is some of them fuller than others, you may let me lie with your mither and the lass ; I shall ly heads and thraws wi' them, and keep on my breeks. A good keep me, quo' the lass, frae a' temptations to sin, altho' thou be but a callen, heth I'll rather ly wi' Sannock Garner. No, no, cries the goodwife, he's no be here the night. Dear good-wife, said I, what ails you at me ? a d—l be here, an' ye be here the night, said she ; ho, ho, said I, but I'm here first, and first com'd first serv'd, good-wife ; but an' the ill thief be a friend of your's, you'll have room for him too. Ye thief like widdyfu', said she, are ye evening me to be sib to the foul thief ; it's weel kend I am come of good honest fouks : It may be so goodwife, said I, but ye look rather the other way, when ye would lodge the d—l in your house and ca' out a poor chapman to die, such a stormy night as this. What do ye say ! says she, there was na a bonnier night since winter came in nor this. O goodwife, what are you saying ! Do ye not mind, when you and I was at the east end of the house, such a noise of wind and water was then ; a wae worth the filthy body, said she, is not that in every part. What said the goodman, a wat well there was nae rain when I came in : The wife then shuts me out, and bolted the door behind me : Well, said I, but I shall be through between thy mouth and thy nose or the morrow. It being now so dark, and I a stranger, could see no place to go to, went into the corn yard, but finding no loose straw I fell a drawing one of their stacks, sheaf by sheaf, until I pulled out a threave or two, and got into the hole myself, where I lay as warm as a pye ; but the goodman in the morning, perceiving the heap of corn sheaves, came running to carry it away, and stop up the hole in the stack wherein I lay, with some of the sheaves, so with the steighling of the straw, and him cursing the thieves who had done it : I

then skipping out of the hole, ho, ho, said I, goodman, you're not to bury me alive in your stack : He then began to chide me, vowing he would keep my pack for the damage I had done : whereupon, I took his servants witnesses he had robbed me ; when hearing me urge him so, he gave me my pack again, and off I came to the next house, where I told the whole story.

My next exploit was near Carluke, between Hamiltown and Lanerk : Where on a cold stormy night, I came to a little town with four or five houses in it ; I went twice through it, but none of them would give me the credit to stand all night among their horse, or yet to ly in their cow's oxters : At last I prevailed with a wife, if her husband was willing, to let me stay, if he was not against it, to which he answered, "If I should ly in his midden-dib, I should get no quarters from him that night ; a wheen lazy idle villains rins a to be chapman, comes through the country fashing fouks, ay seeking quarters ; the next day ye'll be gaun wi' a powder'd pirrewig, and a watch at your arse, and winna let fouk stand afore your chop doors, ye'll be sae saucy."

After hearing my sentence from the goodman, expecting no relief but to ly without, yet I perceived when he came out of the barn, he only drew too the door behind him : So when he was gone, I slipt into the barn, and by help of one of the kipples, climbs up the mou, and there dives down among the sheaves, and happed myself all over, so that I lay as warm as the goodman himself. But in the morning long before day, two fellows came into the barn, and fell a threshing, that by their disturbance I could sleep no more ; at last I got up with all my hair hanging over my face, and when he that stood on the opposite side perceived me, I made my eyes to roll, and wrayed my face in a frightful manner, so that the poor fellow supposed he had seen the deil, or something as ill, gave a rore as if he had been sticked, and out at the door he runs ; the other following after him crying, Wa' Johny man, what did you see? O! Sandy, Sandy, the deil's on the tap o' the mou', sheavling his mouth at me ; I'll not be so well this month

man, my heart's out o' its hole, wou but yon be a fearfu' like fake indeed, it would fright ony living creature out o' their senses.

I hearing the fear they were in, cried unto them not to be frightened, for I was not the deil, but a poor chapman who could not get quarters last night a foul fa' thy carcase sir, for our Jock is through the midden-dib, dirt and a' the gither; he who went last came again, but the other man ran into the house, and told what he had seen: The goodman and his wife came running, he with a grape in his hand, and her with the Bible,\* the one crying Sandy, Sandy, is't true that the deil was in the barn; Na, na, said he, it's but a chapman, but poor Jock has gotten a fright wi' him. They laughed heartily at the sport, took me in to breakfast, and by this time poor Johnny was gone to bed.†

After this I travelled up the water of Clyde, near the foot of Tintock-hill, where I met with a sweet companion, who was an older traveller than I, who gave me more information how to blow the goodwife, and sleek the goodman, with him I kept company for two months, and as we travelled down Tweed towards the border we being both hungry and could get nothing to buy for the belly, we came unto a wife who had been kirning, but she would give us nothing, nor sell so much as one halfpenny's worth of her sour milk; Na, na, said she, I'll neither sell butter, bread or milk, it's a' little enough to sair my ain family: ye that's chapman may drink water, ye dinna work sair. Ay, but goodwife, said I, I hae been at Temple-bar, where I was sworn ne'er to drink water, if I could get better: What do ye say, said she, about Temple-bar? A town just about twa three mile and a bittock frae this: A thief ane was to swear there, an' it wasna' auld Willie Miller the

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\* A most effectual weapon of defence against the physical as well as the spiritual assaults of Satan. Sinclair, in his work entitled *Satan's Invisible World Discovered*, tells a most extraordinary story of the means taken to 'lay' the 'devil of Glenluce.'

† The words, 'very sick,' are here added in Morren's edition.

cobler, the ill thief a neither minister nor magistrate ever was in't a'.

O but says the other lad, the Temple-bar he means by is at London. Yea, yea, lad, an ye be cum'd frae London ye're no muckle worth, for the fouks there awa, is a' witches and warlocks, deils, brownies and fairies.\* We'll a wat that is true, said I, and that thou shalt know, thou hard hearted wretch, who would have people to starve or provoke them to steal. With that I rose and lifts twa or three long straws, and casting knots on them, into the byre I went and throws a knotted straw to every cows stake, saying, Thy days shall not be long: The wife followed, wringing her hands, earnestly praying for herself and all that was hers. I then came out at the door, and lifted a stone, running three times round about, and threw it over the house,† muttering some words, which I knew not myself, and concluding with these words, "Thou Monsieur Diable,‡ brother to Beelzebub god of Ekron, take this wife's kirm, butter and milk, sap and substance, without and within, so that she may die in misery, as she would have others to live." §

The wife hearing the aforesaid sentence, clapt her hands, and called out another old woman as foolish as herself, who came crying after us to come back, back we went, when she made us eat heartily of butter and cheese; then she earnestly pleaded with me to go and lift my cantrups, which I did, upon her promising never to deny a hungry traveller meat nor drink, whether they had money to pay for't or not: and never

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\* The common people had strange notions about foreigners, as this passage shows. A somewhat similar idea is given expression to in *The History of the Haverel Wives*, where Janet speaks of Italy as the country 'where the auld Pape their [the priests'] father, the de'il, the witches, brownies and fairies dwal.'

† There are some unimportant verbal differences between the text here and what is to be found in Morren's edition. At the asterisk there is inserted:—'throwing my face terrible at her.'

‡ Morren has here:—'And thou, O monsieur Lucifer, Satan Diable,' etc.

§ A very fair indication of the unnecessary ceremonies gone through by wizards and witches. Lothian Tom used some 'enchantment' under equally interesting circumstances. See vol. ii. p. 81.

to serve the poor with the old proverb, Go home to your own parish ;\* but give them less or more, as ye see them in need. This faithfully she promisee to do while she lived, and with milk, we drank towards her cow's health and her own, not forgetting her husband and the bull's, as the one was goodman of the house, and the other of the byre ; and away we came in all haste, lest some of a more understanding nature should come to hear of it, and follow after us.†

In a few days thereafter we came to an ale-house in a moor, far distant from any other, it being a sore day of wind and rain, we could not travel therefore was obliged to stay there, and the house being very throng, we could get no bed but the servant lasses, which we was to have for a pennyworth of pins and needles, and she was to ly with her master and mistress : But as we were going to bed, in comes three Highland drovers on their way home from England ; the landlord told them that the beds were all taken up but one, that two chapmen was to ly in ; one of them swore, his broad sword should fail him, if a chapman lay there that night. They took our bed, and made us sit by the fire all night : I put on a great many peats, and when the drovers were fast asleep, I put on a big brass pan full of water, and boiled their brogs therein, for the space of half an hour, then lays them as they were, every pair by themselves ; so when they rose, every one began to chide another, saying, " Hup, pup, ye sheing a brog," for not one of them would serve a child of ten years of age, being so boil'd in, the landlord persuaded them that their feet was swelled with their hard traveling, being so wet last night, and they

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\* Before the introduction of the present complex Poor Law system, each parish in Scotland, through its kirk session, gave relief to its own poor. The strictness of the authorities passed into a proverb. Many parishes had barrows on which the infirm poor not belonging to them were wheeled outside the boundaries and left to do for themselves as best they could. We have read of a case in which relief was refused to a sickly stranger, and the village joiner was employed to make a barrow for the person's removal. Before the work was done the poor unfortunate had died.

† In Morren's edition there is here added :—' and give us a proper drubbing.'



house, about two miles from Haddington ; they were all at supper when I went in ; I was ordered to sit down behind their backs, the goodwife then took a dish, went round the servants, and collected a soup out of every cog,\* which was sufficient to have served three men ; the goodwife ordered me to be laid in the barn all night for my bed, but the bully-fac'd goodman swore he had too much stuff in it, to venture me there, the goodwife said I should not ly within the house, for I would be o'er near the lasses bed, then the lads swore I should not go with them,† for I was a forjesket like fellow, and (wha kens whether I was honest or not) he may fill his wallet wi' our cloaths and gang his wa' or day light. At last I was conducted out to the swine's sty, to sleep with an old sow and seven pigs, and there I lay for two nights.‡ In the night the young pigs came gruzling about me very kindly, thinking I was some friend of their mother's come to visit

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\* Possibly this practice—for the frequency with which it is mentioned in this and other chapbooks indicates that it was so—may have given rise to the proverbial expression still common in Scotland :—‘I'll tak a sup out your cog for that,’ used when a person wishes to convey a vague threat.

† The suggestion from this passage seems to be that the lads did not sleep in the house, but in a ‘bothy’ in the vicinity. The arrangement in many farm houses in some parts of Scotland is—and it was much more common a century ago—that the maid servants slept in the house, while the men were accommodated in an out-house. During harvesting operations, shearers from a distance lived in a wooden ‘bothy’ erected on the farm. The system was not quite satisfactory, and often gave rise to serious irregularities.

‡ Now-a-days it may seem strange that John Cheap, after his first night's experience in the sty, should have cared to have had it a second time. Travelling on Sunday, however, was a thing not to be thought of a century ago. It was doubtful, even, if a hen did not break the commandment by laying an egg on the Sabbath. Dean Ramsay tells the story of a Highlander who gave the following instance in support of the ‘God-fearin’ character of the people of the village in which he resided :—‘Last Sabbath, just as the kirk was skailin’, there was a drover chield frae Dumfries comin’ along the road whustlin’, an’ lookin’ as happy as if it was ta muddle o’ the week ; well, sir, our laads is a God-fearin’ set o’ laads, an’ they were just comin’ out o’ the kirk—’od they yokit upon him, an’ a’most killed him.’ A similar fate might have befallen John Cheap had he travelled for a change of lodgings. Certainly he would have been taken before the Session and rebuked.

them ; they gave me but little rest, always coming kissing me with their cold noses, which caused me to beat them off with my staff, which made them to make a terrible noise, so that their old mother came up to argue the matter, running upon me with open mouth, but I gave her such a rout over her long snout, which caused her to roar out murder in her own language that alarmed the servants where they lay, who came to see what was the matter, I told them, their old sow was going to swallow me up alive, bid them to go and bring her meat, which they did, and the brute became peaceable.

On the Sabbath morning I came into the house, the goodman asked me if I could shave any, yes, said I, but never did on the Sabbath-day. I fancy, said he, you are some Westland Whig? \* Said I, you may suppose me to be what you think proper to day, but yesternight you used me like a Tory, when you sent me into a sty to ly in your sow's oxters, who is a fitter companion for a devil, than any human creature, the abominablest brute upon the earth, said I, who was forbidden to be eaten under the law, and cursed under the gospel † : Be they curs'd or be they bless'd said he, I wish I had anew of them ; but an' ye will not tak aff my beard, ye's get nae meat here the day ; then said I, if you will give me meat and drink for money, until the Sabbath be past, I'll take on my wallat, and go along with you to the kirk, and tell your minister how you used me as a hog. No said the goodwife, you shall not want your crowdie man. But my heart being full of sorrow and revenge, a few of them sufficed me.

On the morning I went into the house, the goodman ordered me the pottage pot to lick, for, says he it is an old property

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\* The Covenanters had their great stronghold in the West of Scotland, especially down Ayrshire way, and the 'Westland Whig' was regarded as a man of extra strictness in religious ordinances.

† Our Lord's miracle of the casting out the legion of the devils from the man amongst the tombs, and their subsequent entrance into a herd of swine, seems to have made a strong impression on the Scottish mind. John Cheap's remarks on the subject are fairly representative of the ideas of many country people in Scotland even of the present day.

to chapmen. Well I had no sooner begun to it, then out came a great big mastiff dog from below the bed, and grips me by the breast, then turns me over upon my back, and takes the pot himself; Ay, ay, said the goodman I think your brother pot-licker and you cannot agree about your breakfast? A well said I, goodman, you said that pot-licking was a chapman's property, but your dog proves the contrary: So away I comes and meeting the goodwife at the door, bids her farewell for ever; but what said I is your husband's name? to which she answered, John Swine, I was thinking so, said I, he has such dirty fashions: but whether was yon his mother or his sister, I lay with these two nights.

All that day I travelled the country west from Haddington, but could get no meat; when I asked if they had any to sell, they told me, they never did sell any bread, and I found by sad experience, they had none to give for nothing. I came unto a little country village, and went through it all, house after house, and could get neither bread nor ale to buy; At last I came to a poor weavers house, and asked him if he could lend me a hammer? Yes, said he, What are you going to do with it? Indeed said I, I am going to knock out all my teeth with it, for I can get no bread to buy in all this country, for all the stores and stacks you have in it: What said he, was you in the minister's? I know not said I, does he keep an ale-house? O na, said he, he preaches every Sunday: and does he preach, said I? is it to harden your hearts? haud well together? have no charity? hate strangers? hunger the poor? eat and drink all yourselves? better burst your bellies then give it to beggars, or let good meat spoil\*: if your minister be as naughty as his people, I'm positive he'll drive a louse to London for the hide and tallow. Here I bought the weaver's dinner for twopence, and then set out again, keeping my course westward. It being now night, I came to a farmer's house south from Dalkieth, the goodman being very civil, and desirous of news, I related the whole passages

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\* A proverbial expression. Allan Ramsay's version of it is:—'Better belly burst than good meat spill.'

of two days and nights by-past ; whereat he was greatly diverted, and said, I was the first he heard of, that ever that man gave quarters to before, though he was an elder of the parish. So the goodman and I fell so thick, that he ordered me to be laid on a shake down bed beyond the fire, where I lay more snug than among the swine.

Now there was three women lying in a bed in the same apartment, and they not minding that I was there, first one of them rose and let her water go in below the chimney-grate, where I had a perfect view of her bonny-thing, as the coal-fire burnt so clearly all the night, then another rose and did the same, last of all got up the old matron, as she appear'd to be, like a second-handed goodwife, or a whirl'd o'er maiden, six times overturned, and as she let her dam go, she also with full force, when done, let a fart like the blast of a trumpet, which made the dust on the hearth-stone to fly up like mist about her arse, whereat I was forc'd to laugh out, which made her run for it, but to smother the laughter I stapt the blankets in my mouth ; she went to bed and waken'd the other two saying, O dole ! what will I tell you ? yon chapman has seen a' our a—ses the night ; shame fa' him, said they, for we had nae mind he was there : I wat well, says one of them, I'se no rise till he be awa', but said the old woman, gin he has seen mine, I cannot help it, it's just like other folks, and fin't a hair care I. In the morning the old matron got up first and ordered up the house, then told me to rise now for chapmen and every body was up, then she asked me if I had an use of laughing in my sleep ? Yes, said I, when I see any daft like thing I can look and laugh at it, as well sleeping as walking ; A good preserve us, said she, ye're an unco body, but ye needna wait on our porridge time, I'se gie you cheese and bread in your pouch, which I willingly accepted, and away I came.

Then I kept my course west by the Pentland hills, where I got plenty of hair,\* good and cheap, besides a great quantity

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\* This and other references in the course of the present narrative point to an extensive trade in human hair ; and show that the country lasses were not averse to gaining a little money by parting with their flowing tresses.

of old brass, which was an excellent article to make my little pack seem big and weighty. Then I came into a little country village, and going in by the side of the house, there was a great big cat sitting in a weaver's window, beiking herself in the sun, and washing her face with her feet : I takes her a civil nap on the nose, which made her turn back in through the window, and the weaver having a plate full of hot pottage in the innerside to cool, poor badrons ran through the middle of them, burnt her feet, and threw them all to the ground, ran thro' the house, crying fire and murder in her own language, which caused the weary wicked webster to come running to the door, where he attacked me in a furious rage, and I to avoid the first shock, fled to the top of the midden, where endeavouring to give me a kick, I caught him by the foot, and tumbled him back over into the dirty midden dub,\* where both his head and shoulders went under dirt and water ; but before I could recover my elwand or arms, the wicked wife and her twa sons was upon me in all quarters, the wife hung in my hair, while the two sons boxed me about and before, and being thus over-powered by numbers, I was fairly beat of by this wicked webster, his troops being so numerous.

The same day as I was going up to a country house, I met on the way a poor beggar wife with a boy, who was both of them bitten in different places by a big mastiff dog, they persuaded me to turn back, but I said I should first see him : so up I goes to the side of a hedge, and cuts a long bramble full of prickles, which I carried in my left hand, with my sturdy staff in the right ; and as I came near the house, Mr. Youffer

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\* Disrespect for all sanitary considerations was for centuries an unfortunate feature in Scotland, and was the main cause of the frequent plagues—or 'visitations' as they were piously termed—which depopulated the country and crippled its resources. Refuse of all sorts was thrown into the 'midden-dub' in front of the door of each house. In the Trongate of Glasgow, in 1655, the gutters had become so blocked up that the inhabitants had to place stepping stones in them before they could obtain access to their houses. In Edinburgh, a century later, ashes, foul water, etc., were thrown over the windows at night, the only warning the belated pedestrian received being the melodious *Gardez l'eau* ; and happy was he if he escaped.

came roaring upon me like a lion, he being a tyke of such a monstrous size, frightened me so that I ran back; but he pursued me so hard, I was forced to face about, and holding out the briar to him, which he gripped in his mouth, and then I stripped it through his mouth, and gave him a hearty blow upon his ear with my rung, which made him go tumbling to his master's door, and when he got up he could not fight any, his mouth being so full of prickles by the biting of the briar, which caused him go about yuling and rubbing his mouth with his foot, the people of the house came running to bite me, but my briar had bitten him; they then called him in, and fell to picking the pricks out of his tongue.

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### PART III.

I TRAVELLED then west by Falkirk, by the foot of the great hills; and one night after I had got lodging in a farmer's house, there happened a contest between the goodman and his mother, he being a young man unmarried, as I understood, and formerly their sowens had been that thin, so the goodman being a sworn birley-man\* of that barony, came to survey the sowens before they went on the fire, and actually swore they were o'er thin, and she swore by her conscience they would be thick enough if ill hands and ill een† baed awa' from them: A sweet be here mither, said he, do ye

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\* An official who went about to see that the orders of the 'birley-court' were obeyed. This court consisted of certain parties in the barony who looked after local affairs, and were, in fact, a sort of local authority or town council.

† The 'evil eye' was a most terrible thing, according to Scottish superstition; and a variety of 'freits' or charms were had recourse to as shields against it. In the *Justiciary Records*, of 1661, it is stated that Beatrix Leslie entered the house of one Agnes Young 'in ane great fury and anger, and pluckt away a pock belonging to her, which the said Agnes had in keeping, without speaking ane word to her, bot gieving her ane *terrible look*; and that same verry night, the said William Young [her husband] awakened out of his sleep, in a great affrightment and sweat, crying out, that she with a number of catts wer devouring him.' Many similar instances are on record. Of course they were simply due to perverted imagination.

think that I'm a witch? Witch here or witch there, said the wife, swearing by her saul, and that was nae banning, she said they'll be good substantial meat, a' what say ye chapman? indeed goodwife, said I, sowens is but saft meat at the best; but if ye make them thick enough, and put a good lump of butter in them, they'll do very well for a supper: I true sae lad, said she, ye hae some sense; so the old woman put on the pot with her sowens, and went to milk her cows, leaving me to steer; the goodman her son, as soon as she went out, took a great cog full of water and put it into the pot amongst the sowens, and then went out of the house, and left me alone: I considered what sort of a pish the bed supper I was to get if I staid there, I thought to set out, but takes up the pitcher with water, and fills up the pot until it was running over, and then takes up my pack and comes about a mile farther that night, leaving the honest woman and her son, to sup their watery witch't sowens at their own leisure.

I then turned towards the east, through a place called Slamanen, and was lodged one night near a place called Tod's bughts, where there was a boul-horn'd goodwife, but a very civil goodman, when I went in, she took up a dish from the dog wherein was a few he had left, and with a collection more from other cogs, she offered them to me, which I refused, 'm, said she, ye're a lordly sort of a chapman indeed; so I began to divert the goodman, by telling him a deal of fine stories to make him laugh, but could not get near the fire, at last said, O goodwife, I'll tell you news; ay, chapman, what's that, said she? indeed my feet's very cauld, said I, whereat they all laught but the goodwife, she gloom'd until the rest was done, and then took a laugh at it herself: So the goodman ordered the Johnies, Jamies and Jennies with their wheels to sit about; then I was set beyond the fire, and preferred to steer their sowens, but when they were ready and put up in dishes, the goodwife order'd one of the lads to take a pair of old blankets and two sacks, and shew me where I was to ly in the barn: Ho, ho, thinks I, there's no supper for me, but I'll remember this, to pay her stock and annual. So I went to the

barn and lay till next morning, about Chapman's rising time, when pottage was ready, and then gives the wife a fine cotton lace and a few pins, which pleased her so well, that she went through the cogs and collected about a mutchkin of pottage for me, for which I thanked her: "Awat well lad, said she, an ye be coming buy ony time, ye's be welcome to a night o' our barn, for ye hae na steal'd naething," thanks to you goodwife, said I, that's very fair; "Indeed lad 'tis no every ane we'll trust wi' our new barn, farfore sud we?" O goodwife, it wad be a great thief that wad run awa' wi' a barn on his back I wonder ye let it stand out all night: Hute awa' ye daft body, how can we get it in, ke awa' chapman ye're joking me now.

I then took a turn round the country for two weeks, and then came back to be avenged on the naughty wife and her sowens, it being very dark or I came in, the goodwife did not know me, but made her speech as follows: "Indeed, says she, ye's no be here, for there is so many thieves and robbers gawn a-thort the kintry, an our goodman's no at hame; is thou honest enough?" I can want nothing of my honesty goodwife; but did you ever see any people gawn thro' the country, telling they were thieves? "Na, a wat well no, said she." Then, said I, I'm sure I did not take away your barn on my back the last time I was here; "Yee lad, said she, are ye the chapman that cracket sae well to our goodman? come in by, ye's get a night o' the barn yet;" thanks to you goodwife and we sud get nae mair. I then being preferred to my old seat and got the sowens to steer, until they were near ready, when the goodwife ordered the lad to take the old blankets, and shew me to my bed in the barn; I then gave the sowens their last turn, and having about the bigness of a nut of C—I S—p, drops it into the pot, then went off to bed in the barn as fast as I could, and made fast both the doors within, lest the bewitched sowens out of the pot should attack me in my sleep: Next morning when I came in, the goodwife began to pray for herself and all that she had, saying, "It's Wednesday thro' a' the warld and good be between you and me chapman, for ye're either a witch or a warlock, or something that's no



canny, for ye witch't our sowens last night, for they gaed mad, rag'd out o' the pot, belling and bizing like barm, I thought they wad run out to the barn to you, see how they fill'd up my milk tub, and a' the dishes in the house is fu' o' them." Dear goodwife, said I, they were very good when I left them, tho' I did not prie them, and wish'd them as much good of them as I got, but certainly they're not witcht, but a blessing in them, when they are so multiplied : "Gae awa, cried she, in a passion, ye're no canny, ye'se ne'er be here again : " I need not value that, said I, for I have nothing to thank you for, but my dinner, supper, and breakfast, and for a night o' your barn, I'll pay it when I come back : "Ay, ay, said she, ye need nae thank me for what ye did not get : " that's not my fault goodless good, said I, prosperity to you and your witcht sowens.\*

The next little town I came to, and the first house which I entered, the wife cried out, plague on your snout sir, ye filthy blackguard chapman like b—h it ye are, the last time ye came here ye gard our Sandy burn the good bane kame it I gade a sax pence in Falkirk, ay did ye, and sae did ye, and sae did ye een, and said, ye wad gie him a muckle clear button to do it : " Me, said I, I never had ado with you all the days of my life, and do not say that Sandy is mine : "A wae wirth the body am I saying ye had ado wi' me, I wadna hae ado wi' the like o' you nor I am sure wi' them I never saw." But what about the button and the bane kame goodwife ? Sannock is na this the man ? Ay is't cried the boy, gie me my button, for I burnt the kame, and she paid † me for't, Gae awa' sir, said I, your mother and you is but mocking me ; it was either you or ane like you, or some ither body. O goodwife, I mind wha' it is now, it's ane just like me, when ye see the taen ye see the tither, they ca' him Jock Jimpither : A wae worth him quo' the wife, if I winna thrapple him for my good bane comb. Now said I, goodwife be good, bridle your passion, and buy a

\* John Cheap seems here to have been credited with possession of the 'evil eye,' while he was really only guilty of a very questionable practical joke.

† That is, his mother gave him a good *thrashing* for it.

bane comb and colour'd napkin, I'll gie you a whaken penny-worth will gar you sing in your bed, If I should sell you the tae half, and gift you the tither, and gar you pay for every inch of it sweetly or a' be done : Hech man, said she, ye're a hearty fallow, and I hae need o' a' these things, for our Sannock's head is a' hotchen, and our John's is little better, for an' let them alane but ae eight days, they'll grow as grit as grosets. And here I sold a bone comb and a napkin, for she believed such a douse lad as I, had no hand in making her boy burn the bone comb.

The next house I came into, there was a very little taylor, sitting on a table like a t—d on a truncher, with his legs plet over other, made me imagine he was a sucking three footed taylor, first I sold him a thimble, and then he wanted needles, which I showed him one paper after another, he looking their eyes and trying their nebs in his sleeve, dropt the ones he thought proper on the ground between his feet, where he sat in a dark corner near the fire, thinking I would not perceive him : O, said he, them needles of yours is not good man, I'll no buy any of them, I do no not think you need, said I, taking them out of his hand, and lights a candle was standing near by, come, said I, sit about you thieving dog till I gather up my needles, gathers up ten of them, come said he, I'll buy twal-penny's worth of them, since I troubled you sae muckle; no, said I, you lazie dog, I'll sell you none, if there's any on the ground, seek them up and stap them in a beast's a—se, but if ye were a man I would burn thee in the fire, tho' it be in your own house, but as your a poor taylor and neither man nor boy, I'll do nothing but expose you for what you are. O dear honest chapman, cried his wife, ye mauna do that and I'll gie you cheese and bread. No, no, you thieves, I'm for nothing but vengeance ; no bribes, for such : So as I was lifting my pack, there was a pretty black cat which I spread over with my napkin, and took the four corners in my hand, carrying her as a bundle, untill I came about the middle of the town, then provoking the dogs to an engagement with me, so that there came upon me four or five collies, then I

threw the poor taylor's cat in the midst of them, there a terrible battle ensued for some time, and badrons had certainly died on the field had I not interposed, and got her off mortally wounded ; the people who saw the battle, alarmed the taylor, and he sallied out like a champion with his elwand in his hand, go back, said I, you lousie dog, or I'll tell about the needles, at which word he turned about. I went to an ale-house to get some breakfast, there they asked me where I was all night, as it was usual for chapmen to get meat where they lodged, I told where it was, but would take none of their meat, they seem to me not to be canny, for this morning they were making ropes of cold sowens to crown their stacks wi : Gae awa', cried the wife, I cannot believe it. Die in your ignorance for me : The wife sent away her son to see if it was so, but or he came back I set out, and travelled down the side of a water called Evan : and as I was coming past a mill dam, there was a big clownish fellow lifting a pitcher of water out of the dam, so as he dipt it full and set down on the ground, staring at me, he tumbled in himself out of sight o'er head and ears, and as soon as he got out, I said, Yo ho friend, Did you get the fish ? What an' a fish ye b—h, O said I, I thought ye, seen a fish, when you jumped in to make it jump out : What a d—l sir, are you mocking me ? runs round his pitcher, and gives me a kick on the a—se, so that I fell designedly on his pitcher, and tumbling it down the bank, went in pieces, his master and another man looking and laughing at us, the poor fellow complained of me to him, but got no satisfaction.

The same evening, as I was going towards the town of Linlithgow, meets an old crabet fellow riding upon an old glaied mare, which he always was a threshing upon with his stick : Goode'en to you goodman, said I, are you going to the bull wi' your mare ? What do ye say sir, they gang to the bull wi' a cow ye brute. O yes goodman, ye are right, said I, but how do they call that he beast that rides on the mare's back, they ca't a cusser sir, a well then goode'en to you Master Cusser. He rides a little bit, then turns back in a rage, saying, I say sir, your last words are war nor your first, he comes then at

the flight to ride me down, but I struck his beast on the face, and in the short turn about it fell, yet or I got my pack to the ground, he cutted me on the head at the first stroke, and then getting clear of the pack, played it away for some time, till by blows on the face, I made him blood at both mouth and nose; then he cried out, chapman, we are baith daft, for we'll kill oursell and make nothing o't, we had better gree, with all my heart, said I, and what will ye buy? nothing but a pair of beard sheers, said he, and give me them cheap, so I sold him a pair of sheers for three half-pence, and gave him a needle, then parted good friends after the battle was over.

So I went to Linlithgow that night, where I met with Drouthy Tom my dear companion, and here we had a most terrible encounter with the tipenny for two nights and a day, and then we set out for Fife on the hair order, by way of Torryburn and Culross and coming up to a parcel of women washing by a water side, I buys one of their hairs, the time I was cutting it off, Tom fell a courting and kissing a girl among them, but she fell to crying against him, saying ye have put your hands a-tween my feet; cries an old wife, mony a ane has taen me by there, and I ne'er said a word about it, a-when daft jades, canna ye had your tongues whan its to your shame ye speak; gae wa', cried the lass the filthy body at he is, the last chapman that kist me had a horse-pack, but he'll hae nae-thing in his but a whisp of strae, some auld breeks, hare skins, maukin skins, ony thing that fills the bag and bears bouk, and yet he would kiss and handle me, hech I was made for a better fallow, ane of them came by ae day, and sell'd our Meg twa ell and a quarter o' linnen to be her bridal sark, for he had nae mair, and when she made it, and put it on, it wadna hide her hech, hech, he.

FINIS.

*LEPER THE TAYLOR.*

[The following pages contain a reprint of a chap-book which had a long run of popularity. The edition followed bears this on the title-page :—‘Fun upon Fun: or, the Comical Merry Tricks of Leper the Taylor. Stirling: Printed and sold by C. Randall. MDCCXCIX.’ It consists of 16 pp., and each of the two parts has a title-page.]

THE COMICAL TRICKS  
OF LEPER THE TAYLOR.\*

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PART I.

LEPER'S father lived in a village about six miles from Glasgow, and died when Leper was but very young, he left a widow and three children, two daughters and a son, and Leper being the youngest, was greatly idolized by his mother, who was a good soft natured woman, very industrious, and followed the business of bleaching of cloth.

As Leper grew up, he turned a very mischievous boy, playing tricks on the neighbourhood, such as tying cats to dogs-tails, breaking hen's legs, stoping people's lumbs or chimney-tops ; so that his poor mother was sadly vex'd with complaints against him.

To get him kept from mischief, she prevailed with a taylor to take him an apprentice, he settled and was very peaceable for some time, until he had got so much of the trade on his finger-ends as he might pass for a journey-man, and then he was indifferent whether he stayed with his master or not ; his mistress gave him but very little meat when they wrought at home, so he loved best to be in other houses, where he got both meat and diversion.†

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\* In the edition here followed, the heading is 'Fun upon Fun,' but the one given above is more distinctive, while its use is sanctioned by the precedent of 1820 edition. The edition of 1816 has—'The Comical and Merry Tricks of Leper the Taylor.'

† The custom of the common people, when the 'goodman' required a suit, was to have a tailor working in the house for a day or two, during which time he had his board and lodging, with a small money payment. Sometimes a week's work might be given the tailor in this way, when the 'callans,' as well as their father, were in need of new clothes. When the goodwife and her daughters were similarly situated, the dressmaker was brought in on the same principle. This custom is not yet dead ; though it is fast disappearing.

Leper being resolved on revenge against his mistress, for her thin kail, no kitchen and little bread ; for tho' flesh was boiled in the pot, none for poor Leper and his master, but a little bit on Sabbaths, and all the bones were kept, and put in the pot, to make the broth thro' the week. Leper perceived always when she took off the pot, she turned her back to them and took out the flesh, and set it on a shelf within her own bed ;\* one night after work, he steals out a pan, cuts a piece of flesh out of a dead horse, then goes to a lime kiln and boils it ; next day his master being from home, his landlady and him being in the house, after she had set off the pot as usual, and taken out her bit of good beef, he goes out for some time, and then comes in, saying, The minister's lass is wanting you to go directly and speak to her mistress, away she goes in all haste, Leper runs and takes away her bit of good beef, and lays down his horse-flesh, and knowing she would soon return in a passion, and sit down with a sosse in her cushion'd chair as she used, he takes a large prin and staps it straight up through the cushion, with its head on the chair and the point to her back-side : in she comes in a rage, and down she sits with all her weight on the prin point, and she roars out, Murder, murder, for she was sticket through the a—se, the neighbours came running in, and Leper got out with his bit of good beef, leaving the wives to doctor his landlady's doup as they pleased ; he still denied the doing of it, and his master believed it might happen accidentally, but the Houdie was very often to be had before the hole was got heal again ; and his landlady by eating of that horse-beef, took a loathing at flesh, so Leper and his master got all the beef to eat ever after, and his landlady turned one of the kindest mistresses a prentice could wish for.

There was a neighbour wife on which Leper used to play tricks sometimes, for which she came and complained to his

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\* In a modern Glasgow edition the reading here is :—'In her own bedroom.' That, however, seems to be a suggestion of a later time. The probability is that the reference is to a press-bed enclosed in front with wood, with a door which was closed during the day-time. Round these beds were shelves.



master, and got him severely beaten\* several times: Leper resolved to be revenged on her, so one day he came to the back-side of her house, (no body being within but herself) and took up a big stone, and runs it along the rough wall with all his force, which roared like thunder in the inside of the house, and frightened the wife so, that she thought the house was tumbling down about her ears, upon which she ran out and sat down at a distance, looking when the house would fall down, till her husband came home, to whom she told the above story, 'Hout daft Taupie, said he, the house will stand these hundred years,' so by his persuasion they both went into the house, Leper (knowing they were both in) comes back and plays the same trick over again, which frighted the good-man also so much, that he cried out, 'Run Maggy run, for my heart plays a' pitty patty,' and they would not lodge in the house any more, till the masons convinced them of its sufficiency.

There was another neighbour who had a snarling curr dog, which bit Leper's leg; Leper resolved to be revenged on the dog, and so, one night he catches the dog and carries him to the kirk, where the rope of the bell hang upon the outside, so with his garter he tied the dog's fore-foot to the rope, and left him hanging; the dog struggling to get free, set the bell a ringing, which alarmed the whole village, every one cried out, 'Wonderful sirs! Wonderful sirs!† the de'il is ringing the bell.' When they saw the black colley hanging the rope, I true it set the minister and all the people to their prayers:‡ but Leper fearing he would be found out by his garter, came to the minister's side and asked the reverend gentleman, what was the matter? Indeed my bairn (said he) it's the de'il ringing

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\* Under the old system of apprenticeship the master had a fatherly care over his apprentice in addition to the obligation to learn him his trade.

† In some of the later editions of this chap-book the reading here is:—'Wonderful fire! Wonderful fire!' This is probably a misprint, the old fashioned 's' beginning the word 'sirs' in the older editions having caused confusion.

‡ An apt illustration of the relations of the clergy of that period towards the common superstitions.

the kirk-bell; says Leper, I'll go and see him, for I never saw the de'il; the minister cry'd, Stop that mad laddie, but Leper ran and loused the dog, crying, It's such a man's dog, which had the rope in his teeth, they all cried out, 'The de'il is in the dog, the de'il is in the dog,' took up some stones and fell'd poor colley, and the de'il got the blame of making the dog ring the bell, this spread Leper's fame for being one of the wisest and most courageous taylors that was in all the kingdom; and many shaking their heads, said, 'It was a pity he was a taylor, but a captain or general of an army, as the devil could not fear him.'

After this a farmer in the neighbourhood, hearing the fame of Leper, how he had frighted the de'il frae being a bell-man, sent for him to an ale-house, and drank with him very heartily, and told him he was sadly born down with the spirit of jealousy against his wife, on suspicion of being too free with a servant-lad she had before, and if he would keep it secret, and learn him how to find it out, he would give his mother a load of meal, to which Leper and him agrees, so he gave the poor supposed cockold instructions how to behave. So home he goes and feigns himself to be very sick, and every day worse and worse, taking death to him, blesses his three small children, and charges his wife not to marry until his children could do something for themselves: This hypocritical woman takes the roaring, a-ha, marry, she would never marry! No, no, there should never man ly by her side, nor kiss her lips after thee, my lamb Johnny—Then he acted the dying man, as well as possibly he could, the neighbours were called in, and he's fair o'erseen\* as the old saying is, Before good neighbours; the sorrowful widow made a sad lament, wrung her hands, and tearing her hair,—the reverend women† about began to

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\* In this case the feeling of the relatives was satisfied by the death—or supposed death—having been 'fair o'erseen' 'before good neighbours;' the want of which caused Jockey, the hero of *Jockey and Maggy*, considerable anxiety. See note on that chap-book.

† Old women, whose privilege it was, in respect of their age, to perform such duties.

dress the corpse, asked her for a shirt, ay, ay, said she, He has twa new linen sarks, and there is an auld ane in the bottom of the kist it nae body can wear, just take it, ony thing is good enough for the grave; well, said they, we must have some linen for a winding sheet, a'well, co' she, I ha' twa cut o' linen in the kist, but there is a pair of auld linen sheets hol'd in the mids, may do well enough, I had need to be carefu', I'm a poor widow the day, wi' three sma' bairns. Awell, the corpse is dress'd, and laid on the top of a big chest, while the neighbours sat by her condoling her misfortune, and wondering how the funeral raisins were to be provided; said one, the coffin must be seen about first. Ay, ay, said she, he has some new deals in the barn he bought to mak a bed o', but we'll no break them, there is the auld barn-door and the chaff-kist will do well enough, ony thing's good enough to gang to the grave; but O, co' she, send for Sandy my honest auld servant, and he'll see every thing right done, I'll tell him where he'll get siller to do ony thing wi', he's the lad it will not see me wrang'd; then Sandy comes wrying his face and rubbing his eyes, O Sandy, there is a sad alteration here, and ba-a-a she cries like a bitten calf, O sirs, will ye gang a' butt the house till I tell Sandy what to do; butt they goes, and there she fell a kissing of Sandy, and said, Now my dear, the auld channerling ghaist is awa,' and we'll get our will o' ither; be as haining of every thing as you can, for thou kens it's a' thy ain; but the corpse's sister and some other people came in, and ben they came to see the corpse, lifts the cloth off his face, and seeing him all in a pour of sweat, said, Hegh, he's a bonny corp,\* and a lively like colour, when he could no longer contain to carry on the joke, but up he got amongst them, a deal of the people ran for it, and his wife cried out, O my dear, do ye ken me? Ay ye base jade and whore, better

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\* A peculiar Scotticism meaning that the face of the corpse bore a pleasant expression. On such a melancholy occasion as a funeral in Scotland, an Englishman would hear many remarks which would surprise him, possibly, shock him, by their seeming irreverence. No such feeling, however, has any place in the mind of the native. The expression, 'the corpse's sister,' to be found in the text in this page, may be taken as an instance.

than ever I did. Jumps on to the floor and gets his staff, and runs after Sandy, and catches him in the fields a little from the house, gives him a hearty beating, never tell'd him for what; returns to the house, ate and drank with his sister and neighbours who had come to see his corpse; poor Sandy went home with a skinful of terror, and a sorting of sore bones, took a sore fever, and died in a few days after, so he got quit of his cockler, and Leper's mother got her meal.

Leper's mother was a careful industrious wife, but as the by-word is 'A working mother makes a daly daughter,' and so it happened here, for she had two idle glaket sluts of daughters, that would do nothing but ly in their bed in the morning, till (as the saying is) 'The sun was like to burn a hole in their backsides;' the old woman being at this time busy bleaching some cloth, was very early at work in the mornings, and Leper's patience was worn out with the laziness of his two sisters, and he resolved to play a trick on them for their reformation; so he goes and gets a mortcloth\* and spreads it upon the bed above them, and sends the dead bell† thro' the town, inviting the people to his sister's burial the next day, at four o'clock afternoon, for they had died suddenly; this brought all the neighbour-wives in, who one after another lifted the mortcloth, and said with a great sigh, 'They're gone to their rest, a sudden call indeed!' Their aunt hearing of this sudden news, came running in all haste, and coming through the green where the jades mother was at work, who was ignorant of the story, she cries out, 'Fy upon you, woman, fy upon you,' says she. What's the matter, sister? What's the matter? 'I think ye may let your work stand for ae day,

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\* A funeral pall. The kirk session frequently provided one for the use of the parish.

† Ray, in his *Itinerary through Scotland*, gives the following form of announcement as having been commonly made by the 'deid bellman' in Scotland in the sixteenth century:—'Beloued brootherin and susters, I lat you to wot that thir is an faithful broother lautlie departed awt of this present warld, awt thi plesuir of almoughti Good; his naum is Volli Voodcok, third son to Jimmoy Voodcok a cordinger; he ligs at thi sesct door vithin the nord gawt, close on the nawthuer rawnd, and I wod ya gang to hus burying on Thursdau before twa a clock.'

when your daughters are lying corpse.' My bairns corpse! I am certain they went to bed heal and fiar last night. But I tell you (says the other) the dead bell has been through the town, warning the folk to the burial, then the mother cries out, 'O the villain, O the villain, that he did not send me word.' So they both ran, and the mother as soon as she entered the house, flies into the bed, crying, 'O my bairns, my dear bairns!' on which the sluts rises up in a consternation, to the great surprize of the beholders, and to the great diversion of the whole town, and to the great mortification of girls, who thought shame to set their noses out of doors.

Leper and his master went to a gentleman's house to work, where there was a saucy house-keeper, who had more ignorance and pride, than good sense and manners; she domineered over her fellow-servants in a tyrannical manner; Leper resolved to mortify her pride; so he finds an ant's nest, and takes their white eggs, grinds them to a powder, and puts them into the dish her supper-sowens was to be put in. After she had taken her supper, as she was covering the table, the imock-powder began to operate, and she let a great fart, well done Margaret, says the laird, she runs away for shame, but before she turned herself round, she gives another raird. My faith, says the Laird, Margaret, your arse would take a cautioner; before she got out of the chamber-door, she lets fly another crack; then she goes to order her fellow-servant to give the laird his supper, but before she could give the necessary directions, she gave fire again, which set them all a laughing; she runs into a room by herself, and there she played away her one gun battery so fast, as she had been sieging the Havannah. The laird and lady came to hear the fun, they were like to split their sides at proud Maggy, so next morning she left the place, to the great joy of her fellow servants.

(The end of the First Part.)

N.B.—In the Second Part, will be a deal of very diverting Stories done by LEPER, when he was a Journeyman and Master.

## PART II.\*

LEPER'S Landlady became very harsh to his Master, and very often abused him exceeding sore with both tongue and hands, and always chided upon him for more money, and to have all the money in her keeping, which Leper was very sorry for. It so happened on a day, after the Taylor had got a hearty drubbing with tongue and tongs, that he pouch'd his thimble, and was going to make a Queen of her? when she saw that, she cried out, 'O will you leave me, a poor tender, dying woman?' But Leper knowing the cause of her cursed ill-nature better than his Master did, advised him to take her on a fine day, like a mile out of town, and give her a walk, and he would stay at home, and study a remedy for her disorder.—Away they goes, but as she was always complaining of her health, and that she was very weak, she cry'd out frequently, 'O it is a crying sin to take a woman in my condition out o'er a door.' During their absence, Leper goes and searches her bed, and below the bolster he gets a bottle of rare whisky, of which he takes a hearty pull, and then pisses in it to make it up again, gets a halfpenny worth of snuff and puts it in also, shakes all together, and so sets it in its place again. Home they came again, and she was exceedingly distressed as a woman could be, and cry'd out, 'It was a horrid thing to take her out of a house.' The taylor seeing her so bad, thought she would have died, and ran as fast as he could and brought her a dram, but she in her hypocrisy pretended she could not take it, and called him to help her to bed. Into her bed he lays her, and he was not well gone until she fell to her bottle, taking two or three hearty gluts, then she roars out murder, for she was poisoned, she was poisoned. Bocking and purging began, and the neighbours are called in, she leaves her blood on poor Leper, and tells how such an honest woman brought her ae

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\* The second part, in the edition followed here, has a separate title-page, containing the same matter as the first, altering, of course, the number of the part.

bottle as another was done, and the murdering lown had stole it, and put in a bottle of poison instead of it. Leper took to his heels, but was pursued and carried before a Justice of the Peace, where he told what he had done, which made the Justice laugh heartily at the joke, and the Taylor's wife was well purged both from her feigned sickness, laziness, and cursed ill nature, for always when she began to curl her nose for the future, the Taylor had no more to say, 'But, Maggy, Maggy, mind the bottle.

Leper was working with a master taylor in Glasgow, who hungered his men, and one morning just as the breakfast was set on the table, in comes a gentleman to try on a suit of clothes, the Master being obliged to rise, desired the lads to say the grace themselves, every one refused it, and put it to his neighbour, till Leper took it, and said as follows, with an audible voice, that the stranger gentleman might overhear him; "Oh, hoch, we are a parcel of poor beastly bodies, and we're as beastly guided, if we do not work we get nothing to eat, yet we are always eating and always fretting, fidging and half fasting is like to be our fortune, scartings and scrapings are the most of our mouthfu's; we would fain thank thee for thy fulness if ever it were so, but the rest of our benefactors are not worth the acknowledging, hech hey, Amen," which made the gentleman laugh till he held his sides, and gave Leper half a crown to drink.

Leper was not long done with his apprenticeship till he set up for himself, and got a journeyman and an apprentice, was coming into very good business, and had he restrained his roguish tricks might have done very well. He and his lads being employed to work in a farmer's house, where the good-wife was a great miser, and not very cleanly in making ready of meat, and snivel'd greatly when she spoke. In the morning when she went to make their pottage, she made a fashion of washing the pot, which to appearance seemed to him to be among the first pots that had been made; then she set it down before the fire till she went to the well, in which time Leper looking into it, sees two great holes in the bottom stopped with clouts, he takes up his goose, and holds it as high

as his head, then lets it fall into the pot, which knocked out the bottom of it ; presently in comes the wife with the water, and pours it into the pot, which set the fire-side all in a dam, for still as she poured it in, it ran out, the wife being short-sighted, or what they call sand-blind, looks into the pot, holds up both her hands and cries, "The losh preserve me, sirs, for the grip atween the twa holes is broken ;" says Leper the pot was old enough, but do you not ken that taylor's pottage is heavier than other mens : indeed lad, said she, I believe it is sae, but they say ye're a Warlock, it's Wednesday a' the warld o'er,\* and a woful Wednesday to me indeed, my pot might have lasted me this fifty years, a sae wad it een.† This sport diverted Leper and his lads thro' the day, and after supper, knowing he was to get but some dirty bed, as the cows and the people lived all in one apartment,‡ he chused rather to go home ; and knowing the moon was to rise a little after midnight, they sat long by the fire, told them many a fine story to drive away the time, and bade the wife go and make their bed to see how it might be ; to save candle she made it in the dark, directly on the floor behind where they sat, shaking down two bottles of straw : a calf which chanced to be lying on that spot, and which the wife did not notice, was covered up with the straw, and the bed clothes spread over all. The most of the family being gone

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\* Another illustration of the expression used as a safeguard against the power of witches, warlocks, and all that race, when speaking of them. See notes to *John Cheep* and *The History of Haverel Wives*, in the present volume.

† This seems to be the only story in any edition of *Leper the Taylor* that has come under our notice to which the following lines from an elegy on Peter Duthie, a chapman worthy who lived between 1721 and 1812, could possibly bear any reference :—

‘Nae mair will Pate e'er travel round  
Nor tell how *Leper* threw the cat  
Into auld Janet's boiling pat.’

‡ The presence of cattle in the houses of the common people, or small farmers, was too often seen, but this is just a further instance of the disrespect for sanitary matters evinced by the Scots before the present century. A great change has taken place within the last eighty or a hundred years.



to bed, the wife told them several times to go to bed also ; but Leper knowing of the calf, said, I'll make my bed come to me, on which the wife began to pray for herself, and all that was in the house ; so up he gets his elwand, and gives a stroke on the bed, which caused the brute to get up, and not seeing where to go, it fell a crying, and turning round, which set the whole cows in the whole house a roaring out murder in their own tongue, the wife ran to the bed above the goodman, and the whole family cried out, not knowing what it was, but Leper and his two lads whipp'd off the blankets off the brute, and it ran in among the rest unperceived, then Leper lighted a candle, and all of them got out of bed, paid Leper for his work, and more if he pleased, and begged him to go away, and take the devil with him. So home he went, but never was employed by that wife more.

Leper had a deal of the best customers, both in town and country ; so one time he had occasion to go to the parish of Inchinan to make a wedding suit for a gentleman ; after they were finished, he asked drink-money to his lads, which the gentleman refused : Leper resolved to be even with him, so goes to the hay-loft where the groom slept, and takes his stockings, breeches and jacket, sews them altogether, and stuffs them full of hay, makes a head, puts a rope about the neck, and hangs it on a tree opposite to the Laird's window, then goes to the Laird and tells him that his groom had hanged himself, and that if he would open his window, he would see him hanging ; the laird struck with astonishment knew not what to do ; Leper advises him to bury him privately, the Laird said, he had not a servant he could trust, so begged of Leper to do it, Leper refuses, till the Laird promised him a load of meal : then Leper pulls all the hay out of the groom's clothes, goes and gets his load of meal and sends it to Glasgow, then goes to the groom, and says hastily, lad, thy master is wanting thee ; so the lad in a haste runs to see what his master wanted, the Laird no sooner saw him opening the door, than he cry'd out, Avoid thee Satan, avoid thee Satan ; the lad says, What's the matter, Sir? What's the mat-

ter? Did not you hang yourself this morning? Lord forbid! said the lad: the laird says, If thou be an earthly creature, take that tankard and drink; which he did: Then says he to his Master, Leper called me up and said, you wanted me in all haste: Ho, ho, says the Laird, I find out the story now, If I had Leper I would run my sword through him: But Leper before that was away for Glasgow with his meal.

Leper was in use to give his lads their Sunday's supper, which obliged him to stay from the Kirk in the afternoon, he having neither wife nor servant-maid; so on Sunday afternoon, as he was at home cooking his pot, John Muckle-cheeks and James Puff-and-Blaw, two Civileers, having more zeal than knowledge, came upon him and said, What's the matter Sir, you go not to the kirk? Leper replied, I am reading my book, and cooking my pot, which I think is the work of necessity. Then says the one to the other, Don't answer the graceless fellow, we'll make him appear before his betters, so they took the kail-pot and puts a staff thro' the bowls, and bears it to the Clerk's chamber.\* Leper who was never at a loss for invention, goes to the Principal of the College his house, no body being at home but a lass roasting a leg of mutton; Leper says, My dear, will you go and bring a pint of ale, and I'll turn the spit 'till you come back, the lass was no sooner gone, than he runs away with the leg of mutton, which served his lads and him for their supper. When the Principal came home, he was neither to bin nor ha'd, he was so angry; so on Monday he goes and makes complaint to the Lord Provost, who sends two officers for Leper, who came immediately. My Lord asked him, How he dared to take away the Principal's mutton? Leper replied, How came

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\* Sunday observance has long been, and still is, a remarkable feature of the Scottish national life. In former times the utmost care was taken that there should be no Sabbath breaking. The old Jewish idea of a 'Sabbath-day's' journey was kept to the letter, and no one was allowed to walk on the streets except going to or coming from the church. Any person found taking a walk ran the risk of being taken to the guard-house by the 'civileers,' who were inquisitors appointed conjointly by the Town Council and the kirk session. The average Scotsman would rather let his crops go to ruin than take them in on a fine Sabbath.

your Civileers to take away my kail-pot? I am sure, there is less sin in making a pot-full of kail, than roasting a leg of mutton, Law-makers should not be law-breakers, so I demand justice on the Civileers; the Provost asked him, what justice he would have? says he, Make them carry the pot back again; as for the Principal, a leg of mutton won't make him and me fall out: so they were forced to carry the pot back, and Leper caused the boys to huzza after them to their disgrace.

There was a Barber which always plagued Leper, calling him a Prick-the-Louse; Leper resolved to be even with him, so he goes and buys three sheep-heads, and sends for the Barber and told him, that there were three Southland gentlemen come to his house, who wanted to be shaved, and he assured him he would receive sixpence for each one of them, this good news made the shaver send for a dram; Leper was still praising them for quiet good natured gentlemen, so Leper takes him to the bed where the sheep-heads lay covered, and desired him to waken them, for they would not be angry, or say an ill word to him, the Barber lifts the covering and sees the sheep-heads, runs out cursing and swearing, and Leper crying after him, Sheep-head Barber.

The Barber resolved to be revenged on Leper, so when he was shaving Mess John, he tells him that Leper was the drunkenest fellow in the parish; so Mess John warns him to the session, Leper comes and says, What do you want with me, Sir? Come away Leper, says Mess John, I hear a bad report of you; Me, Sir! I am sure they were not my friends that told you that. Indeed, I am informed you are a great drunkard; I a drunkard! you have not a soberer man in your parish: Stay Sir, I'll tell you how I lead my life: In the morning I take a choppin of ale, and a bit of bread, that I call my morning: for breakfast I generally take a herring and a choppin of ale, for I cannot sup brose like my lads; the herring makes me dry, so at eleven hours I take a pint; at dinner another pint; at four afternoon my comrades and I join, sometimes we are a pint and sometimes three choppins;

at supper I take a bite of bread and cheese and a pint, and so I go to bed : Mess John says, It's extravagant Sir, it's excessive drinking, I allow you the one half of it for a quarter of a year ; says Leper, I'll try it, Sir, and come back and tell you. At the end of the quarter he draws out his account, and goes to Mess John, who was sitting with his elders in the session-house, and says, Sir, I have a demand on you : On me, Sir ! Yes, on you, Sir ; Don't you remember you allowed me so much drink for a quarter of a year, and I want the money ; Am I to pay your reckoning, Sir ? You allowed it, and if you won't pay it, I'll take you before the Provost : The Elders advised him to pay it or he would be affronted : so Leper got the money : When he was at the door, he says, Sir, will ye stand another quarter ? Get away, says Mess John, and don't trouble me. Leper says, I'm sure you may, for I was always two-pence to your penny.

THE END OF THE SECOND PART.

*THE GRAND SOLEMNITY OF THE  
TAYLOR'S FUNERAL.*

[The edition here followed was published in the year 1816, without any mention of the place of issue. It contains also the two parts of *Leper the Taylor*. The full title is :—‘Fun upon Fun, or, the Comical Merry Tricks of Leper the Taylor. In two Parts. To which are added, The Grand Solemnity of the Taylor’s Funeral, who lay Nine Nights on his own Shop-Board, together with his Last Will.’ It has been collated with an edition published in 1820, and with another, apparently of English origin, without date. This chap-book, as has been explained in the Introduction, Vol. I., p. 48, is believed to be the third part of *Leper the Taylor*; and M’Vean has given his sanction to the conjecture by entering it in his list of *Opera Dugaldi*. Upon a close study of the work, however, and after a careful comparison of it with the two parts of *Leper the Taylor*, the editor cannot avoid the suspicion that what appears in the following pages is not the *bona-fide* work of Dugald Graham. That suspicion is founded not only upon the almost entire absence of Scotticisms, but also upon the mention of some customs which were certainly not common in Scotland, such, for instance, as the presentation of a sprig of rosemary to each person at a funeral, and the corpse arrest. These were more prevalent in England. While that is so, the fact that the work forms a quite consistent conclusion to the other two parts, and that Dugald did not always run in the same groove, prevents the editor from pressing this suspicion to an extreme; and he contents himself with marking the authorship as doubtful.]

## THE GRAND SOLEMNITY OF THE TAYLOR'S FUNERAL.

LEPER\* in his life-time desired, That all those who came to attend his funeral, might be handsomely entertained with a half-penny-roll, and a pint of ale ;† in memory of the many breakfasts he had made in his life-time : And furthermore desired, That those who were his former‡ relations and chief mourners, instead of a mourning ring, might be presented with a Taylor's Thimble, in memory of his own trade, and round the rim to have this motto engraved :

*Be sure you Feed Hell.*

Round the room hung divers remnants of black-cloth, of the Taylor's own cabbaging, for he was very honest that way, and never cabbaged but a quarter§ out of a yard. At the four corners of the room stood four woolen-drapers, lamenting the loss of so good a customer, with each of them a white wand in his hand, just a yard long and a parchment label hanging on their shoulders, with this motto :

*The Taylor has finished his work,  
And now he is gone to receive his wages.*

At the head of the Taylor's coffin, stood the goose triumphant, the cabbage blazoned, and the cucumber argent. On the lid of his coffin was engraven, on a brass plate, this applicable motto :

*Hell is beneath me.*

\* In the 1816 edition, here followed throughout, the chap-book begins—'This taylor ;' but in the 1820 edition the opening sentence runs thus :—'Leper in his life-time,' etc. That reading has been taken here as it makes a better beginning than the other.

† The English edition has a very different reading, as follows :—'A farthing Roll, half a pint of Ale, and a pipe of Tobacco.'

‡ The word 'nearest' is given instead of 'former' in the other editions.

§ 'Half,' in the English edition.

At the foot of the coffin was the sheers pendent, the bodkin rampant, and the thimble enclosed in three ermins.

When the Corpse was conveyed down stairs, each person was served decently round with a leaf of red cabbage, instead of a sprig of rosemary. Then the Corpse was hoisted on the shoulders of six piece-brokers, having each of them this motto:

*The Taylor steals, we buy.*

The pall was supported by those who sold stay-tape, buckram, and canvas.

The Corpse was followed down Cloth-fair by thirty-six master-taylors, each having a yard in his right-hand, with a parchment streamer at the end of it, with this motto:

*We Taylors by our art and trade  
Do often mend what God hath made.*

Next followed twenty-four\* woollen-drapers, two-by-two, bearing on their breasts this motto:

*We deal in wool, but can't forbear  
To deal, alas! sometimes in hair.*

Then followed the like number of button-makers, wringing their hands with this motto:

*Man's but a Button, by my soul!  
The very Grave's a Button-hole.*

After these, followed a vast number of city rickety hopper-arsed beaux, who had been padded up, and made into a complete gentlemen, by the deceased limb-trimmer, drying their watery eyes, with cambrick handkerchiefs, and having this motto engraved on their watch cases:

*He's gone who made us human shapes,  
And now we must again turn apes.*

But to conclude the procession: Last of all, followed a numerous croud of journeymen taylors, who were all slip-shoed, their stockings about their heels, their hats off, a skein

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\* 'Sixty-two,' in the English edition.



of thread hung carelessly about their necks ; and their shirt collars were open, that they might have liberty to disturb their bosom friends. On their left sleeve was a cushion, whereon stuck abundance of Spanish and Whitchapel needles. The tails of their wigs were matted like horses' manes, just as if they had come off the shop-board from work. On their left shoulders each had a long strip of parchment, whereon was written this motto :

*The lice bite us, 'tis not deny'd,  
We bite our masters when employ'd ;  
And they bite all the world beside.* }

At the bottom of Cloth-fair, the Corpse was arrested at the suit of an old herb-woman for elevenpence halfpenny,\* which had been due a long time to the hag, for cabbages and cucumbers, which the deceased had in his life-time : However the journeymen-taylors manfully released the Corpse,† and afterwards marched on in ample procession to the house of one Ned Kemp, an honest piece-broker, where there was a spacious grave dug, between a large cabbage and a cucumber plant.

The FUNERAL SERMON was preached by Obadiah Backstitch, and the words of the text were these :

*A remnant of all shall be saved.‡*

After which, the journeymen taylors were admitted into the house,§ and each of them served with a halfpenny-roll, and a pint of ale, and so went weeping home, for the loss of so good a master.

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\* 'Three-half-pennys' in the English edition.

† A reference to a similar event is made in R. Braithwaite's *Penitent Pilgrim*, 1641, reprinted by Pickering, of London, in 1853. At p. 109 of the reprint the following passage will be found :—'Nay, hast thou not seen the very corpse of thy departed brother arrested, and uncharitably stayed ; who, though he had paid his debt to nature, yet must receive no burial till his corpse has discharged his debt to his creditor ? and hast thou sought to satisfy his hard-hearted creditor that those due funeral rites might be performed to thy brother ?'

‡ Romans ix. 27.

§ In the English edition the reading here is :—'and had the above mentioned Legacy, so went weeping home for the loss of so good a Master.'

THE  
TAYLOR'S LAST WILL.

I WILL and bequeath unto Simon Whipstitch,\* my needle and thimble ; unto Peter Niggle, my sheers and bodkin ; and unto Mrs. Mary Laycock \* is my Pincushion, stuck full of needles and pins, to which I sewed a watch-chain, key, and seal with which I used to strut about like a crow in a gutter.†

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*Gae canty book and win a name ;  
Nae lyrics ev'er shall ding thee :  
Hope large esteem, and lasting fame,  
For Leper's name will raise thee.‡*

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\* 'Simon Suckegg,' and 'Mrs. Lucy Longstitch' in the English edition.

† 'Like a first rate beau in the fashion,' in the edition of 1820.

‡ Whether the chap-book was written by Dougal Graham or not, certainly no one can claim for him the authorship of these lines. They were written by Allan Ramsay on Lady Somerville's Book of Scots Sangs. The complete inscription is thus given in Fullarton's edition of the works of the poet, vol. iii. p. 13:—

' Gae canty book, and win a name ;  
Nae lyrics e'er shall ding thee :  
Hope large esteem, and lasting fame,  
If Somervilla sing thee.  
If she thy sinless faults forgive,  
Which her sweet voice can cover,  
Thou shalt, in spite of critics live,  
Still grateful to each lover.'

F I N I S.

*THE HISTORY OF HAVEREL WIVES.*

[The title of the edition reprinted here is :—‘The Folly of Witless Women Displayed ; or, the History of Haverel Wives : Written by Humphray Clinker the Clashing Wives Clerk. Being a Comical Conference between Maggy and Janet his two old Aunties. Glasgow : Printed for the Company of Flying Stationers, in Town and Country. MDCCLXXXI.’ It has been collated with an undated edition issued by Morren of Edinburgh, and one published by the Robertsons of Glasgow in 1807 ; and also with a reprint by D. Webster & Son, Lothian Street, Edinburgh. This last named firm, considering the reprinting of old Scottish popular tales ‘in a more correct and neat form’ than hitherto to be a desideratum, issued this chap-book, along with *Janet Clinker’s Oration*, as the first number of what they called the ‘Caledonian Classics of the Common People.’ *John Cheap* was announced as the second number. It should be stated that the 1781 edition here followed is exceptional in respect that the *History of the Haverel Wives* is given as a separate and distinct publication. It is an 8 pp. 12mo. In all the other editions that have come under the editor’s notice this chap-book and *Janet Clinker’s Oration* are issued together.]

## THE HISTORY OF HAVEREL WIVES, &amp;c.

It is a certain old saying, That where women are conven'd in crouds there can be but little silence; and some have acknowledged that it was a great bondage for them to hold their peace in the church: and where there is much talk by ignorant speakers, it is diverting for persons of understanding to hear them. Therefore we have furnished the public with a small collection of old wives noted sayings and wonders, which they relate happened in their own time, also what has been told them by their forefathers.

Two old wives (Maggy, and Janet) at their rocks, began their cracks as follows:

Janet. A dear Maggy, an how auld will ye be now, o' it's lang since I kend you.

Maggy. Indeed Janet that's what nae body kens, for my father and mither had sae mony o' us, they ne'er counted how auld ane o' us was, they minded ay wha o' us was born first, and wha was neist ane anither, and that was a' that e'er we sought to ken about it; but I ha'e mind o' the mirk Munonday.\*

Jan. Hout, tout, woman, the mirk Munonday, I hae mind since there was nae Munondays at a', and the Sabbath days was nae com'd in fashion, there was a day they ca'd Sunday came anes o' the ouk for it, we kend ay whan it came, for my father cow'd ay his beard whan the bell rang, and then every body ran to the kirk it had ony thing ado, an it were to buy saut or shune, for the chapman chiels set up a' their creims at the kirk-door, an the lasses wad a gotten keeking glasses, red snudes, needles, prins, elshin irons, gemlets, brown bread and

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\* Monday, the 29th March, 1652, when an eclipse of the sun took place, there being complete darkness for about eight minutes. Law, in his *Memorials*, says: — 'The like, as thought by astrologers, was not since the darkness at our Lord's Passion. The country people, tilling, loosed their ploughs, and thought it had been the latter day. . . . The birds clapped to the ground.' According to the Burgh Records of Peebles, the people began to pray to God. This was how the day came to be named 'the mirk Munonday.'

black saep to buy, forby sweetie wives things, and rattless for restless little anes ; the men wad a bought pints o' ale, an a gotten a whang o' gude cheese to chow a' the time a drinking o't, hout, tout ay, they were braw markets on the Sundays i' the time o' Paepery,\* we had nae ministers than but priests, Mess Johns, Black Friers, and White Friers, Monks, Abbots, and Bishops, they had nae wives, yet the best o' them wad a spoken bawdy language, and a kiss'd the lasses, fikle fyking bodies they ware, unko ill to please, they wad a baith curs'd fouk and bless'd them, just as ye pay'd them ; a deed they were unco greedy o' the penny, and pray'd ay to the dead fouk, and gard the living pay them for't, and although they had play'd the loon wi' a poor hizey she durst na speak o't for her very life, for they cou'd gi' ony body o'er to the de'il when they liket : They did not gar fouks learn to read and pray like our new ministers, but thump on your breast, strake your fingers o'er aboon your nose, tell your beads and rin bare-fit thro' amang hard stanes, and cauld sna'.

Mag. A hech woman, an wad they a had carnal dealings wi' the women, and they sae good and haly.

Jan. Hout ye daft woman, do ye think their goodness gelded them tho' they had nae wives ; there was a great sort o' them it they ca'd cardonels, that ay when twa young bodies was married they bute to hae the first night o' the bride.†

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\* Historically a true description of the manner in which the Sabbath day was observed immediately before the Reformation. Janet, however, must surely have been speaking more from tradition than personal knowledge.

† The popular, but mistaken, notion of the *mercheta mulierum*. Cosmo Innes, in his *Lectures on Scottish Legal Antiquities*, pp. 52-53, gives what seems to be the true meaning :—'Mercheta is the older form of the *maritagium* or marriage-tax, in the charters of Robert I., and not only the servile class, but the free tenants also paid a *maritagium* on the marriage of their daughters. . . . Some learning has been brought to show that, on the Continent, this tax—*mercheta mulierum*—represented an ancient seignorial right—the *jus primae noctis*. I have not looked carefully into the French authorities ; but I think there is no evidence of a custom so odious existing in England ; and in Scotland, I venture to say that there is nothing to ground a suspicion of such a right. The merchet of women with us was simply the tax paid by the different classes of bondmen and tenants and

Mag. A wae worth them filthy hureing dogs, if I wadna' a libbet them mysel, I wonder that the gentle fouks and lairds lote them do the like o' that.

Jan. A dear woman the gentle fouks and the lairds keepet ay in wi' them, for they said they had the command o' the de'il and the dead fouk, and the gentles durst na cast out wi' them, for they got a' their sins pardon'd for the less siller.

Mag. A dear woman that was unko like, the de'il wad get nae body then but the poor fouk, and them that had nae siller.

Jan. A well a wat that was true, for an they pay'd the priest well, the de'il durst na middle wi' them.

Mag. A wow woman, a what's come o' them a' now, am sure the like o' thae fouks it had sae meikle power, needed neither die nor yet be sick : they wad live a' their days.

Jan. A wat well did they, for the maist o' them is dead and rotten, and the rest o' them gade awa' to Italy, where the auld Pape their father, the de'il, the witches, brownies and faries dwal,\* and then we gat anither sort o' gospel fouks it they ca'd curits,† fine sort o' dainty honest foulks they war, but gay and greedy, they did na' like sculdudery wark, but said na meikle against it, for a hantle o' bits a callans wad a gotten twa or three bastards before they wad a gotten breeks; they beit to hae their tithes of every thing that grew, mony a time my father wist they wad take the tithes of his hemp too, an it were to hang themselves, they were ay warst whare a poor man or wife died, altho' they left weans fatherless and mitherless, a deed they wad a sent their bellman, and wi' his lang prelatie fingers he wad a harled the upper pair o' blankets aff

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vassals, when they gave their daughters in marriage, and thus deprived the lord of their services, to which he was entitled *jure sanguinis*.' The reader may also find the matter very learnedly discussed in the appendix to Lord Hailes' *Annals of Scotland*. It need only be remarked that prelates, being spiritual peers, and holding lands from the Crown on the same footing as their brethren of the civil estate, were entitled like them to levy the *maritagium*.

\* See text and first note on p. 94 of the present volume.

† A reference to Episcopacy.

o' the poor things bed, for some rent that they gard fouks pay for dying, a sae did they e'en, and yet they keepit a hantle o' bra haly days, and days o' meikle meat, Fastrens-e'en and Yule days, when we gat our wames fou o' fat brose, and a sip-pet Yule sowens till our sarks had been like to rive, and after that a eaten roasted cheese and white puddings well spiced, O bra times for the guts, well I wat every body might live than that had ony thing to live on.

Mag. But dear Janet ye'er bra an lang o' the memory, do ye mind o' the waefu blast, when the foul thief was' raging in the air, and the de'il dang doun a' the kail yard dykes cutted the corn stacks, tirr'd the houses and blew giddy Wille's wig in the wall, they said it was some young minister it had rais'd the de'il, and for want o' a cock, a cat, or some unkirsen'd creature to gi' him, they could na' get laid again, an he brake the bridle slipped his head an ran awa frae them.\*

Jan. A deed woman I heard tell o' that, and how wood Willie M'Neel met him on the steps in the mids o' the water, an shot him o'er, and thought to drown him, but he gade doun the water like a meikle branded bill roaring, a' burning fire; but I hae mind the first time it the de'il came to this kintrey was on a Sunday, I was a wi' bit gaun lassie my father and a' the men fouk was at the kirk, the ware twa o' them, a humeld ane an a horn'd ane, a goodman de'il, and a goodwife de'il as we took them to be, we ran a' into the house, and my mither barr'd the door and hunted the dogs at the byre hole, thinking the de'il wou'd rin frae the dogs, but, na, na, they got up on their tae end like twa auld men, they were a rough lang hair like a pyet horse, wi' lang bairds aneath their chin, and the meikle horn'd de'il box'd the dogs in at the hole agen, we ran a' ben the house and grat, but our Jock wha wis a little gabby gaun laddock, cry'd ay, mither, mither, what is the de'il seeking here, he'll be wanting to tak a' the auld wives an

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\* This paragraph in itself contains an almost complete commentary on the superstition of which it treats. According to the legend of Thomas the Rhymer the devil levied tribute from the king of Fairy-land.



cats to mak witches o' them,\* I true whan my gran mither heard that, she gat up and ran ben to the spence, and crap in the bear meal barrel to hide hersel frae the de'il, and curr'd there 'till the kirk skaild, a deed she was sae fear'd, she made her burn in the barrel ; and what was't true ye after a' but a tupe and a ewe of the highland gaits, it the laird had gotten to gie the lady milk, but mony a day we leugh at the twa de'ils.

Mag. But dear woman, what an a body is that de'il, it ev'ry body is sae fear'd for him, is't na him they ca' auld nick, what fore do they ca' him auld nick ?

Jan. A dead woman I dinna ken what like a body he is, but they say he's a' black, and they ca' him auld nick, because he's aulder nor Adam, and Adam was the first man in the warld, and they say the de'il will never die, nor yet be sick, nor yet tak sair een.

Mag. A wow Janet but ye're a witty creature, but can ye tell me what way the blackamoors is made, some fouk says they're a' dipped in cats blood and burnt bear strae, but I'm ay thinking the litster doucks them in amang the broe that they lit the black claith wi', and then sells them to the lairds and gentle folks to flee their bairns wi', or dis the gentles eat them when they're dead think ye.†

Jan. Hout awa daft creature, the blackamoors is fouk just like oursel, but only they hae a black skin on them, did ye never see black sheep and white sheep, black horse and white horse, ye think they're a' de'ils because the de'il's black : I

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\* A scriptural veneration for old age was long a characteristic of the common people of Scotland ; but this remark betrays one of the tenets of the belief in witchcraft hardly consistent with the outward profession of the people. In a curious and interesting work, entitled the *History of the Devil*, the author says :— 'I think it was a mean, low-priced business for Satan to take up with ; below the very Devil : below his dignity as an angelic, though condemned creature ; below him even as a Devil, to go to talk to a parcel of ugly, deformed, spiteful, malicious old women ; to give them power to do mischief, who never had a will, after they entered into the state of old womanhood, to do anything else.'

† Another illustration of the ignorance of the common people of the time about foreigners, or the manners of life among the upper classes. This is not exaggerated, and could find parallels from more recent times. Janet's answer is more enlightened, but she is shown all through the narrative as a well-informed woman.

thought mysel langsyne, they were made for the penny, and sell'd the dearer o' the black skin.

Mag. But Janet did ye ever see the de'il, I wad fain ken what like he is, some says he's like a bill, a bear or an auld beggar man.

Jan. Indeed I never saw sae muckle as the de'il a' my days, but I've heard the ministers flyting and misca'ing him, and whan they said a' that they cou'd say o' him, they ca'd him an ill spirit, and a great liar, mony a ane has war names than a' that yet.\*

Mag. But do you think there is ony de'ils but ane, every body's speaking an crying on him, ane couldna answer them a'.

Jan. A deed they say there's black anes and white anes o' them, humel anes, and horn'd anes, the very witches is haf de'ils whan they're living, and hail de'ils when they're dead; the brownies is haf dogs haf de'ils, a' rugh but the mouth, seeks na claise, ae man's meat 'ill sair them, and they'll work ten mens work in ae night, forby hob-goblins fairies and elfs, that shoots fouks beasts to dead, an no a hole to be seen in the skin o' them ;† hard na ye tell o' the twa Highland wives, how the tane cry'd oh, on, oh on, Shenet my cows shot, houp, poup, co' she, an wha shot her, a de'd it was the de'il, oh hough, oh hough, Shenet we'll a' be kill'd whan the de'il has gotten a gun.

Mag. A sweet be wi' us woman, is nit an unco thing they dinna a' flee on the minister, whan he flytes and misca's them sae, do ye think they hear him?

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\* Any one who wishes to see compressed within one volume an account of the opinions of the human race all through time regarding Satan, will find it in *The History of the Devil, Ancient and Modern*, already mentioned. The second part of the work deals more particularly to the line of thought suggested by Janet. An edition of the work, published in London in 1793, lies before us; and the following verse on the title-page, referring in a slight degree to the remark in the text, may be quoted:—

' Bad as he is, the Devil may be abus'd,  
Be falsely charged, and causelessly accused :  
When Men, unwilling to be blamed alone,  
Shift off those crimes on him which are their own.'

† It would be difficult to find so much folk-lore compressed into so few lines. The passage is a valuable representation of the popular belief.

Jan. A doubtless but they hear and sees too, they're neither blind nor bleer-ey'd, but ay whan ye speak o' them, name the day cry it's wansday thro' a' the warld and there's nae fear o' you. \*

Mag. But what de ye think o' our minister, is he a good man think ye?

Jan. Indeed I think he's a gay gabby body, but he has twa fauts, and his wife has three, he's unko greedy o' siller, and he's ay preaching down pride, and up charity, and yet he's that fou o' pride himsel, that he has gotten a glass window on ev'ry side o' his nose, and his een is as clear as twa clocks to luk to, he has twa gigglet gilliegaukies o' dochters, comes into the kirk wi' their cobletehow mutches frizel'd up as braid's their hips, and clear things like starns about their necks, and at ev'ry lug a walloping white thing hanging like a snotter at a bubbly wean's nose, syne about their necks, a bit thin claith like a mouse web and their twa bits o' paps playing ay niddity nod, shining through it like twa yearning bags, shame fa' them and their fligmagaries baith, for I get nae good o' the preaching looking at them; and syne a' the dirty sherney hought hizies in the parish maun hae the like or lang gae; but an I ware to preach, sic pride sudna hae baith peace and property in my parish, I wou'd point out my very finger to them in the kirk, and name them baith name and sirname, and say there sits sherney Meg o' the mill, stumpy May o' the moss, sniveling Kate wi' her hodle-makenster coat, they came into the kirk bobbing their hin quarters like three water wag tails, shaking their heads like a hunder pund horse, smacking their lips and hauding their mouth like May puddocks; and what shall I compare them to, but painted Jezebels; the whore of Babylon or Rachel the harlot, with a' their gaudy decoying colours, high taps, and spread glittering tails, whan they come sailing into the house of prayer, as it were a house o' dancing and debaushery, go, go, ye painted pisweips to fairs and weddings,

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\* Illustrations of the use of the advice here given may be found in a note to *John Cheap the Chapman*, at p. 104 of this volume.

and there display your proud banners of pride which ye are puffed up with, it is the very spirit o' the devil, and unbecoming o' the house o' prayer : But if these gillygaunkies shou'd come into the kirk with their heels up and their heads down, our mess John is become like ane o' the dogs of Egypt, he'll no move his tongue, and I believe he darna for Clipcock his wife ; wha's element is to banter a' the poor beggars from her door, nane can stand her but the tinkler wives, and she's ay whinging about charity, but it's to hersel, she widna pity the cripple on the blind's back, but bids gae hame to their ain parish filthy beggar dirt,\* she casts a' her cauld paritch and kail to the cocks and hens, kicks the poor colly dogs out at the door, ca's them filthy useless brutes, because they canna lay eggs, like hens eggs, she's ay flyting on her lasses, hungers her servant lad, eats cocks and hens hersel, and gars the poor minister eat saut herrin.

Mag. A well I wat then I wish he may not turn a drucken body, for herring maks fouk ay dry, but well I wat Janet ye hae tell'd their faults on baith the sides, an I hae ae great faut to our minister yet, and tho' I ware dead and rotten the night afore the morn I'll neither forgi' him nor yet forget him, a what he said to me, that I sud be ta'en and douked for offerin to marry agen, a woman at my age ; an auld man, said he, ought to marry some kindly body to keep him clean in his auld age, but an auld woman (said he) that can wash a dud sark to themsels needs nae men ; and now no Janet, I am no to ca' very auld although I be stricken in years, I dinna ken my ain age, being kirsened in the time o' Paepery ;† I hae the penny, tho' bair o' flesh and blood, has four good teeth before and well willin gums in the backside, I canna gang far without a staff, an yet I wad as fain be married as whan I was fifteen

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\* See first note on p. 95 of the present volume.

† In the Edinburgh reprint of 1820, all after the word 'Paepery' in this paragraph is left out here. After Janet's reply, beginning—'But Maggy, an ye be a mind to marry,' etc, it is inserted as a separate speech by Margaret, all between 'Paepery' and 'O woman, but a man,' etc., being omitted altogether, the paragraph opening with the last quoted words.

year auld, O woman ! but a man in the bed is an usefu body, they hae a sweet breath, and natural heat to keep a body warm ; but an our minister ware an auld wife, he wad ken what the want of a bit man is as well as I, and a' this began about wanton Wat the town taylor that promis'd to tak me again sic a time or tell me what for, mony a pickle well butter'd kail blebs I gi'd him, held out frae my ain wame and stappit in a his, he said he wad do as muckle to me again, but he has na don't fause loun carle it he was, cheated me out o' sax pund and twa sarks and then gar'd me mak a fool o' mysel whan the laird's duket \* was biggit and made a' white to gar the dows come, he said an my window ware as white they wad come to me too, and I like a poor fool took a basin fu' o' good bear meal and made it drammock and whitened a my window wi't, but the never a dow came near hand me the mair o't, but a' the town dogs came pyking and licking it at night and day, I was plagued wi' them till a gude shure came and wisht awa agen, the laird an every body came to look and laugh at it.†

Jan. But Maggy an ye be a mind to marry ye maun snod yoursel better up, cast awa your staff, singe your whiskers wi' a candle or fir stick, stand straight up like a rash kekle, and looky cantylike whan the carles is gaun by, tak a mouthfu' o' good meat, and a drap dram in the mornin will keep the dirt

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\* The 'duket,' or dove-cot, would be one of those large stone structures only occasionally to be found in Scotland now.

† In the edition of this chap-book, published in 1807, by J. & M. Robertson, Saltmarket, Glasgow, there is here a break in the narrative, and the following paragraph, with its accompanying heading, is inserted :—

*'Janet's Advice to Maggy concerning Marriage.'*

'While these two old Haverels were thus discussing together at their rocks, amongst other things Maggy told Janet, that although she was now above a hundred years of age, she had a great desire for a husband, but that she would be obliged to use some methods and enticements to make the young men fall in love wi' her. Upon which, Janet gave her the following witty advice.'

The dialogue then proceeds as given in the edition re-produced in these pages. The interpolation here quoted seems to be by a hand other than that of the author, for it in some respects goes back upon Maggy's previous statements, and makes an unnatural break in the dialogue.

aff your face and raise the red in your cheek, ye see the hens turns ay red lugget or they begin to lay: a body that wants a bit man will use mony a shift for ane, I ken how I did mysel whan I was fourteen lang year a widow, and thought never to gotten ane, I feed our John, whan he was a saft silly docus callan to ca' the pleugh, and keepit him three years till he turn'd a wally whincer and fain wad I had him, but he widna speak o't to me, but ae day we was in the house our lane, an I ties a gude hard stane knot on the strings o' my toy beneath my chin, an fykes wi't awee, then says, O Johnny my man look an ye can louse this knot wi' your teeth, he lays a hand on every shouter and louses the knot, and I gripes him by the twa lugs and gies him a kiss, and saes poor man Johnny thou has a sweet breath, thou needsna want a bit kiss o' me whan thou likes lad, I true that culli'd him hither ay the mair, ha, ha, thou has nae art woman.

Enters Humphray Clinker, hearing a' that past, perswades his aunt Maggy that no man would marry such as her, for she looked like a picture of death riding upon hunger's back, a rickle of banes row'd up in a rungly skin, had wasted her body with water lythocks into a scrufe of skin and bane for want of teeth to chow bread for the nourishment of her body, and that he was com'd on purpose to write her testament or latter will, that it was a lightness in her brain before death; therefore she ought to go to bed and die directly,\* which she accordingly did† by taking thought of what was said to her, the priest

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\* In an undated edition of the *Haverel Wives*, published by J. Morren, of the Cowgate, Edinburgh, the story is here brought to a close with the following lines :—

‘ When Maggy and Janet had fairly done,  
With their clashes from their tongue  
They went and birl'd their baubees,  
They clash'd and told all downright lies.  
Now Janet and Maggy did agree,  
Never to drink one drop of tea  
But stout brown ale and wiskky bare,  
And they shook hands and came away.’

This ending, however, is hardly so consistent as the one given in the text.

† All that follows in this paragraph is left out in the Edinburgh reprint.

being sent for came and discoursed with her, but still she keeping her purse in her hand, which he observed, desired she would give it to her friends or she died, to which she would answer by her sooth that she wad not, for she wad tak it wi' her, for she had heard every body say they were the better o' the penny wi' them, gang whare they like, and so died supposed to be an hundred and six years old.

Humphray's aunt Janet is yet alive an has made an oration in praise of the old women, and on the pride of the young.

FINIS.





*JANET CLINKER'S ORATION.*

[*Janet Clinker's Oration* is commonly found printed along with *The History of Haverel Wives*, and in the chap-book from which the text in the following pages are taken, this is the case. The full title in this case is :—‘An Oration on the Virtues of the Old Women, and the Pride of the Young : with a Direction for Young Men, what sort of Women to take, and for Women what sort of Men to Marry. Dictated by Janet Clinker, and written by Humphrey Clinker, the Clashing Wives’ Clerk. Glasgow : Printed by J. & M. Robertson, Saltmarket, 1807.’ It has been collated with the editions mentioned in the Introduction to these volumes : together with the reprint published in 1820 by Webster & Son, Edinburgh, referred to in the prefatory note to the *History of the Haverel Wives*.]

AN ORATION ON  
THE VIRTUES OF THE OLD WOMEN, AND THE  
PRIDE OF THE YOUNG.

THE madness of this unmuzzled age has driven me to mountains of thoughts, and a continual meditation : It is enough to make an auld wife rin red-wood, and drive a body beyond the halter's-end of ill-nature, to see what I see, and here what I hear : Therefore the hinges of my anger are broke, and the bands of my good and mild nature are burst in two, the door of civility is laid quite open, plain speech and mild admonition is of none effect ; nothing must be used now but thunder-bolts of reproach tartly trimm'd up in a tantalizing stile, roughly redd up and manufactured thro' an auld Matron's mouth, who is indeed but frail in the teeth, but will squeeze surprizingly with her auld gums, until her very chaft-blades crack in the crushing of your vice.

I shall branch out my discourse into four heads.

First, What I have seen, and been witness to.

Secondly, What I now see, and am witness to.

Thirdly, What I have heard, does hear, and cannot help ; I mean the difference between the old women and the young.

Fourthly, Conclude with an advice to young men and young women, how to avoid the buying of Janet Juniper's stinking butter,\* which will have a rotten rift on their stomach as long as they live.†

First, The first thing then, I see and observe is, that a wheen daft giddy-headed, cock-nosed, juniper nebbed mothers, bring up a wheen sky-racket dancing daughters, a' bred up to be ladies, without so much as the breadth of their lufe of land, it's an admiration to me, whare the lairds are a' to come frae that's

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\* A nick-name to the wife's daughter that no man will marry, because stuff'd full of laziness, self-conceit and stinking pride ; or if she be married, she'll ly like stinking butter on his stomach while she lives.—*Original Note.*

† This paragraph is thus abridged in an edition published in 1824—'4thly, concluding with an advice to young men and women.'

to be coupled to them ; work, na, na, my bairn manna work, she's to be a lady, they ca' her Miss, I maun hae her lugs bor'd says auld Numps the mither ; thus the poor pet is brought up like a mitherless lamb, or a parrot in a cage ; they learn naething but prick and sew, and fling their feet when the fiddle plays, so they become a parcel of yellow-faced female-taylors, unequal matches for countrymen, Flanders-babbies, brought up in a box, and must be carried in a basket ; knows nothing but pinching-poverty, hunger and pride ; can neither milk kye, muck a byre, card, spin, nor yet keep a cow from a corn-rigg ; the most of such are as blind penny-worths, as buying pigs in pocks, and ought only to be matched with Tacket-makers, Tree-trimmers, and Male-taylors, that they may be male and female agreeable in trade, since their piper fac'd fingers are not for hard labour ; yet they might also pass on a pinch for a black Sutor's wife, for the stitching of white seams round the mouth of a lady's shoe ; or, with Barbers or Bakers they might be buckled, because of their muslin-mouth and pinch-beck speeches, when barm is scant, they can blow up their bread with fair wind, and when the razor is rough, can trim their chafts with a fair tale, oil their peruke with their white lips, and powder the beau's pow with a French-puff ; they are well versed in all the science of flattery, musical tunes, horn-pipes, and country-dances, though perfect in none but the reel of Gamon.

Yet these are they the fickle farmer fixes his fancy upon ; a bundle of clouts, a skeleton of bones, Maggy and the Much, like twa fir-sticks and a pickle tow, neither for his plate nor his plow ; very unproper plenishing, neither for his profit nor her pleasure, to plout her hands through Hawkey's\* caff-cog, is a hateful hardship for Mammy's Pet, and will hack a' her hands. All this I have seen and heard, and been witness to ; but my pen being a goose-quill, cannot expose their names nor places of abode, but warns the working-men out of their way.

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\* A common name for a cow.

Secondly, I see another sort, who can work, and maun work till they be married, and become mistresses themselves ; but as the young man receives them, the thrift leaves them ; before that, they wrought as for a wager, they span as for a premium, busked as for a brag, scour'd their din skins as a wauker does worsted blankets, kept as mim in the mouth as a minister's wife, comely as Diana, chaste as Susanna, yet the whole of their toil is the trimming of their rigging, though their hulls be everlastingly in a leaking condition ; their backs and their bellies are box'd about with the fins of a big fish,\* six petticoats, a gown and apron, besides a side sark down to the ankle-banes ; ah ! what monstrous rags are here, what a cloth is consumed for a covering to one pair of buttocks ! I leave it to the judgement of any ten taylors in town, if 30 pairs of mens' breeches may not be cut, from a little above the easing of Bessy's bum, and this makes her a motherly-like woman, as sturdy a fabric as ever strade to market or mill.

But when she's married she turns a madam, her mistress did not work much, and why should she ! Her mother tell'd ay she wad be a lady, but cou'd never show where her lands lay ; but when money is all spent, credit broken, and conduct out of keeping, a wheen babling bubly bairns, crying piece minny, parich minny, the witless waster† is at her wit's-end. Work now or want, and do not say that the world has war'd you ; but Lofty-Nodle, your giddy-headed-mother has led you astray, by learning you to be a lady, before ye was fit to be a servant-lass, by teaching you laziness instead of hard labour, by giving you such a high conceit of yourself, that no body thinks any thing of you now, and you may judge yourself to be one of those, that wise people call Littleworth ; but after all, my Dear Dirty-face, when you begin the warld again, be perfectly rich before you be gentle, work hard for what you gain, and you'll ken better how to guide it, for pride is an unperfect fortune, and a ludicrous life will not last long.

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\* A literal description of whale-bone stays.

† 'Witless wanton waster,' in 1820 reprint.

Another sort I see, who has got more silver than sense, more gold than good nature, more muslins and means than good manners, tho' a sack can hold their sillier, six houses and a half cannot contain their ambitious desires. Fortunatus's wonderful purse\* would fail in fetching the fourth part of their worldly wants, and the children imitate their mothers, chattering like hungry cranes, crying still I want, I want, ever craving, willfully wanting, till all be brought to a doleful dish of desolation, and with cleanness of teeth, a full breast, an empty belly, big pockets without pence, pinching penury perfect poverty, drouth, hunger, want of money, and friends both, old age, dim eyes, feeble joints, without shoes or clothes, the real fruits of a bad marriage, which brings thoughtless Fops to both faith and repentance in one day.

Thirdly, Another thing I see, hear, and cannot help, is the breeding of bairns, and bringing them up like bill-stirks, they gie them walth o' meat, but nae manners: but whan I was a bairn, if I didna bend to obedience, I ken mysel what I gat which learned me what to gie mine again; if they had tell'd me tuts, or prute-no, I laid them o'er my knee, and a com'd crack for crack o'er their hurdies, like a knock bleaching a harn-web, till the red wats stood on their hips, this brought obedience into my house, and banished dods and ill-nature out at the door; I dang the de'il out o' them, and daddied them like a wet dish-clout till they did my bidding: But now the bairns are brought up to spit fire in their mither's face, and cast dirt at their auld daddies: How can they be good who never saw a sample of it; or reverence old age, who practised no precepts in their youth? How can they love their parents, who gave them black poison instead of good principles? Who shewed them no good, nor taught them no duties! No marvel such children despise old age, and reverence their parents as an old horse does his father.

Fourthly, The last prevailing evil which I see, all men may

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\* The fabulous story of Fortunatus was known to every hind in the country through chap-books editions of his adventures.

hear, but none strive to help,\* the banishment of that noble holy-day called the Sabbath, which has been blasted by a whirl-wind from the south; I am yet alive who saw this hurricane coming thro' the walled city† near Solway in the South; it being on a Sunday, and a beautiful sun-shine day amangst some foul weeks in harvest-weather, which caused the Lord Mayor of the place to work hard, and put in the whole fields of wheat harvest, and the priests of that church commended him therefore: Because the season was backward, why should not man be disobedient! And this infection is come here also, surely the loss of this Sabbath-day will be counted a black Saturday to some; when I walk in the fields, I know it not but by the stopping of the plow, when in the city, only by the closeness of a few shop-doors and the sound of the bells; degenerate ideas of religion indeed! when the high praise is sounded only by bell-metal, *A sounding Brass and a tinkling Cymbal*: Is it not come to pass, the taverns roar like Ætna's mouth; children follow their gaming, and old sinners their strolling about, nothing stopt but coal-carts and common carriers, the Sabbath lasts no longer than the sermon, and the sermon is measured by a little sand in a glass; many, too many frequent the church, seemingly only to show their antic dress, with heads of a monstrous form, more surprizing than those described by Aristotle, as for length exceeding that of an asses's head, ears and all; and ah! How humbling would it be, to see their heads struck into such a hideous form, &c.

They disdain now to ride on pads as of old, or to be hobbled on a horse's hurdies, but must be hurled behind the tail, safely seated in a leather conveniency, and there they fly swiftly as in the chariot of Aminadab.‡

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\* In the 1824 edition all that comes between the words 'cannot help' and 'until they disdain now to ride upon pads,' as in the text above, is omitted. The reading in that edition is:—'The last prevailing evil that I see, all men may hear, but none strive to help; women now disdain to ride on pads, as of old,' etc.

† Probably Carlisle.

‡ Scotch people have always had the idea that the use of carriages was a sign of effeminacy. Innovations tending towards ease and luxury in any direction were discountenanced; and the story is told of an old Highland chieftain who was

They will not speak the mother language \* of their native country, but must have southern oaths, refined like raw-sugar thro' the mills of cursing, finely polished, and fairly struck in the profane mint of London, into a perfect form of flunky-language; even the very wild Arabs from the mountain-tops, who have not yet got English to profane his Maker's name, will cry, *Cot, Cot*; hateful it is to hear them swear, who cannot speak. O! strange alteration since the days of old † the downful of Popery, and the Prelates' decay, when reformation was alive, and religion in taste and fashion; the people during the sabbath, were all packed up in closets, and their children kept within doors, when every city appeared like a sanctuary, nothing to be heard on the streets, but the sound of prayer on the right-hand, and the melodious sound of psalms on the left.

Now is the days of counting, scribing, riding of horses, and the sound of the post-horn come; surely there will be trade now; and none will miss prosperity when every day is a fair; I add no more on this head, but every one claim a right to his own set time, &c.

Another grievance of the female offenders I cannot omit, which attacks a man's fancy, and is the cause of his fall; ‡ I mean Flighters who has gotten a little of the means of Mammon, more silver than sense, more gold than good nature, haughtiness for humility, value themselves as a treasure in-

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highly mortified when he found that his son, on an expedition with the clan, used a stone for a pillow when sleeping on the hills. The use of a pillow of any kind seemed to him a symptom of declension.

\* The Scots generally consider their native dialect as different from the English. They acknowledge a common origin, but argue for a different development. A look over the glossary at the end will give the reader some idea of the material divergences that have arisen in the growth of the Anglo-Saxon tongue in England and Scotland.

† In the 1824 edition, all between this and the paragraph beginning, 'Another grievance of the female offenders,' is left out.

‡ The rest of this paragraph in the 1824 edition reads:—'I mean the flyers, who have got more silver than sense, more haughtiness than gold, and value themselves as treasure incomprehensible, their whole body as if set about with precious stones, and the solemnity, or their marriage, is like a peace after a bloody war.'



comprehensible, their heads and hearts of Ophir-gold, their hips of silver, & their whole body as set about with precious stones, great and many are the congresses of their courtship, and the solemnizing of their marriage is like the conclusion of a peace after a bloody and tedious war.\*

And what is she after all ! yea, her poor penny will never be exhausted, it must be laid out in lunacy and laziness, she must have fine teas and the tuther thing : When pregnancy and the speuing of porich approaches, then she prophecies of her death ; as she hatches life, she embraces laziness ; then O the bed, the bed, nothing like the bed for a bad wife, her body becomes as par-boil'd,† being so bed-ridden, this rots their children in the brewing, and buries them in the bringing up ; yea, some mothers are so beastly, as to water the bed and blame the child therefore ; yet such lazy wives live long, and their children soon die ; their far fetched feigned sickness, soon render the husband to the substance of one sixpence, he becomes poor and hen-peck't under such petticoat government.

But when I Janet was a Janet, and had the judgement of my own house, my husband was thrice happy, I never held him down, he was above me day and night, I sat late and raise early, kept a fu' house and rough back, when summer came we minded winter's cauld, we had peace ay at porich-time, and harmony through the day ; we supp'd our sowens at supper-time with a seasonable heat, and went to bed good bairns kent naething but stark love and kindness, we wrought for riches, and our ages and earthly stores increased alike, we

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\* There has always been in Scotland a tendency to make the celebration of a marriage the occasion of great festivity. The Church for a time tried to keep this within proper bounds, and generally allowed an expense of six shillings Scots (six pence sterling) for each guest. This was, however, often exceeded, and the parties had to answer to the Kirk Session for doing so. Even elders of the Kirk, when their daughters were being married, sometimes overstepped the limit, and had to make their repentance for it.

† This paragraph ends as follows in the 1824 edition :—'as the skimings of pot of green kail, and the poor husband has to return at ten o'clock to his fore noon's wark, without his breakfast, hanging his head like a brewer's horse at an ale-house door.'

hated pride and loved peace, he died with a good name ; I let you ken I live, but not as many do, not so lordly of my brain as some are of their belly ! and was not my life strange by that now practised ? Come help yourselves you hillocat-livers and avoid it.

Now after a', if a poor man want a perfect wife, let him wale a weel blooded hissie wi' braid shouders an thick about the haunches, that has been lang servant in ae house, tho' twice or thrice awa' and ay fied back, that's weel liked by the bairns and the bairns' mither, that's naeway cankard to the cats, nor kicks the colly-dogs amang her feet, that wad let a' brute-beasts live, but rats, mice, lice, flaes, neets and bugs, that bites the wee bairns in their cradles, that carefully comb the young things' heads, washes their faces, and claps their cheeks, snites the snotter frae their nose\* as they were a' her ain, that's the lass that will mak a good wife ; for them that dauts the young bairns, will ay be kind to auld fouk an they had them.

And ony hale-hearted halsome hissie, that wants to halter a good husband, never tak a widow's ae son, for a' the wifely gates in the warld will be in him, for want of a father to teach him manly actions ; neither tak a sour looking sumf wi' a muckle mouth, and a wide guts, who will eat like a horse and soss like a sow, suffer none to sup but himsel, eat your meat and the bairns baith ; when hungry angry, when fu' full of pride, ten sacks will not haud his sauce, tho' a pea-shap wad haud his siller : But go, tak your chance, and if cheated, chan-ner not on me, for fashionable fouk flee to fashionable things, for lust is brutish-blind, and fond love is blear-ey'd. I add no more, says Janet ; so be it, said Humphray the Clerk.

FINIS.

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\* The 1824 edition ends here, with the sentence :—'That such a wife may be the lot of every young lad, is the earnest prayer of Grannie M'Nab.'

*THE COMICAL AND WITTY JOKES OF  
JOHN FALKIRK.*

[The text here used is from an edition bearing the following matter on the title-page :—‘The Comical and Witty Jokes of John Falkirk the merry Piper ; When in Courtship to an old Fiddler’s Widow, who wanted all the Teeth. With a Copy of the Love-Letter he sent her, who is commonly called F—ting Betty.

Here’s a Piper on a merry pin,  
Selling his words instead of win,  
In courtship with an old fiddler’s jig,  
As weather beaten as his wigg ;  
Swears by his chanter he can win her bread,  
Though never a tooth be in her head.

Edinburgh : Printed in the Year 1777.’ It has been collated with an undated edition published by Morren of Edinburgh. On the title of this latter edition the widow is called ‘Flinging Betty.’ The 1777 edition is an 8 pp. 12mo., containing only the ‘Jokes’ ; but in Morren’s Edition the ‘Jokes’ follow the ‘Cariches.’ The two were generally printed separately, although they are occasionally to be seen together.]

THE COMICAL AND WITTY JOKES OF  
JOHN FALKIRK.

A CERTAIN old reverend priest, being one night at supper in a gentleman's house ; and for one article having eggs, the server of the table, as usual laid a cloath on every ones knee, wherewith to hold their egg in when hot, when supper was over, the priest looking down between his legs, and seeing the white cloath thought it was his shirt-tail : and very slyly stops it into his breeches bite, and bite, which the lady and her maid observed, but was ashamed to challenge him ; so home he went with the servet in his breeches, and knew nothing of it till going to bed, when it fell from him, his wife enquired how he came by it, he could not tell, but was surprized how he came to have more bulk in his breeches than formerly, but perceiving the name they sent it back again, the priest pleaded to be excused own'd himself only a thief through ignorance.\*

An old gentleman and his two sons, being in a company, his oldest son sitting next him, spoke a word which highly displeased his father ; for which his father gave him a hearty blow on the side of the head : A well said he, I will not lift my hand to strick at my parents, but gives his other brother that sat by him, a blow on the ear, saying give that about by the way of a drink, till it comes to my father again.

A sailor being traveling between *Edinburgh* and *Linlithgow* which is twelve long computed miles : and as he was setting out in the morning about 8 o'clock, he seed a vain like young spark go running past him, which he never minded, but kep-jogging on at his own leisure : and as he was going into *Linlithgow*, about twelve o'Clock, up comes the young spark, and asked the sailor, what a Clock it was, why says the sailor, I see

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\* In Morren's edition the order of the first three stories is different. In it the second story as above is first, the third second, and the first third.

you have a watch and I have none, what is it? out he pulls his watch, ho said he, it's directly twelve, and what do you think, it was half an hour after ten or I came out of *Edinburgh*, I have walked it in an hour and a half; it is pretty well tript, says the sailor, but pray sir, what man of business are you? O! said he, I am a watch maker, I was thinking so, said the sailor, for you have made your watch to answer your feet, for those feet can't answer a right watch, and I suppose your tongue can't keep time with none of them do you remember where you went past me this morning about eight o'Clock; O yes said he, and off he went.

As two maids was coming from the milking of their cows, one of them steping over a style, fell and spill'd the whole peal full of milk from her head O said she, what will I do, what will I do, O said the other maid, let it go who can help it now, you can make it up again it is not your maiden-head: My maiden-head said she, if it were my maiden-head, I would think nothing of it, many, many a time, I have lost my maiden-head with great pleasure, and I got it ay again, it came ay back to its ain place again, but I'll never gather up my milk again:

A sailor being one night in company with a country taylor, O said the taylor, but your trade is a very dangerous trade, do you ever pray any? yes said the sailor, when we're hard beset we pray to blast one anothers eyes and limbs, if they wont be nimble and quick, a wow man but that's a sad trade, said the taylor, and what trade was your father? why said the sailor, he was a sailor too, and where did he die, said the taylor? why he was drowned at sea, and O man! said the taylor are you not fear'd to go to sea? not I said the sailor: But what trade was your father? indeed said the taylor, he was a taylor as well as me, and where did he die? said the sailor, indeed he died in his bed, says the poor taylor. O then says the sailor, are not you afraid to go to bed lest you die there too.\*

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\* This 'joke' is left out in Morren's edition; and the story about the drover, to be found at p. 161, is inserted before the one of the three merry companions.

Three merry companions having met on a saturday night at an Ale house, (a hatter and a shoemaker, and a taylor,) where they drunk heartily all that night, and to morrow until mid day ; and their beats was who had the lovingest wife : So they agreed for a trial of their good nature that every man should do, whatever his wife bade him do ; as soon as ever he went home : or who did not as she ordered him, was to pay all the reckoning, which was seven and six-pence, or if all of them did as their wives bade them : then they were to pay all alike : so on this agreement they all came away, first to the hatters house, and in he goes like a madman, dancing and jumping round the floor, his wife at the very time was taking of the pot and setting it in the floor, he still dancing about, now says the wife, ding over the pot with thy madness, so he gives it a kick, and over it went, and that saved him as he had done what his wife bad him do. Then away he goes to the taylor's house, and in he goes dancing likewise, but his wife fell a scolding him. O says he, my dear give me a kiss ? kiss my arse you drunken rogue, said she ; then to her he flies and whips her over in the bed, up with her petty coats and kisses her arse before them all, and that saved him ; then away they went to the shoe-makers, and in he goes very merry and dancing about as he saw the other two do : saying come my dear heart and give me a kiss : go hang yourself you drunken dog said she, so he must either go and hang himself directly or pay all the reckoning.

An honest highlandman not long since, not much acquainted with the law, fell out with one of his neighbours, and to the law they went ; he employed one advocate, and his opposite another, and as they were debating it in court before the judges, the highlandman being there present, a friend of his asked him how he thought it would go, or who would win the day, indeed said the highland man, his law man speaks well, and my law man speaks well, I think we'll both win, and the judges will lose for they speak but a word now and than.

A young woman by the old accident having got herself with child, was called to the Session for so doing : and after

one elder another examining her how she got it, and where she got it, and what tempt her to get it; and no doubt the de'il wad get her for the getting of it; last of all the minister he fell a enquiring how she got it, which run the poor lass out of all patience about the getting of it, says the priest: tell me plainly where it was gotten, I tell you said she, that it was gotten in the byre, at a cows staike, and what other place do you want to ken about: but said he, he did not tye you to the cows staike, no said she, I did not need any tying, and how far was between the byre and the house? just butt and ben, up and down twa steps of a stone stair, then says the priest, why did you not cry to the folks in the house: indeed sir, said she, I could not get cried for laughing at it.

An old sodger being on a furlough from the north of Scotland, having got no breakfast, fell very hungry by the way and no ale house being near; came into a farmers house, and desired they would sell, him some bread, or any kind of victuals: to which the surly good wife reply'd, she never sold any bread, and she was not going to begin with him, he had but three miles and a bittok \* to an ale-house, and he might march on, and she did fair enough when she gide bits of bread for naething to beggars though she gide nane to idle sodgers; he had naething to do there awa: Hute said the goodman gi' him a laidle fu' o' our kail, he's been ay somebodys bairn, before he was a sodger;† What said she there not a drop in the pot, they're a' in the plate before you, then gi' him a spoon and let him sup wi' us, the soldier gets a spoon and thinking he could sup all he seed himself, the first soup he put in his mouth, spouted it back again in the plate, and crys out O my sore mouth, the hide's all of it yet since I had the Clap then

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\* Perhaps other three miles. The Scottish 'bittock' is rather an elastic expression.

† Although the Scots have always been more or less of a military nation, the common people have generally had a sort of pitying contempt for mercenary soldiery, as opposed to the old feudal system of raising an army. It would be difficult to account for this feeling, but it is still the fact that even now service in the army is regarded as the last resource of a respectable tradesman or country-man.



every one threw down his spoon, the soldier got all to sup himself, the wife stood cursing and scolding all the while, and when he was done burnt both plate and spoon in the fire to prevent the Clap : So the soldier came off with a full belly, leaving the wife dressing the goodmans rigging with a four footed stool, for bidding him sup.

A great drover who frequented a public inn in the north of England as he passed and repassed agreed with the servant maid of the house, for a touch of love : for which he gave her a six and thirty shilling piece : But on the next morning mounted his horse without asking a bill, or what was to pay, but sir, said the landlord, you forgot to pay your reckoning well minded, sir said he, I want my change I gave your maid a six and thirty to change, the poor maid is called on in haste, yes said she I got it, but it was not for that, throws it down and off she goes, her mistress understood and gave her the challenge, she told her it was so, but she should be up with him ; so in twelve months thereafter, he came past with his drove, puts up at the same inn as formerly ; then the girl goes to a neighbour woman, and borrows a young child about three months old, comes into the company where he was, lays it down on the table, saying, sir there's the change of your six and thirty, and away she comes ; the child crys, and the bells rung, the landlord was ready enough to answer, O sir, said he, call her back for this will ruin my family and crack my credit, but sir said the girl, you thought nothing to ruin my character and crack my maiden head ; peace, peace said he, my dear, here's one hundred and fifty pound and take away the child and trouble me no more, well said she I'll take it : But you will make more of buying cows than maiden heads ; so away she came with the money, and returned the borrowed child to its own mother.

A churlish husband and virtuous wife one time fell sadly out, because the wife had given something to the poor, what, said he, mistress, I'll let you know ther is nothing about this house but what is mine and you're mine, and your very arse is mine ; a well well goodman, then you will let me have nothing

take it all and give me peace : So away they went to bed the goodwife turned her backside towards the goodman, and as he was falling asleep, she draws up her smoke, and let's fly in the goodman's shirt-tail, which wakened him in a great fright, as he had been shot ; ay, ay, woman, what are ye about ; what am I about, said she, dear woman your filling the bed, not I goodman, for when my arse was my own I took care of it, and take you care of it now it is yours. O rise woman and clean the bed, and keep your arse, and a' the liberty ye had before, and more if you want it, fich fich, what's this ! am a dirt.

A ships crew being one time in great distress at sea by reason of a violent storm, and being all fallen down to prayer, expecting every moment to go to the bottom ; there happened to be an old gentleman a passenger on board with them who had a great big red nose with drinking ale and whisky ; and being all at their last prayer as they thought, a little boy burst out into loud laughter : O thou thoughtless rogue said the captain what makes thee to laugh in seeing us all on the point of perishing, why, said the boy, I cannot but laugh, to think what a fine sport it will be when we are all drowning, to see how that man's red nose will make the water bizz when it comes about it, at which words they all fell a laughing, and cheered the crew, so that they made another attempt to weather it out, and got all safe on shore at last.

*My lovely Bett,*

The beauty of old age, thy hoary head and louching shoulders inclines to mortality, yet I'll compare thee to an eagle that has renewed her youth, or a leek with a white head and a green tail, this comes to thee with my kind compliments, for the kisses of thy lips, and the kindness I had to thy late bed-fellow fiddler Pate my brother pensioner, ah ! how we drank other's healths with the broe of the brewket\* ewes, we brought from boughts of the German Boors, but its nonesence, to blow the dead when in the dust, yet a better violer never scrided on a silken cord, or kittled a cat's tryps with his finger-ends, his

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\* 'Brucket' in Morren's edition.

ow was souple as a eel, and his fingers dabb'd at the jiggling  
l like a hungry hen picking barley : I seldom or ever saw  
a drunk, if keep him from whisky and whisky from him ;  
cept that night, he trysted the pair of free stone breeches  
m Joseph the mason, and now my dear Bessy he's got  
m he's got them, for a free stone covers his body, holds him  
wn and will do, and now, now, my dainty thing, my bonny  
ng, my best match for matrimony come take me now, or  
me now, I am in anger,\* I'll wait nae langer, I say be  
ver, either now or never, its a rapture of love, that does me  
ve, I'll have a wife or by my life, if she should be blind and  
ble, I'll sell my win, for her meat and fun, the like ne'er  
le down her thrapple ; so now Bessy I love you and my love  
upon you, and if ye love not me again some ill chance  
ne upon you, as am flyting free and flitting free am both in  
e and banter ; or may your rumple rust for me, I've sworn  
y my chanter.

*From John Kirk's Wind-mill at Corky Crown.*

FINIS.

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\* 'Danger,' according to Morren.



*THE SCOTS PIPER'S QUERIES:*  
*OR*  
*JOHN FALKIRK'S CARICHES.*

[Reprinted from an undated edition published by C. Randall, Stirling, and collated with one by J. Morren, Edinburgh, and the modern Glasgow undated edition. The full title is :—‘The Scots Piper’s Queries : or John Falkirk’s Cariches, made Both Plain and Easy.

Old PIPER JOHN if you desire  
To read at leisure by the fire :  
’Twill please the Bairs and keep them laughing,  
And mind the Goodwife o’ her daffing.

Stirling.—Printed by C. Randall.]

AN ACCOUNT OF JOHN FALKIRK, THE SCOTS  
PIPER.\*

JOHN FALKIRK, commonly called the *Scots Piper*, was a curious little witty fellow, with a round face and a broad nose. None of his companions could answer the many witty questions he proposed to them, therefore he became the wonder of the age in which he lived. Being born of mean parents he got no education, therefore his witty invention was truly natural ; and being bred to no business, he was under the necessity of using his genius in the composition of several small books, of which the following Cariches was one, which he disposed of for his support. He became author of many small Tracts, and the following curious and diverting pieces are said to be his composition, viz.:—The History of John Cheap the Chapman, The History of the Haveral Wives, Janet Clinker's Oration, John Falkirk's Witty Jokes, Jockie and Maggie's Courtship, The Proverbs of the Pride of Women, History of Lothian Tom, with many others, which are well known in Scotland, England, and Ireland. In a word, he was

The wittiest fellow in his time,  
Either for Prose, or making Rhyme.

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\* This biographical preface was, according to Motherwell, given in an edition published in Glasgow in 1779, probably after Graham's death.

THE SCOTS PIPER'S QUERIES;

OR,

JOHN FALKIRK'S CARICHES.\*

Q. What is the wisest behaviour of ignorant persons?

A. To speak of nothing but what they know, and to give their opinion of nothing but what they understand.

Q. What time is a scolding wife at the best?

A. When she is fast asleep.

Q. What time is a scolding wife at the worst?

A. When she is that wicked as to tear the hair out of her own head, when she cannot get at her neighbours, and thro' perfect spite bites her own tongue with her own teeth, my hearty wish is, that all such wicked vipers may ever do so.

Q. What is the effectual cure and infallible remedy for a scolding wife?

A. The only cure is to get out of the hearing of her, but the infallible remedy is to nail her tongue to a growing tree, in the beginning of a cold winter night, and so let her stand till sun-rising next morning, she'll become one of the peaceablest women that ever lay by a man's side.

Q. What time of the year is it that there is most holes open?

A. In harvest when there are stubbles.

Q. At what time is the cow heaviest?

A. When the bull is on her back.

Q. Who was the goodman's muckle cow's calf's mother?

A. None but the muckle cow herself.

Q. What is the likeliest thing to a man and a horse?

A. A tailor and a mare.

Q. What is the hardest dinner that ever a taylor laid his teeth to?

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\* In Morren's edition the following lines precede the title :—

' This Catechism deserves no Creed,  
It's only for boys who will not read  
On wiser books them to instruct !  
Let droll John their fancy cook.'



- A. His own goose, tho' ever so well boiled or roasted.
- Q. How many tod's tails will it take to reach up to the moon?
- A. One if it be long enough.
- Q. How many sticks gangs to the bigging of a crow's nest?
- A. None for they are all carried.
- Q. How many whit's will a well made pudding prick need?
- A. If it be well made it needs no more.
- Q. Who was the father of Zebedee's children?
- A. Who but himself.
- Q. Where did Moses go when he was full fifteen years old?
- A. Into his sixteenth.
- Q. How near related is your aunty's good-brother to you?
- A. No nearer than my own father.
- Q. How many holes are there in a hen's doup?
- A. Two.
- Q. How prove you that?
- A. There is one for the dung and another for the egg.
- Q. Who is the best for catching of rogues?
- A. None so fit as a rogue himself.
- Q. Where was the usefulest fair in Scotland kept?
- A. At Millgavie.\*
- Q. What sort of commodities were sold there?
- A. Nothing but ale and ill wicked wives.
- Q. How was it abolished?
- A. Because those who went to it once would go to it no more.
- Q. For what reason?
- A. Because there was no money to be got for them, but fair barter, wife for wife, and he who put away a wife for one fault got a wife with two as bad.
- Q. What was the reason that in those days, a man could put away his wife for pissing the bed, and not for sh——g it?

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\* Properly Milngavie, in the neighbourhood of Glasgow. The common pronunciation of the word is phonetically given as 'Milguy,' in Morren's edition. In the modern Glasgow copies the spelling is 'Mullgay.'

A. Because he could shute it away with his foot and ly down.

Q. What is the reason now a-days, that men court cast marry, and re-marry so many wives, and only but one in public at last?

A. Because private marriage is become as common as smuggling and cuckolding the kirk no more thought of than a man to ride a mile or two upon his neighbour's mare, men get will and wale of wives, the best portion, and properest person is preferred, the first left the weak to the worst, and she whom he does not love, he shutes away with his foot, and lies down with whom he pleases.

Q. How will you know the bairns of our towns by all others in the kingdom?

A. By their ill-breeding, and bad manners.

Q. What is their behaviour?

A. If you ask them a question in civility, if it were but the road to the next town, they'll tell you to follow your nose, and if you go wrong curse the guide.

Q. Are young and old of them no better?

A. All the odds lies in the difference, for if you ask a child to whom he belongs, or who is his father, he'll tell you to kiss his father's a—.

Q. What sort of creatures is kindliest when they meet?

A. None can exceed the kindness of dogs when they meet in a market.

Q. And what is collie's kindness there?

A. First, they kiss others mouths and noses, smell all about, and last of all, they are so kind as to kiss others below the tail.

Q. What is the coldest part of a dog?

A. His nose.

Q. What is the coldest part of a man?

A. His knees.

Q. What is the coldest part of a woman?

A. The back parts of her body.

Q. What is the reason, that these three parts of man, woman, and dogs, are coldest?

A. Fabulous historian say that there was three little holes in Noah's Ark, and that the dog stopt his nose in one, and the other the man put his knee in it, a third and biggest hole broke, the woman bang'd her backside in it and these parts being exposed to the cold blast, make them always cold ever since.

Q. And what does the women do to warm their cold parts?

A. The married women turn their backsides to the good-man's belly; virgins and those going mad for marriage the heat of their maidenhead keeps them warm, old matrons, whirl'd o'er maidens, widow and widows bewitch'd hold up their coldest parts to the fire.

Q. And what remedy does the poor dog take for his cold nose?

A. Stops it below his tail the hottest bit in his body.

Q. What is the reason the dogs are worst on the chapmen, than on other strange people?

A. It is said the dogs have three accusations against the chapmen, handed down from father to son, or from one generation of dogs to another; the first is as old as Æsop the great wit of Babylon, the dog having a lawsuit against the cat, gained the plea, and coming trudging home with the decree below his tail a wicked chapman throwing his ellwan at him, he let it fa' and so lost all his privileges thereby. The second is, because in old times the chapmen used to buy dogs and kill them for their skins. The third, when a chapman was quarterd in a farmer's house, that night the dog lost his property the licking the pot.

Q. What creature resembles most a drunken piper?

A. A cat when she sips milk; she always sings, and so does a piper when he drinks good ale.

Q. What is the reason a dog runs twice round about before he ly down?

A. Because he does not know the head of his bed from the foot of it.

Q. What creature resembles most a long lean, ill looking greasy-fac'd lady for pride?

A. None so much as the cat, who is continually spitting in her lufe and rubbing her face, as many of such ladies do the brown leather of their wrinkled chafts.

Q. Amongst what sort of creatures will you observe most of a natural law?

A. The hart and the hind meet at one certain day in the year; the brood goose, lays her first egg on Fasterns Even, old stile; the crows begin to build their nest the first of March old stile; the swans observe matrimony, and if the female die, the male dares not take up with another or the rest will put him to death; all the birds in general join in pairs and keep so; but the dove resembles the adulterer, when the shoe-one turns old, he puts her away, and takes another; the locusts observe military order, and march in bands; the frogs resemble pipers and preachers, for the young ride the old to death.

Q. Who are the merriest and heartiest people in the world?

A. The sailors, for they'll be singing and cursing one another when the waves, their graves, are going over their heads.

Q. Which are the disorderliest creatures in battle?

A. Cows and dogs for they all fall on them that are neath-most.

Q. Who are the vainest sort of people in the world?

A. A barber, a tailor, a young soldier, and a poor dominie.

Q. What is the great cause of the barber's vanity?

A. His being admitted to trim noblemen's chafts, thyke their sculls, take kings by the nose, and hold a razor to his very throat, which no other subject else dare do.

Q. What is the great cause of the tailor's pride?

A. His making of peoples new clothes, of which every person, young and old is proud of, then who can walk in a vainer shew than a tailor carrying home a gentleman's clothes.

Q. What is the cause of a young soldier's pride?

A. When he lists, he thinks he is free from his mother's correction, the hard usage of a bad master, has a liberty to curse, swear, whore, and do every thing; until he be con-

vinced by four halberts and the drummer's whip that he has now got both a military and civil law above his head, and perhaps worse masters than ever.

Q. What is the cause of the poor dominie's pride?

A. As he is a teacher of the young and ignorant, he supposes no man knows what he knows, the boys call him master therefore he thinks himself a great man.

Q. What sort of a song is it that is sung without a tongue, and its notes are understood by people of all nations?

A. It is a fart which every person knows to be but wind.

Q. What is the reason that young people are vain, giddy-headed, and airy, and not so humble as the children of former years?

A. Because they are brought up and educated after a more haughty strain, by reading fables, plays, novels, and romances; gospel books, such as the psalm-book, proverbs, and the catechisms are like old almanacks; nothing in vogue, but fiddle, flute, Troy and Babylonish tunes; our plain English corrupted with beauish cants, dont, wont, nen, and ken, a jargon worse than the Yorkshire dialect.\*

Q. Why is swearing become so common amongst the Scot people?

A. Because so many lofty teachers come from the south amongst us, where swearing is practised in its true grammatical perfection, hot oaths, new struck, with as bright a lustre as a new quarter guinea.

Q. How will you know the bones of a mason's mare at the back of a dyke amongst the bones of a hundred dead horses.

A. Because it is made of wood.

Q. Which are the two things not to be spared, but not to be abused.

A. A soldier's coat, and a hired horse.†

Q. How is a man in debt like a nobleman?

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\* 'Or the Hottentot gibberish,' is added in the modern Glasgow editions.

† Randall's and Morren's editions end here, the former with the lines quoted in p. 168 as preceding the title of Morren's edition. What follows in the text appears in undated editions published in Glasgow within the last fifty years.

- A. Because he has many to wait on and call for him.  
Q. How is swearing like a shabby coat?  
A. Because it is a bad habit.  
Q. How is a bad pen like a wicked and profligate man?  
A. Because it wants mending.  
Q. Why is a church bell like a story that is handed about?  
A. Because it is often toll'd.  
Q. What is a man like that is in the midst of a river and cannot swim?  
A. He is like to be drowned.  
Q. Why is a drawn tooth like a thing that is forgot?  
A. Because it is out of one's head.  
Q. Why is a book like a tree?  
A. Because it is full of leaves.  
Q. Why is a good sermon like a plump pudding?  
A. Because there is reasons in it.  
Q. How is a whorish woman like a charitable person?  
A. Because she brings her husband to a piece of bread.\*  
Q. How is a lawyer like a contentious person?  
A. Because he breeds wrangling and jangling.  
Q. Who is the greatest fool in the world?  
A. A whore; for she hazards soul and body for a miserable livelihood.  
Q. Who are the two greatest thieves in Great Britain?  
A. Tea and Tobacco, for they pick the pockets of the whole nation.  
Q. What is the difference between Ale-drappers and Linen-drappers?  
A. Only this, the one cheats you with froth and the other with cloth.  
Q. If Extortioners cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven, where will Usurers, Tallymen, and Pawn-brokers go?  
A. The same road with Extortioners.  
Q. What is the consequence of immoderate gaming?  
A. By cards and dice, a man is ruin'd in a trice, for gaming and whoring often hang together.
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\* Suggested, apparently, by Proverbs, vi. 26.

Q. What employments are likest to one another?

A. Soldiers and Butchers are bloody near relations, for they both live by slaughtering and killing.

Q. What are the two hardest things to be found, and yet they are both good in their kind?

A. Good women and good small beer.

Q. Who is the likest to a Boatman?

A. An hypocrite, who always look one way and rows another, in all his transactions.

Q. What are the five greatest rarities to be found in the world?

A. A black Swan, a Phoenix, an Unicorn, the Philosophers' Stone, and a maiden at sixteen.

Q. What is the greatest folly that sensible people can be guilty of?

A. To go to law about trifles, for whatever way the plea end, the lawyers will be the greatest gainers.

Q. Who has the honestest trade in the world?

A. Ballad-singers; for they always deal with ready-money: and it is as ancient as the Siege of Troy, for Homer was a ballad-singer.

Q. What is the surest method for one to become both rich and respectable?

A. To be sober and industrious.

Q. What is the best method of overcoming the argument of a positive person?

A. Either to say with him, or give him no answer.

Q. What is the wisest course to be followed by a man who has a brawling and scolding wife?

A. To keep silent, and then she'll bite her own fingers with anger.

Q. What thing is that which is lengthened by being cut at both ends?

A. A Ditch.

Q. What is that which was born without a soul, lived and had a soul, yet died without a soul?

A. The whale that swallowed Jona.

Q. What is the longest and the shortest thing in the world? the swiftest and the slowest? the most indivisible and the most extended? the least valued and the most regretted? without which nothing can be done? which devours all that is small, yet gives life and spirit to all that is great?

A. Time.

Q. What creatures are those which appear closely connected, yet upon examination are found to be three distinct bodies, with eight legs, five on one side, and three on the other; three mouths, two straight forwards, and the third on one side; six eyes, four on one side, two on the other: six ears, four on one side, and two on the other?

A. A Man and Woman on horseback.

Q. Why is a churchyard like an inn?

A. Because it receives weary travellers.

Q. Why is a carrotty\* lady like a troop of soldiers?

A. Because she bears fire-locks.

Q. What did Adam first set in the garden of Eden?

A. His foot.

Q. How is it that a clergyman's horse is like a King?

A. Because he is guided by a minister.

Q. What is the difference between a boiled sheep's, head and a sheep's head boiled?

A. In the first the sheep is boiled and in the last the head is boiled.

Q. What kind of snuff is that, the more that is taken the fuller the box is?

A. It is the snuff off the candle.

Q. What relation is that child to its own father who is not its father's own son?

A. Surely his daughter.

Q. What is that which is often brought to table, always cut, but never eaten?

A. A pack of cards.

Q. Where was Peter when his candle went out?

A. He was in the dark.

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\* Red-headed.



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Q. What relation is your uncle's brother to you who is not your uncle?

A. He must be your father.

Q. What difference is there between twice five and twenty and twice twenty five?

A. The former is 30, the latter is 50.

Q. Why is a brewer's horse like a tap-ster?

A. Because they draw drafts of drink.

END OF THE CARICHES.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

*THE COMICAL SAYINGS OF PADY  
FROM CORK.*

[The text here followed is that of an edition in the possession of Matthew Shields, Esq. The full title is :—‘The Comical Sayings of Pady from Cork, with his coat button’d behind. Being an Elegant Conference between English Tom and Irish Teague : With Pady’s Catechism, his Opinion of Purgatory, the State of the dead ; and his Supplication when a Mountain Sailor. To which is added, a Creed for all Romish Believers. In all its parts, carefully corrected. Glasgow, Printed by J. & M. Robertson, (No. 18.) Saltmarket, 1807.’ It is a 24 pp. 12mo. Pady’s Catechism and petition, and the Creed, have been collated with the versions of them given in the 1777 edition of *Lothian Tom*. See prefatory note to that chap-book at p. 66 of the present volume, and also footnote at p. 84.]

THE COMICAL SAYINGS OF  
PADY FROM CORK.

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PART I.

*Tom.* GOOD morrow, Sir, this is a very cold day.

*Teag.* Arra, dear honey, yesternight was a very cold morning.

*Tom.* Well brother traveller, of what nation art thou?

*Teag.* Arra dear shoy, I come from my own kingdom.

*Tom.* Why, Sir, I know that, but where is thy kingdom?

*Teag.* Allelieu dear honey, don't you know Cork in Ireland.

*Tom.* O you fool, Cork is not a kingdom, but a city.

*Teag.* Then dear shoy, I'm shure it is in a kingdom.

*Tom.* And what is the reason you have come and left your own dear country?

*Teag.* Arra dear honey, by shaint Patrick, they have got such comical laws in our country, that they'll put a man to death in perfect health; so to be free and plain with you, neighbour, I was obliged to come away, for I did not choose to stay among such a people that can hang a poor man when they please, if he either steals, robs, or kills a man.

*Tom.* Ay, but I take you to be more of an honest man, than to steal, rob, or kill a man.

*Teag.* Honest, I am perfectly honest, when I was but a child, my mother would have trusted me with a house full of mill-stones.

*Tom.* What was the matter, was you guilty of nothing?

*Teag.* Arra, dear honey, I did harm to nobody? but fancied an old gentleman's gun, and afterwards made it my own.

*Tom.* Very well boy, and did you keep it so?

*Teag.* Keep it, I would have kept it with all my heart while I lived, death itself could not have parted us, but the old rogue, the gentleman, being a justice of the peace himself, had

me tried for the rights of it, and how I came by it, and so took it again.

*Tom.* And how did you clear yourself without punishment?

*Teag.* Arra, dear shoy, I told him a parcel of lies, but they would not believe me; for I said that I got it from my father when it was a little pistol, and I had kept it till it had grown a gun, and was designed to use it well until it had grown a big cannon, and then sell it to the military. They all fell a laughing at me as I had been a fool, and bade me go home to my mother and clean the potatoes.

*Tom.* How long is it since you left your own country?

*Teag.* Arra, dear honey, I do not mind whether it be a fortnight or four months, but I think myself, it is a long time; they tell me my mother is dead since, but I won't believe it, until I get a letter from her own hand, for she is a very good scholar, suppose she can neither write nor read.

*Tom.* Was you ever in England before?

*Teag.* Ay, that I was, and in Scotland too.

*Tom.* And were they kind to you when you was in Scotland?

*Teag.* They were that kind, that they kick't my arse for me, and the reason was because I would not pay the whole of the liquor that was drunk in the company, though the landlord and his two sons got mouthful about of it; they would have me pay it all, tho' I did not drink it all, and I told them it was a trick upon travellers, first to drink his liquor, and then to kick him out of doors.

*Tom.* I really think they have used you badly, but could you not beat them?

*Teag.* That's what I did, beat them all to their own contentment; but there was one of them stronger than me, who would have killed me, if the other two had not pulled me away, and I had to run for it, till his passion was over; then they made us drink and gree again; we shook hands, and made a bargain, never to harm other more; but this bargain did not last long, for, as I was kissing his mouth, by shaint

Patrick, I bit his nose, which caused him to beat me very sore for my pains.

*Tom.* Well Pady, what calling was you when in Scotland.

*Teag.* Why sir, I was no business at all, but what do you call the green tree that's like a whin bush, many people makes a thing to sweep the house of it !

*Tom.* O yes Pady, they call it a broom.

*Teag.* Ay, ay, you have it, then I was a gentleman's broom, only waited on his horses, and washed the dishes for the cook ; and when my master rode a hunting, I ran behind along with the dogs.

*Tom.* O yes, Pady, it was a groom you mean, but I fancy you was cook's mate, or kitchen-boy.

*Teag.* No, no, it was the broom that I was, and if I had staid there till now, I might have been advanced as high as my master, for the ladies loved me so well, that they laughed at me.

*Tom.* They might admire you for a fool.

*Teag.* What sir, do you imagine that I am not a fool, no, no, my master asked counsel of me in all his matters, and I always gave him a reason for every thing: I told him one morning that he went too soon to the hunting, that the hares were not got out of their beds ; and neither the barking of horns nor the blowing of dogs, could make them rise, it was such a cold morning that night ; so they all ran away that we caught, when we did not see them. Then my master told my words to several gentlemen that was at dinner with him, and they admired me for want of wisdom, saying, I was certainly a man of great judgement, for my head was all of a lump, added, they were going a-fishing along with my master and me in the afternoon ; but I told them it was a very unhappy thing for any man to go a hunting in the morning and a fishing in the afternoon ; yet they would try it, but they had better staid at home, for it came on a most terrible fine night of south-west rain and even-down-wind : so the fishes got all below the water to keep them dry from the shower, and we caught them all, but got none of them.

*Tom.* And how long did you serve that gentleman, Pady?

*Teag.* Arra, dear honey, I was with him six weeks, and he beat me seven times.

*Tom.* For what did he beat you? was it for your madness and foolish tricks?

*Teag.* Dear shoy, it was not; but for being too inquisitive and going sharply about business. First, he sent me to the post-office, to enquire if there was any letters for him: so when I came there, said I, is there any letters here for my master to-day? Then they asked who was my master; sir, said I, it is very bad manners in you to ask any gentleman's name: at this they laughed, mocking me, and said they could give me none, if I would not tell my master's name: so I returned to my master, and told the impudence of the fellow, how he would give me no letters unless I would tell him your name, master. My master at this flew in a great passion, and kicked me down stairs, saying, Go you rogue and tell my name directly, how can the gentleman give letters, when he knows not who is asking for them! Then I returned and told my master's name, so they told me there was one for him, I looked at it, but being very small, and asking the price of it; they told me it was sixpence! sixpence, said I, will you take sixpence for that small thing, and selling bigger ones for twopence; faith I am not such a big fool; you think to cheat me, now, this is not a conscionable way of dealing, I'll acquaint my master of it first; so I came and told my master how they would have sixpence for his letter and was selling bigger ones for twopence; he took up my head and broke his cane with it, calling me a thousand fools, saying, the man was more just, than to take any thing but the right for it: but I was sure there was none of the right buying and selling such dear penny-worths: So I came again for my dear sixpence letter; and as the fellow was shuffling through a parcel of them, seeking for it again, to make the best of a dear market, I pick't up two, and home I comes to my master, thinking he would be well pleased with what I had done, now, said I, master, I think I have put a trick on them fellows, for selling



the letter to you : What have you done ? said he, said I, I have only taken other two letters ; here's one for you, master, to help your dear penny-worth, and I'll send the other to my mother to see whether she be dead or alive, for she's always angry I don't write to her : I had not the word well spoken, till he got up his stick and beat me heartily for it, and sent me back to the fellows again with the two : I had a very ill will to go, but nobody would buy them of me by the way.

*Tom.* A well, Pady, I think you was to blame, and your master too, for he ought to have taught you how to have gone about those affairs, and not beat you so.

*Teag.* Arra, dear honey, I had too much wit of my own to be taught by him, or any body else ; he began to instruct me after that, how I should serve the table, and such nasty things as those : one night I took ben a roasted fish in one hand, and a piece of bread in the other ; the old gentleman was so saucy he would not take it, and told me, I should bring nothing to him without a trencher below it : the same night as he was going to bed, he called for his slippers and pish-pot, so I clapt a trencher below the pish-pot, and another below the slippers, and ben I goes, one in every hand : no sooner did I enter the room, than he threw the pish-pot at me which broke both my head and the pish-pot at one blow : now, said I, the devil is in my master altogether, for what he commands at one time he countermands at another. Next day I went with him to the market to buy a sack of potatoes, I went to the potatoemonger, and asked what he took for the full of a Scot's cog, he weighed them in, he asked no less than fourpence ; fourpence, said I, if I were but in Dublin, I could get the full of that for nothing, and in Cork and Kinsale far cheaper ; them is but small things like pease, said I, but the potatoes in my country is as big as your head, fine meat, all made up in blessed mouthfuls ; the potatoe-merchant called me a liar, and my master called me a fool, so the one fell a-kicking me, and the other a cuffing me, I was in such bad bread among them, that I called myself both a liar and a fool to get off alive.

*Tom.* And how did you carry your potatoes home from the market.

*Teag.* Arra, dear shoy, I carried the horse and them both, besides a big loaf, and two bottles of wine : for I put the old horse on my back, and drove the potatoes before me : and when I tied the load to the loaf, I had nothing to do but to carry the bottle in my hand : but bad luck to the way as I came home, for a nail out of the heal of my foot sprung a leak in my brogue, which pricked the very bone, bruised the skin, and made my brogue itself to blood : and I having no hammer by me, but a hatchet I left at home, I had to beat down the nail with the bottom of the bottle : and by the book, dear shoy, it broke to pieces, and scattered the wine in my mouth.

*Tom.* And how did you recompense your master for the loss of your bottle of wine ?

*Teag.* Arra dear shoy, I had a mind to cheat him, and myself too, for I took the bottle to a blacksmith, and desired him to mend it, that I might go to the butcher and get it full of bloody water, but he told me he could not work in any thing but steel and iron. Arra, said I, if I were in my own kingdom, I could get a blacksmith who would make a bottle out of a stone, and a stone out of nothing.

*Tom.* And how did you trick your master out of it ?

*Teag.* Why the old rogue began to chide me, asking me what way I broke it, then I held up the other as high as my head, and let it fall to the ground on a stone, which broke it all in pieces likewise : now, said I, master, that's the way, and then he beat me very heartily, until I had to shout out mercy and murder all at once.

*Tom.* Why did you not leave him when he used you so badly.

*Teag.* Arra, dear shoy, I could never think to leave him while I could eat, he gave me so many good victuals, and promised to prefer me to be his own bone-picker. But by shaint Patrick, I had to run away with my life or all was done, else I had lost my dear shoul and body too by him, and then I came home much poorer than I went away. The great big

bitch dog which was my master's best beloved, put his head into a pitcher to lick out some milk, and when it was in he could not get it out, and I to save the pitcher got the hatchet and cut off the dog's head, and then I had to break the pitcher to get out the head; by this I lost both the dog and the pitcher. My master, hearing of this, swore he would cut the head off me, for the poor dog was made useless, and could not see to follow any body for want of his eyes: And when I heard of this, I ran away with my own head, for if I had wanted it I had lost my eyes too, then I would not have seen the road to Port Partrick, through Glen-nap, but by shaint Patrick I came home alive in spite of them all.

*Tom.* O rarely done Pady, you behaved like a man, but what is the reason that you Irish people swear always by shaint Patrick, what is this shaint Patrick?

*Teag.* Arra, dear honey, he was the best shaint in the world, the father of all good people in the kingdom, he has a great kindness for an Irishman, when he hears him calling on his name; he was the first that sow'd the potatoes in Ireland, for he knew it was a bit of good fit ground, it being a gentleman's garden before Noah's flood.

*Tom.* But dear Pady, is shaint Patrick yet alive, that he hears the Irish people when they speak of his name?

*Teag.* Arra, dear honey, I don't know whether he be dead or alive, but it's a long time since they killed him, the people turned all heathens, for he would not change his profession, and was going to run the country with it, and for taking his gospel away to England, so the barbarous tories of Dublin cutted off his head, and what do you think he did when his head was off?

*Tom.* What could a dead man do you fool?

*Teag.* Dead, faith he was not such a big fool as to die yet, he swimm'd over to England after this, and brought his head along with him.\*

*Tom.* And how did he carry his head and swim too?

*Teag.* Arra, dear honey, he carried his head in his teeth.

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\* 'In his teeth,' according to a modern undated edition.

*Tom.* No, Pady, it won't hold, I must have caution for that.

*Teag.* If you won't believe me, I'll swear it over again,

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## PART II.

*Tom.* And how did you get safe out of Scotland at last?

*Teag.* By the law dear honey, when I came to Port Patrick, and saw my own kingdom, I thought I was safe at home, but I was clean dead and almost drowned before I could get riding over the water : for I, with nine passengers more, leapt in a little young boat, having but four men dwelling in a little house, in the one end of it, which was all thacked with deals : and after they had pulled up her tether-stick, and laid her long halter over her mane, they pulled up a long big sheet like three pair of blankets to the riggen of the house, and the wind blew in that, which made her gallop up one hill and down another, till I thought she would have run to the world's end if some part of the world had not catch't her by the foot.

*Tom.* I fancy, Pady, you was by this time very sick?

*Teag.* Sick, ay sick beyond all sickness, clean dead as a door-nail ; for as I had lost the key of my backside, I bock'd up the very bottom of my belly, and I thought that liver and lungs, and all that I had should have gone together ; then I called to the fellow that held by her tail behind, to pull down his sheet and hold her head, till I got leasure to die, and then say my prayers.

*Tom.* Well then, Pady, and got you safe ashore at last?

*Teag.* Ay, we came ashore very fast ; but, by shaint Patrick, I shall never venture my dear shoul and body in such a young boat again, while the wind blows out of Scots Galloway.\*

*Tom.* Well, Pady, and where did you go when you came to Ireland again?

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\* *I.e.*, off the Mull of Galloway.

*Teag.* Arra dear honey, and where did I go, but to my own dear cousin, who was now become very rich by the death of the old buck his father : who died but a few weeks before I went over, and the parish had to bury him out of pity, it did not cost him a farthing.

*Tom.* And what entertainment or good usage did you get there, Pady ?

*Teag.* O my dear shoy, I was kindly used as another gentleman, for I told him I had made something of it, by my travels, as well as himself, but I had got no money, therefore I had to work for my victuals while I staid with him.

*Tom.* Ho, poor Pady, I suppose you would not stay long there.

*Teag.* Arra, dear honey, I could have staid there long enough, but when a man is poor his friends think little of him : I told him I was going to see my brother Harry : Harry, said he, is dead : dead said I, and who killed him ? Why said he, death : Allelieu, dear honey, and where did he kill him ? said I. In his bed, said he ; O what for a cowardly action was that, said I, to kill a man in his bed : and what is this fellow death ? said I. What is he, He is one that kills more than the head butcher in all Cork does. Arra, dear honey, said I, if he had been upon Newry mountains with his brogues on, and his broad sword by his side, all the deaths in Ireland had not have killed him : O that impudent fellow death, if he had let him alone till he died for want of butter milk and potatoes, I am sure he had lived all the days of his life.

*Tom.* In all your travels when abroad, did you never see any of your countrymen, to inform you of what happened at home concerning your relations ?

*Teag.* Arra dear shoy, I saw none but Tom Jack one day in the street ; but when I came to him, it was not him, but one just like him.

*Tom.* On what account did you go a travelling ?

*Teag.* Why, a decruiting sergeant listed me to be a captain, and after all advanced me no higher than a soldier itself, but

only he called me his dear countryman recruit : for I did not know what the regiment was when I saw them ; I thought they were all gentlemen's sons and collegeoners, when I saw a box like a bible upon their bellies : until I saw K for King George upon it, and R for God bless him : ho, ho, said I, I shan't be long here.

*Tom.* O then Pady, you deserted from them ?

*Teag.* Ah that's what I did, and run to the mountains like a wild buck, and ever since when I see any soldiers I close my eyes, lest they should look and know me.

*Tom.* And what exploits did you do when you were a soldier ?

*Teag.* Arra, dear honey, I killed a man.

*Tom.* And how did you that ?

*Teag.* Arra, dear honey, when he dropt his sword, I drew mine, and advanced boldly to him, and then cutted off his foot.

*Tom.* O then what a big fool was you ; for you ought first to have cut off his head.

*Teag.* Arra, dear shoy, his head was cutted off before I engaged him, else I had not done it.

*Tom.* O then Pady, you acted like a fool ; but you are not such a big fool as many take you to be, you might pass for a philosopher.

*Teag.* A fulusifair, my father was a fulusifair, besides he was a man under great authority by law, condemning the just and clearing the guilty : do you know how they call the horse's mother ?

*Tom.* Why they call her a mare.

*Teag.* A mare, ay very well minded, by shaint Patrick, my father was a mare in Cork.

*Tom.* And what riches was left you by the death of your mother ?

*Teag.* A bad luck to her old barren belly, for she lived in great plenty, and died in great poverty : devoured up all or she died, but two hens and a pockful of potatoes, a poor estate for an Irish gentleman, in faith.

*Tom.* And what did you make of your hens and potatoes, did you sow them ?

*Teag.* Arra, dear shoy, I sowed them in my belly, and sold the hens to a cadger.

*Tom.* And what business did your mother follow after?

*Teag.* Greatly in the merchant way.

*Tom.* And what sort of goods did she deal in?

*Teag.* Dear honey, she went through the country and sold small fishes, onions and apples : bought hens and eggs, and then hatched them herself. I remember one long-necked cock she had of an oversea brood, that stood on the midden and picked all the stars out of the north-west so they were never so thick there since.

*Tom.* Now Pady, that's a bull surpasses all : but is there none of that cock's offspring alive in Ireland now?

*Teag.* Arra, dear shoy, I don't think that there are, but it is a pity but they had, for they would fly with people above the sea, which would put the use of ships out of fashion, and then there would be nobody drowned at sea at all.

*Tom.* Very well Pady : but in all your travels did you ever get a wife?

*Teag.* Ay that's what I did, and wicked wife too.

*Tom.* And what is become of her now?

*Teag.* Dear shoy, I can't tell whether she is gone to Purgatory, or the parish of Pig-trantrum : for she told me she should certainly die the first opportunity she could get, as this present evil world was not worth the waiting on, so she would go and see what good things is in the world to come ; and so when that old rover called the Fever, came raging like a madman over the whole kingdom, knocking the people on the head with deadly blows, she went away and died out of spite, leaving me with nothing but two motherless children.

*Tom.* O, but Pady, you ought to have gone to a doctor, and got some pills and physic for her.

*Teag.* By shaint Patrick I had as good a pill of my own as any doctor in the kingdom could give her, and as for sneeshing, she could never use snuff nor tobacco in her life.

*Tom.* O you fool that is not what I mean ; you ought to

have brought the doctor to feel her pulse, and let blood of her if he thought it needful.

*Teag.* Yes, that's what I did ; for I ran to the doctor whenever she died, and sought something for a dead or dying woman ; the old foolish devil was at his dinner, and began to ask me some dirty questions, which I answered distinctly.

*Tom.* And what did he ask, Pady ?

*Teag.* Why, he asked me, How did my wife go to stool? to which I answered, the same way that other women go to a chair : no, said he, that's not what I mean, how does she purge? Arra, Mr. Doctor, said I, all the fire in Purgatory wont purge her clean ; for she has both a cold and stinking breath. Sir, said he, that is not what I ask you, whether does she shit thick or thin? Arra, Mr. Doctor, said I, it is sometimes so thick and hard that you may take it in your hand, and eat it like a piece of cheese or pudding, and at other times you may drink it, or sup it with a spoon. At this he flew in a most terrible rage, and kicked me down stairs, and would give me nothing to her, but called me a dirty scoundrel for speaking of shit before ladies.

*Tom.* And was you sorry when your wife died ?

*Teag.* Arra, dear shoy, if any body had beat me, I was fit to cry myself.

*Tom.* And in what good order did you bury your wife when she died ?

*Teag.* O my dear shoy she was buried in all manner of pomp, pride, and splendour ; a fine coffin with cords in it, and within the coffin along with herself, she got a pair of new brogues, a penny candle, a good hard-headed old hammer, with an Irish sixpenny piece, to pay her passage at the gate and what more could she look for.\*

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\* A custom which has not yet fallen into disuetude in Irish communities. The popular idea of the use of these articles is simply that the brogues are for the accommodation of the dead man on his journey heaven-wards ; the candle to light him on the way ; the 'good hard-headed old hammer' to raise St. Peter, the venerable porter at the celestial gate ; and the money is to pay for tolls. To many persons this explanation may smack somewhat of irreverence, but we are not aware of any more satisfactory explanation of the custom. Divested of its 'bulls,' the narrative of Teague is a fair outline of the proceedings at an Irish funeral.



*Tom.* I really think you gave her enough along with her, but you ought to have cried for her, if it was no more but to be in the fashion.

*Teag.* And why should I cry without sorrow? when we hired two criers to cry all the way before her to keep in the fashion.

*Tom.* And what do they cry before a dead woman?

*Teag.* Why they cry the common cry, or funeral lament that is used in our Irish country.

*Tom.* And what manner of cry is that, Pady?

*Teag.* Dear Tom, if you don't know, I'll tell you, when any dies, there is a number of criers goes before, saying, Luff, fuff, fou, allelieu, dear honey, what aileth thee to die! it was not for want of good buttermilk and potatoes.

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### PART III.

*Tom.* WELL Pady, and what did you do when your wife died?

*Teag.* Dear honey, what would I do: do you think I was such a big fool as to die too, I am sure, If I had I would not have got fair play, when I am not so old yet as my father was when he died.

*Tom.* No, Pady, it is not that I mean, was you sorry, or did you weep for her?

*Teag.* Weep for her; by shaint Patrick I would not weep nor yet be sorry, suppose my own mother and all the women in Ireland had died seven years before I was born.

*Tom.* What did you do with your children when she died?

*Teag.* Do you imagine I was such a big fool as bury my children alive, along with a dead woman: Arra, dear honey, we always commonly give nothing along with a dead person, but an old shirt, a winding sheet, a big hammer, with a long candle, and an Irish silver three-penny piece?

*Tom.* Dear Pady, and what use do they make of all them things?

*Teag.* Then, Tom, since you are so inquisitive, you must go ask the priest.

*Tom.* What did you make of your children then Pady?

*Teag.* And what should I make of them, do you imagine that I should give them into the hands of the butchers, as they had been a parcel of young hogs: by shaint Patrick, I had more unnaturality in me, than to put them in an hospital as others do.

*Tom.* No, I suppose you would leave them with your friends?

*Teag.* Ay, ay, a poor man's friends is sometimes worse than a profest enemy: the best friend I ever had in the world was my own pocket while my money lasted; but I left two babes between the priest's door and the parish church, because I thought it was a place of mercy, and then set out for England in quest of another fortune.

*Tom.* And did you not take good-night with your friends ere you came away?

*Teag.* Arra, dear honey, I had no friends in the world but an Irish half-crown, and I would have been very sorry to parted with such a dear pocket-companion at such a time.

*Tom.* I fancy Pady, you've come off with what they call a moon-shine flitting.

*Teag.* You lie like a thief now, for I did not see sun, moon, nor stars, all the night then: for I set out from Cork at the dawn of night, and I had travelled twenty miles all but twelve, before gloaming in the morning.

*Tom.* And where did you go to take shipping?

*Teag.* Arra, dear honey, I came to a country village called Dublin, as a big a city as any market-town in all England, where I got myself aboard of a little young boat, with a parcel of fellows, and a long leather bag, I supposed them to be tinkers, until I asked what they carried in that leather sack; they told me it was the English mail they were going over with: then said I, is the milns so scant in England, that they must send over their corn to Ireland to grind it; the comical cunning fellows persuaded me it was so; then I went down

to a little house below the water, hard by the rigg-back of the boat, and laid me down on their leather sack, where I slept myself almost to death with hunger. And dear Tom, to tell you plainly, when I awaked I did not know where I was, but thought I was dead and buried, for I found nothing all round me but wooden walls and timber above.

*Tom.* And how did you come to yourself, to know where you was at last.

*Teag.* By the law, dear shoy, I scratched my head in a hundred parts, and then set me down to think upon it, so I minded it was my wife that was dead, and not me, and that I was alive in the young post boat, with the fellows that carries over English meal from the Irish milns.

*Tom.* O then, Pady, I am sure yon was glad when you found yourself alive?

*Teag.* Arra, dear shoy, I was very sure I was alive, but I did not think to live long, so I thought it was better for me to steal and be hanged, than to live all my days, and die directly with hunger at last.

*Tom.* What, had you no meat nor money along with you?

*Teag.* Arra, dear shoy, I gave all the money to the captain of the house or gudeman of the ship, to carry me into the sea, or over to England, and when I was like to eat my old brogues for want of victuals, I drew my hanger and cut their leather sack thinkin' to get a lick of their meal; but allelieu, dear shoy, I found nothing, meal nor seeds, but a parcel of papers and letters, a poor morsel indeed for a hungry man.

*Tom.* O then Pady you laid down your honesty for nothing.

*Teag.* Ay, ay, I was a great theif, but got nothing to steal.

*Tom.* And how did you come to get victuals at last?

*Teag.* Allelieu, dear honey, the thoughts of meat and drink, death and life, and every thing else, was out of my mind, I had not a thought but one.

*Tom.* And what was that Pady?

*Teag.* To go down among the fishes and become a whale; then I would have lived an easy life all my days, having nothing to do but drink salt water, and eat caller oysters.

*Tom.* What Pady, was you like to be drowned again?

*Teag.* Ay, ay, drowned, as cleanly drowned as a fish, for the sea blew very loud, and the wind ran so high, that we were all cast away safe on shore, and not one of us drowned at all.

*Tom.* And where did you go when you came on shore?

*Teag.* Arra, dear honey, I was not able to go any where, you might cast a knot on my belly, I was so hollow in my middle so I went into a gentleman's house and told him the bad fortune I had of being drowned between Ireland and the foot of his garden ; where we came all safe ashore. But all the comfort I got from him was a word of truth.

*Tom.* And what was that Pady?

*Teag.* Why he told me if I had been a good boy at home: I needed not to have gone so far to push my fortune with an empty pocket ; to which I answered, and what magnifies that, as long as I am a good workman at no trade at all.

*Tom.* I suppose, Pady, the gentleman would make you dine with him?

*Teag.* I really thought I was, when I saw them roasting and skinning so many black chickens which was nothing but a few dead crows they were going to eat ; ho, ho, said I, them is but dry meat at the best, of all the fowls that flie, commend me to the wing of an ox : but all that came to my share, was a piece of boiled herring and a roasted potatoe, that was the first bit of bread I ever eat in England.

*Tom.* Well, Pady, what business did you follow after in England, when you was so poor?

*Teag.* What sir, do you imagine I was poor when I came over on such an honourable occasion as to list, and bring myself to no preferment at all. As I was an able bodied man in the face, I thought to be made a brigadeer, a grandedeer, or a fuzeleer, or even one of them blew gowns that holds the fiery stick to the bung-hole of the big cannons, when they let them off, to fright away the French ; I was as sure as no man alive ere I came from Cork, the least preferment I could get, was to be riding-master to a regiment of marines, or one of the black horse itself.

*Tom.* Well Pady, you seem to be a very clever man, to be all in one body, what height are you?

*Teag.* Arra, dear shoy, I am five foot nothing, all but one inch.

*Tom.* And where in England was it you listed?

*Teag.* Arra, dear shoy, I was going through that little country village, the famous city of Chester, the streets was very sore by reason of the hardness of my feet, and lameness of my brogues, so I went but very slowly a-cross the streets, from port to port is a pretty long way, but I being weary thought nothing of it: then the people came all crowding to me as I had been a world's wonder, or the wandering Jew: For the rain blew in my face, and the wind wetted all my belly, which caused me to turn the backside of my coat before, and my buttons behind, which was a good safeguard to my body, and the starvation of my naked back: as I had not a good shirt.

*Tom.* I am sure then, Pady, they would take you for a fool?

*Teag.* No, no, sir, they admired me for my wisdom, for I always turned my buttons before, when the wind blew on behind, but I wondered greatly how the people knew my name, and where I came from: for every one told another, that was Pady from Cork: I suppose they knew my face by seeing my name in the newspapers.

*Tom.* Well, Pady, what business did you follow in Chester?

*Teag.* To be sure I was not idle, working at nothing at all, until a decruiting sergeant came to town with two or three fellows along with him, one beating on a fiddle, and another playing on a drum, tossing their airs thro' the street, as if they were going to be married: and I saw them courting none but young men; so to bring myself to no preferment at all, I listed for a soldier because I was too high for a grandedeer.

*Tom.* And what listing money did you get, Pady?

*Teag.* Arra, dear shoy, I got five thirteens and a pair of English brogues; the guinea and the rest of the gold was sent away to London, to the King my master, to buy me new shirts, a cockade, and common treasing for my hat, they made

me swear the malicious oath of devilrie against the King, the colours, and my captain, telling me if ever I desert and not run away, that I should be shot, and then whipt to death, through the regiment.

*Tom.* No Pady : it is first whipt and then shot you mean.

*Teag.* Arra, dear shoy, it is all one thing at last, but it is best to be shot and then whipt, the cleverest way to die, I'll warrant you.

*Tom.* How much pay did you get, Pady ?

*Teag.* Do you know the little tall fat seargeant that feed me to be a soldier ?

*Tom.* And how should I know them I never saw, you fool ?

*Teag.* Dear shoy, you may know him whether you see him or not ! for his face is all bored in big holes with the small pox, his nose is the colour of a lobster-toe, and his chin like a well washen potatoe : he's the biggest rogue in our kingdom, you'll know him when he cheats you, and the wide world ; and another mark, he dights his mouth before he drinks, and blows his nose before he takes a snuff ; the rogue height me sixpence a day, kill or no kill : and when I laid Sunday and Saturday both together, and all the days in one day, I can't make a penny above fivepence of it.

*Tom.* You should have kept an account, and asked your arrears once a month.

*Teag.* That's what I did, but he read a paternoster, out of his prayer book, wherein all our names are written ; so much for a stop-hold to my gun, to bucklers, to a pair of comical harn-hose, with leather buttons from top to toe ; and worst of all, he would have no less than a penny a week to a doctor ; arra, said I, I never had a sore finger nor yet a sick toe, all the days of my life, then what have I to do with the doctor, or the doctor to do with me ?

*Tom.* And did he make you pay all these things ?

*Teag.* Ay, ay, pay and better pay ; he took me before his captain, who made me pay all was in his book. Arra, master captain, said I, you are a comical sort of a fellow now, you might as well make me pay for my coffin before I be dead, as

to pay for a doctor before I be sick ; to which he answered in a passion, sirra, said he, I have seen many a better man buried without a coffin : sir, said I, then I'll have a coffin, die when I will, if there be as much wood in all the world, or I shall not be buried at all. Then he called for the sergeant, saying, you, sir, go and buy that man's coffin, and put it in the store till he die, and stop sixpence a week off his pay for it : No, no, sir, said I, I'll rather die without a coffin ; and seek none when I'm dead ; but if you are for clipping another sixpence off my poor pay, keep it all to yourself, and I'll swear all your oaths of agreement we had back again, and then seek soldiers where you will.

*Tom.* O then Pady, how did you end the matter ?

*Teag.* Arra, dear shoy, by the mights of shaint Patrick and help of my own brogues, I both ended it, and mended it, for the next night before that, I gave them leg bail for my fidelity, and then went about the country a fortune-teller, dumb and deaf as I was not.

*Tom.* How old was you Pady when you was a soldier last ?

*Teag.* Arra, dear honey, I was three dozen all but two, and it is only but two years since, so I want only four years of three dozen yet, and when I live six dozen more, I'll be older than I am, I'll warrand you.

*Tom.* O but Pady, by your account, you are three dozen of years old already.

*Teag.* O what for a big fool are you now Tom, when you count the years I lay sick ; which time I count no time at all.

#### A NEW CATECHISM, &c.

*Tom.* OF all the opinions professed in religion tell me now, Pady, of what profession art thou ?

*Pady.* Arra, dear shoy, my religion was too weighty a matter to carry out of my own country : I was afraid that you English Presbyterians should pluck it away from me.

*Tom.* What, Pady, was your religion such a load that you could not carry it along with you ?

*Pady.* Yes, that it was, but I carried it always about with

me when at home, my sweet cross upon my dear breast, bound to my dear button hole.

*Tom.* And what manner of worship did you perform by that?

*Pady.* Why I adored my cross, the pope, and the priest, cursed Oliver, as black as a crow, and swears myself a cut throat against all Protestants and church of Englandmen.

*Tom.* And what is the matter but you would be a church of Englandman, or a Scotch Presbyterian yourself, Pady?

*Pady.* Because it is unnatural for an Irishman, but had shaint Patrick been a Presbyterian, I had been the same.

*Tom.* And for what reason would you be a Presbyterian then, Pady?

*Pady.* Because they have a liberty to eat flesh in lent, and every thing that's fit for the belly.

*Tom.* What, Pady, are you such a lover of flesh that you would change your profession for it?

*Pady.* O yes, that's what I did, I love flesh of all kinds, sheep's beef, swine's mutton, hare's flesh, and hen's venison; but our religion is one of the hungriest in all the world, ah! but it makes my teeth to weep, and my belly to water, when I see the Scotch Presbyterians and English churchmen, in time of lent, feeding upon bull's bastards, and sheep's young children.

*Tom.* Why Pady, do you say the bull is a fornicator, and gets bastards?

*Pady.* Arra, dear shoy, I never saw the cow and her husband, all the days of my life, nor before I was born, going to the church to be married, and what then can his sons and daughters be but bastards?

*Tom.* O Pady, Pady, the cow is but a cow, but and so are you: but what reward will you get when you are dead, for punishing your belly so while you are alive?

*Pady.* By shaint Patrick I'll live like a king when I'm dead, for I will neither pay for meat nor drink.

*Tom.* What, Pady, do you think that you are to come alive again when you are dead?



*Pady.* O yes, we that are true Roman Catholicks we will live a long time after we are dead ; when we die in love with the priests, and the good people of our profession.

*Tom.* And what assurance can your priests give you of that?

*Pady.* Arra, dear shoy, our priest is a great shaint, and a good shoul, who can repeat a patter-noster, and Ave Maria, which will fright the very horned devil himself and make him run for it, until he be like to fall and break his neck.

*Tom.* And what does he give you when you are dying that makes you come alive again?

*Pady.* Why he writes a letter upon our tongues, sealed with a wafer, gives us a sacrament in our mouth, with a pardon, and direction in our right-hand, who to call for at the ports of Purgatory?

*Tom.* And to whom do they direct the dead?

*Pady.* Why the English Romans when they die are all directed to shaint George, the Scots to shaint Andrew, the Welch to shaint David, and our own dear countrymen must every shoul of them go to shaint Patrick, but them that have no money to pay the priest for a pardon, or those that are drown'd or die by themselves in the fields without a priest, is lost, and sent away as black-guard scoundrels, to wander up and down while the world stands, among the brownies, fairies, mermaids, sea-devils, and water kelpies.

*Tom.* And what money design you to give the priests for your pardon?

*Pady.* Dear shoy, I wish I had first the money he would take for it, I would rather drink it myself, and then give him both my bill and my honest word, payable in the other world.

*Tom.* And how then are you to get a passage to the other world, or who is to carry you there?

*Pady.* O my dear shoy, Tom, you know nothing of the matter ; for, when I die, they will bury my body, flesh, blood, dirt and bones, only my skin will be blown up full of wind and spirit, my dear shoul I mean ; and then I will be blown over to the other world, on the wings of the wind ; and after that I shall never be kill'd hang'd nor drowned, nor yet die

in my bed, for when any hits me a blow, my new body will play buff upon it like a bladder.

*Tom.* But what way will you go to the new world, or where is it?

*Pady.* Arra, dear shoy, the priest knows where it is, but I do not, but the Pope of Rome keeps the outer-port, shaint Patrick the inner-port, and gives us a direction of the way to shaint Patrick's palace, which stands on the head of the Stalian-loch, where I'll have no more to do but chap at the gate.

*Tom.* What is the need for chapping at the gate, is it not always open?

*Pady.* Dear Shoy, you know little about it, for there is none can enter in but red-hot Irishmen, for when I call, "Allelieu, dear honey, shaint Patrick countenance your own dear country-man if you will." Then the gates will be opened directly to me, for he knows and loves an Irishman's voice, as he loves his own heart.

*Tom.* And what entertainment will you get when you are in?

*Pady.* O my dear, we are all kept there until a general review, which is commonly once in the week; and then we are drawn up, like as many young recruits, and all the black-guard scoundrels is pickt out of the ranks, and one half of them is sent away to the Elysian fields, to curry the weeds from among the potatoes, the other half of them to the river Sticks, to catch fishes for shaint Patrick's table; and all them that is owing the priests any money, is put in the black hole, and then given into the hands of a great black bitch of a devil which they keep for a hangman, who whips them up and down the smoaky dungeon every morning for six months, then holds their bare back-side to a great fire, until their hips be all in one blister, and after all, they are sent away to the poor parish of Pig-trantum, where they get nothing to eat but cold sowens, burgue, and butter-milk.

*Tom.* And where does your good people go when they are separated from the bad?

*Pady.* And where would you have them to go, but unto

shaint Patrick's palace, and then they may go down the back stairs into the garden of Eden, now called Paradise : ah ! my dear shoy, this is the real fundamental truths of our Romish Religion, and a deep doctrine it is, but your Presbyterians and English churchmen will not believe it, and, by shaint Patrick, neither can I, until I see more of it come to pass.

*Tom.* And what manner of life does your priest ordain you to live in the world to come ?

*Pady.* Arra, dear shoy, if I had money enough to buy pardons from our priest, I might commit all the lies forbidden in the holy books, as he gives them a toleration to lie and cheat all the world, but those of our own profession.

*Tom.* What, Pady, are you not to do as much justice to a Protestant as a Papist ?

*Pady.* O my dear shoy, the most justice we are commanded to do to a Protestant, is to whip and torment them until they confess themselves in the Romish Faith, and then cut their throats that they may die believers.

*Tom.* What business do you follow after at present ?

*Pady.* Arra, dear shoy, I am a mountain sailor, and my supplication is as follows,

PADY'S HUMBLE PETITION, OR SUPPLICATION.

GOOD Christian people behold me a man ! who has com'd thro' a world of wonders, a hell full of hardships, dangers by sea, and dangers by land, and yet I am alive, you may see my hand crooked like a fowl's foot, and that is no wonder at all, considering my sufferings and sorrows : Oh ! oh ! oh ! good people I was a man in my time who had plenty of the gold, plenty of the silver, plenty of the clothes, plenty of the butter, the beer, beef, and bisket. And now, now I have nothing : being taken by the Turks and relieved by the Spaniards, lay sixty-six days at the siege of Gibraltar, and got nothing to eat but sea wreck and raw mussels ; then put to sea for our safety, cast upon the Barbarian coast among the woful wicked Algerines, where we were taken, and tied with tugs and tadders, horse-locks and cow-chains : then cut and

castrate yard and testicles quite away, if you will not believe, put in your hand and feel how every female's made smooth by the sheer-bone, where nothing is to be seen but what is natural. Then made our escape to the desert wild wilderness of Arabia : where we lived amongst the wild asses, upon wind, sand, and sapless ling. Afterwards put to sea in the hull of an old house ; where we was tossed above and below the clouds, being driven thro' thickets and groves by fierce, coarse, calm and contrary winds ; at last, was cast away upon Salisbury plains, where our vessel was dash'd to pieces against a cabbage-stock. And now my humble petition to you good Christian people is, for one hundred of your beef, one hundred of your butter, another of your cheese, a cask of your bisket, a tun of your beer, a keg of your rum, with a pipe of your wine, a lump of your gold, a piece of your silver, a few of your halfpence or farthings, a waught of your butter-milk, a pair of your old breeches, stockings, or shoes, even a chaw of tobacco for charity's sake.

#### A CREED FOR ROMISH BELIEVERS.

I BELIEVE the Pope of Rome, to be the right heir and true successor of Peter the Apostle, and that he has a power above all the kings of the world, being spiritual and temporal ; endowed with a communication from beyond the grave, and can  
*\* i.e. or* bring up any departed shoul \* he pleases, even as the  
 a devil in woman of Endor brought up Samuel to Saul, by the  
 its stead. same power he can, assisted by the enchantments of old Manasseh, a king in Israel. I believe also in the Romish priests that they are very civil chaste gentlemen, keep no wives of their own, but partake a little of other men's, when in secret confession, I acknowledge the worshipping of images and relicks of shaints departed to be very just ; but if they hear us and not help us, O they are but a parcel of ungrateful wretches.

FINIS.

*SIMPLE JOHN AND HIS TWELVE  
MISFORTUNES.*

[ 'The Comical History of Simple John, and his Twelve Misfortunes; which happened all in twelve Days after the unhappy Day of his Marriage. Giving a particular account of his Courtship and Marriage to a Scolding Wife; which has been a mortifying Misery to many a poor Man.

O Sirs will you see,  
What it is to married be !

Glasgow : Printed for the Company of Flying Stationers, in Town and country. MDCCLXXX.' Such is the full title of the edition here used. It has been with the following editions:—'Edinburgh: printed for the booksellers, 1823'; and 'Stirling: printed by William Macnie, and sold wholesale and retail, 1823'; and also with the modern Glasgow one. ]

## THE COMICAL HISTORY OF SIMPLE JOHN AND HIS TWELVE MISFORTUNES.

SIMPLE JOHN was a widow's son, and a coarse country weaver to his trade ; he made nothing but such as canvas for caff-beds, corn and coal-sacks, druggit and harn was the finest webs he could lay his fingers to ; he was a great lump of a lang lean lad, aboon sax fit high afore he was aughteen year auld, and as he said himsel he grew sae fast and was in sic a hurry to be high, that he did not stay to bring a' his judgment wi' him, but yet he hoped it would follow him, and he would meet wi't as mony a ane does after they're married ; he had but ae sister, and she had as little sense as himsel, she was married on Sleeky Willy, the wylie weaver, his mither was a rattling rattle-scul'd wife, and they lived a' in ae house, and every body held them as a family of fools. When John came to man's state, to the age of twenty-one years, he tell'd his mither he would hae a wife o' some sort, either young or auld, widow or lass, if they had but head and hips, tongue and tail, he shou'd tak them, and weel I wat mither, quoth he, they'll get a lumping penny-worth o' me, get me wha will.

His mither tells him o' the black butcher on Ti'ot-side, who had three dochters, and every ane of them had something, there was Kate, Ann, and Girzy, had hunder merks the piece, Kate and Ann had both bastards. Girzy the eldest had a hump back, a high breast, baker legs, a short wry neck, thrawn mouth, and goggle ey'd, a perfect Æsop of the female kind, with as many crooked conditions within as without, a very lump of loun-like ill nature, row'd a' together, as if she had been nine months in a haggies, a second edition of crooked backed Richard an old English king, that was born wi' teeth to bite a' round about him ; and yet the wight gaed mad to be married.

John's mother tell'd him the road where to go, and what to say, and accordingly he sets out wi' his sunday's coat on, and a' his braws, and a pair o' new pillonian breeks o' his mither's

making. In he comes and tell'd his errand before he would sit down, says good day to you goodman, what are you a' doing here? I am wanting a wife, an' ye're a flesher and has a gude sorting aside you, my mither says ye can sair me or ony body like me, what say ye till't goodman, how mony dochters hae ye? are they a' married yet? I fain wou'd tak a look o' some o' them gin ye like.

A wow said the goodwife come in by honest lad and rest you, an ye be a wooer sit down an gi's a snuff; a deed goodwife I hae nae mill but my mither's, and it's at hame. A whar win ye, I'se no ken ye; I wat quoth he, my name's Jock Sandeman, they ca' me simple John the sack weaver, I hae nae tocher but my loom, a pirn wheel, a kettle pat, a brass pan, twa piggs, four cogs and a candlestick, a good cock, a cat, two eerocks new begun to lay; my sister Sara is married on sleeky Willie the wylie weaver, and I maun hae a hagwife or my mither die, for truly she's very frail, and ony harle o' health she has is about dinner-time; what say ye till't, goodman? can ye buckle me or no?

Goodman. A dear John ye're in an unco haste, ye wadna hae you're wife hame wi' ye? they're a' there before ye, which o' them will ye tak?

Hout tout says John, ony o' them 'ill sare me, but my mither says there's twa o' them has fauts: and what is their fauts said the goodwife, hout said John, it's no meikle faut, but I dinna like it, they got men or they were married. And what shall I do wi' them said the goodman.

John. A deed goodman as ye're ay dealing among dead beasts and living beasts, I wad put them awa amang ither beasts, or gin ye be aun ony penny, let some body tak them up o' desperate debt, I sud flay the sikes frae them, they anger'd you an' sham'd you baith wi' their bastards, a wheen daft jades it gets men or they be married, and bairns or they get bridals.

Goodwife. A wat weel that's true lad.

Girzy. A weel John than, will ye tak me, I hae nae bastards, how will you and I do?



John. I watna gin ye be able to get a bastard, yet ye may hae some war faut ; but ye maun be my pennyworth for ye're unco little, and I'm o'er muckle, and gin ye and I war ance cairded thro' ither, we may get bonny weans o' a midlen mak ; I hae nae fauts to ye, but ye hae a high breast, a hump back, a short neck, and high shoulders, the hands and legs may do, tho' your mouth be a wee bit to the tae side it will ly well to the rock and I hae a hantle o' tow to spin, will be baith sarks and sacks till us, ye'll be my sonsy dauty up and down ; a perfect beauty, wi' cats yellow een, black brows and red lips, and your very nose is a purpey colour, ye hae nae fauts at a' : now whan will we be married.

Girzy. Ha, ha, John lad, we maun think on that yet.

John. What the yeltow lass, shoudna ye be ready whan I'm ready, and every body says that the women's aye ready.

Goodman. Ye'll hae to come back and bring somebody wi' you, and we'll gree about it, and set the day whan ye'll be married.

John. A well goodman I'll tell my mither o't, and come back on munonday, and we'll hae a chappin o' ale and roasted cheese on the gude chance o't, but I maun hae a word o' the bride outby to convoy me, an a quiet speak to hersel about it.

Goodwife. A wow na John, the daft louns will laugh at you, and she'll think shame, gang ye out by and she'll speak to you thro' the gavel window.

Out goes John, and the bride and her twa sisters goes to the window within to hear the diversion, and what he would say ; now says John, Girzy my dear, my braw pretty woman, an ye be in earnest tell me, for by my suthe I'm no scorning.

Girzy. Indeed John I'm very willing to tak you, but ye need na tell every body about it.

John. Then gi' me a kiss on that ? He shutes his head in at the window, making a lang neck to win down to her, and she stood on a little stool to win up to him, O cries he, an ye were good flesh I could eat you a' I like you sae well, it's a pity there is sic a hard wa' a 'tween us, I'se tell my mither sae bonny as ye're : O gi' me anither kiss yet an then I'll go ;

one of her sisters standing by in a dark corner, get's ha'd of a cow's head which wanted a' the skin but about the mouth, and shutes it towards his mouth, which he kiss'd in the dark, O cry'd he, but your mouth be cauld since I kiss'd ye last, and I think ye hae a beard, I saw nae that afore, or is't wi' spinning tow that maks your mouth sae rough at e'en?

Hame he comes, and tells his mither the speed and properties of the marriage; a' things was got ready, and next week sleeky Willy the weaver and him came to gree the marriage and stay a' night wi' the bride, and teach John gude manners, for whan John was hungry he minded his meat more than his gude behaviour, and as he never was fu' till the dish was tume, Willy the weaver was to tramp on his fit when he thought he had supped enough; so all things being agreed upon short and easy terms and the wedding day sett, they were to be three times cry'd on Sunday and quietly married on Munonday, neither piper nor fidler to be employ'd, but sweith awa' hame frae the minister, and into the bed amang the blankets, ha, ha, cries John, that's the best o't a'.

Now every thing being concluded and proposed, the supper was brought, a large fat haggies, the very smell would done a hungry body gude, but John had only got twa or three soups until ane of the butcher's meikle dogs tramped on John's fit, which he took to be the weaver, and then he would sip no more; after supper they went to bed, John and the weaver lay together, and then he abused the weaver for tramping sae soon which he denied; but O, said John, there's a hantle o't left, and I saw where it was set, they're a' sleeping, I'll go rise and tak a soup o't yet, ay een do sae said Sleeky Willy, and bring a soup to me too; away then John goes to the amry and lays to the haggies, till his ain haggies cou'd had nae mair, then brings the rest to Sleeky Willy, but instead of going to the bed whare he was, goes to the bed whare the bride and her twa sisters lay, they being fast asleep, speaks slowly, will ye tak it, will ye tak it, but they making no answers, he turns up the blankets to put a soup into Willy's mouth, but instead of doing so, he puts a great spoonful close

into one of their backsides, Sleeky Willy hears all that past, comes out o' the bed, and sups out the remainders, and sets up the dish where it was, leaves the amry door open to let the cats get the blame of supping the haggies, and awa' they goes to bed, but poor John cou'd get nae sleep for drouth, up he gets in search of the water can, and finding an empty pitcher, puts in his hand to find if there was any water in it, but finding none, he closed his hand when it was within the pitcher, and then could not get it out, goes to the bed and tells Sleeky Willy what had happened him, who advised him to open the door and go out to a knocking-stane that stood before the door, and break it there to get out his hand, and not to mak a noise in the house, so out he goes, but the bride's sister who had gotten the great spoonful of the haggies laid to her backside was out before him, rubbing the nastiness (as she took it to be) off the tail of her sark, and she being in a louting posture, he took her for the knocking-stane, and comes o'er her hurdies with the pitcher, till it flew in pieces about her, then off she runs wi' the fright, round a turf stack and into the house before him ; John comes in trembling to the bed again wi' the fright, praying to preserve him, for sic a knocking stane he never saw, for it ran clean awa' when he brake the pigg upon it.

Now John was furnished in a house by his Father-in-law, the bed, loom, heddles, treadles, thrums, reeds and pirn-wheel was a' brought and set up, before the marriage, which was kept as a profound secret ; so that John got the first night of his ain wife, and his ain house a' at ae time : So on the next morning after the marriage, John and his wife made up some articles, how they were to work, and keep house, John was to keep the house in meat, meal, fire, and water ; Girzy was to mak the meat and keep the house in clothes, the Father-in-law to pay their rent for three years, they were to hae no servants, until they had children, and the first child was to be a John after its ain Daddy, get it wha will, if a boy, and if a girl, Girzy after its ain Minny, as he said, wha had wrought best for't.\*

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\* The text up till this point has been published separately under the title of 'The Miseries of Poor Simple Innocent Silly Tam.' The 'Misfortunes' are not

I. Then she ordered John to rise and begin his work, by putting on a fire, and take the twa new piggs and gang to the well, no sooner had John opened the door, and gone out with a pigg in every hand, than a' the boys and girls being gathered in a croud to see him, gave a loud huzza, and clapping their hands at him, poor John not knowing what it meant, thought it was fine sport, began to clap his hands too, and not minding the two piggs, clashes the tane against the tither, till baith went in pieces, and that was a chearful huzza, to baith young and auld that was looking at him. Girzel the wife draws him into the house, and to him she flies with the wicked wife's wapons, her Tongue and Tangs, made his ribs to crack, saying, They tell'd me ye was daft, but I'll ding the daffing out o' ye, I'll begin wi' ye as I'm amind to end wi' ye; poor John sat crying and clawing his lugs. Ha, ha, said he, its nae bairns play to be married, I find that already; his Mither-in-law came in and made up peace, went to a cooper, and got them a big wooden stoup to carry in their water.

II. Next morning John was sent to the flesh-market an errand to his Father-in-law, who gave him a piece of flesh to carry home, and as he was coming out of the market, he saw six or seven of the fleshers-dogs fall on and worry at a poor country colley dog, Justice, justice, cries John to the dogs, ye're but a when unmannerly raskel's, that fa's a on ae poor beast, heth ye sude a' be put in the toubooth, and tane to the bailies, and hang'd for the like o' that, it's perfect murder, and in he runs amongst the dogs, and be hang'd to you a' the-gither, What is the quarrel? What is the quarrel? John flings down the flesh he had carrying, and grips the colley, who took John for an enemy too, and bites his hands, till the blood followed, the whole of the tykes comes on a poor John, till down he goes in the dirt amongst their feet, and one of the dogs runs off with his flesh, so John went hame both dirty and bloody without his flesh, tell'd Girzy how it happened,

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given in that chap-book. In all the other editions of *Simple John* which have come under the notice of the editor, each of the 'misfortunes' is given a separate numerical title, as 'Misfortune I.,' etc.

who applied her old plaister, her tangs and tongue, made John to curse the very minister that married them, and wished he might never do a better turn.

III. Next morning, John was sent to the well with the great stoup to bring in water for breakfast, and as he was pulling the stoup out of the well, in he tumbles, and his head down, the well being narrow, he cou'd na win out, some people passing, by chance heard the slunge, cried, and runs to his relief, hail'd him out half dead, and helped him into the house, and after getting a dry sark, he was comforted with the old plaister, her tongue and the hard tangs.

IV. Next day, she says, John, I must go to the market myself, for if you go, you'll fight wi' the dogs, and let them run awa' wi' ony thing ye buy, see that ye put on the pot, and hae't boiling again I come hame; John promised well, but performs very badly, she's no sooner gone, than he puts on the new pot without any water in it, and a good fire to make it boil, and away he goes to the unhappy well, fills his stoup and sets it down, to look at a parcel of boys playing at Cat and Dog, they perswades John to take a game wi' them, on he plays till ane o' the boys cries, hy John, yonder's your Girzy coming. John runs into the house wi' the water, and the pot being red hot on the fire, he tumes in the cold water into it, which made the pot flee all in pieces, just as she was entering the door John runs for it, and she runs after him, crying, haud the thief, some persons stop'd him, she comes up, and then she laboured him all the way home, and he crying, O sirs, ye see what it is to be married; the Mither-in-law had to make up a peace again, and he promised good behaviour in time to come.

V. On the next morning she sent him to the water to wash some cows puddings, and turn them on a spindle, showing him how he was to do or he went away; John goes to the water very willingly, and as he turn'd and wash'd them, he laid them down behind him, where one of his Father-in-law's big dogs stood, and ate them up as fast as he laid them down till all was gone but the very last one, which he carried home

in his hand, crying like a child, and underwent a severe tost of the old plaister, before any mercy was shown.

VI. His Father-in-law next day sent him away to bring home a fat calf he had bought in the country, and tied up the money in a napkin, which he carried in his hand for fear he should lose it, being very weighty as it was all in halfpence, and as he was going alongst a bridge, he meets a man running after a horse, who cries to John to stop the horse, John meets him on the top of the bridge, and when he wou'd not be stopped for him, he knocks the horse on the face wi' the napkin and the money, so the napkin broke and most of the halfpence flew over the bridge in the water, which made poor John go home crying very bitterly for his loss, and dread of the auld plaister which he got very sicklerly.

VII. On the next morning, she sent him again to the bridge to see if he cou'd find any of it in the water, and there he found some ducks sweeming, and ducking down with their heads below the water, as he thought gathering up his money he kills one of them and rips her up, but found none of it in her guts or gabbie, then says he, they have been but looking for it, I'll go do as they did, strips off his clothes and leaves them on the bridge, goes in a ducking, in which time a rag man came past and took away all his clothes, so he went home naked to get a bath of the old plaister.

VIII. The next morning she sent him to a farm house for a piggsful of butter milk, and as he was returning through the fields the farmer's bull and anither bull was fighting, the farmer's bull being like to lose, John runs in behind him and sets his head to the bull's tail, in purpose to help him to push against the other, but the poor bull thought John was some other bull attacking him behind, fled aside, and the other bull came full-drive upon John, pushed him down, broke the pigg and spilt the milk, so John went home to his auld plaister, which began to be an usual diet to him, and so he regarded it the less.

IX. His Mother-in-law with several auld witty wives held a private counsel on John's conduct and bad luck, and con-

cluded he was bewitched, John was of the same opinion, and went to the minister, and told him he was the cause of a' his misfortunes, ca'd him a warlock to his face, and said, he had put such a black bargain in his hand, that he was ruin'd for ever ; insisted either to unmarry them again, or send death and the bell-man to take her awa', for she has a lump of mischief on her back and anither on her breast, and the rest of her body is a clean deil. The minister began to exhort him to peace and patience, telling him that marriage was made in heaven : ye're a baist liar, says John, for I was married in your ain kitchen, an a' the blackguards about the town was there, an it had a-been heaven they wadna win in, yet tell't me that matrimony was sic a happy state, but an ye had gotten as mony we'll paid skins as I hae gotten, ye wad ken what it is ; ill chance on you stir, and out he goes, cursing like a madman, throwing stanes, and breaking the minister's windows, for which he was catch'd and put twa hours i' the stocks, and at last his Lump of Corruption came and rubbed his lugs, threw his nose, got him out, and drove him home before her ; took a resolution never to set him about any business in time coming, but keep him on his loom.

X. Now she giving him no sleep a' that night for scolding ; John got up in the morning lang or day, leaving his tormentor in bed ; fell asleep upon his loom with his candle in his hand, and so set the web, heddles, reed, and treadle cords in a fire, by chance his old Viper looked out of the bed, or the whole house had been gone ; up she got, and with her cries alarm'd the neighbourhood who came to her relief, but poor John underwent a dreadful swabing for this.

XI. After the former hurry and beating being over, his work being stopt, he went to bed and slept a' that day, and following night, on the next day having nothing to do ; she sent him in search of a hen's-nest, who had taken some by-place to lay her eggs in, so as poor John was in an auld kill searching a' about the walls, the kill-ribs brake, and down he goes with a vengeance into the logie cutted and bruised himself in a terrible manner, up he could not win, but had to

creep out at the logie below, scarcely able to get hame, his face and nose a' running o' blood, in this condition she pitied and lamented for him very much, tied his sores and laid him in bed, then sat down very kindly, saying, My dear and my lamb, do ye think there is ony o' your banes broken, and what part o' you is sairest? And what will I get to do you good? O! said he Girzy I'm a brizel'd atween the feet; Are ye indeed quoth she, then I wish ye had broken your neck, that I might a gotten anither, useless ae way, and useless mae ways, a po' my word, ye's no be here, gang whar ye like.

XII. Now, as poor John was turn'd out o' doors next morning, to go awa' hirpling on a staff, one came and told him his Mother had died last night, Oh hoch, said John, and is my Mither clean dead; O an she wad but look down thro' the lift, and see how I'm guided this morning, I'm sure she wad send death for me too: I'm out o' a mither, and out o' a wife, out o' my health and strength and a' my warklooms. His mother-in-law came and pleaded for him: haud your tongue, mither, said Girzy, if ye kend what ail'd him, ye wadna speak about him, he's useless, no worth the keeping in a house, but to ca' him to die like an auld beast at a dyke-side, hout tout, co' the auld wife, we'll mak o' him and he'll mend again: so John got peace made up after a', and he was easier mended than the burnt web; got all his treadles and warklooms set in order the wife's tongue excepted, which was made of wormwood, and the rest of her body of sea-water, which is always in a continual tempest.

So John appeals to a Jedburgh jury, if it be not easier to deal wi' fools, than headstrong fashous fouks; owns he has but an empty scull, but his wicked wife wants wit to pour judgment into it, never tells him o' danger till it come upon him, for his mother said, he was a bidable bairn, if ony body had been to learn him wit.

FINIS.



*THE ANCIENT AND MODERN  
HISTORY OF BUCK-HAVEN.*

[This is one of the most valuable folk-lore chap-books ever issued from the press. Its richness in this respect has attracted the attention of Professor Stephens of Copenhagen, who gave some quotations from it in the second volume of *The Folk-Lore Record*. The edition used here is from the library of Alexander Macdonald, Esq., and bears the following on the title-page :—‘The Ancient and Modern History of Buck-haven in Fife-shire. Wherein is contained, The Antiquities of their old Dress. The Bucky-boat, with a flag of a green tree ; with their dancing, Willy and his trusty rapper. Their Burgess Ticket, with a view of their new College : the noted sayings and exploits of Wise Willy in the Brae, Witty Eppie the ale-wife, and Lingle-tail’d Nancy. By Merry Andrew at Tamtallon. Glasgow, Printed by J. and M. Robertson, Saltmarket, 1806.’ It is a 24 pp. 12mo, and is illustrated by several rough woodcuts which had apparently done service in other chap-books. The editor has carefully collated it with the following editions :—One, undated, by Morren, Cowgate, Edinburgh ; another, also without date, by Morren, but a different issue from the other, there being a change in the illustrations ; one published in 1817 by R. Hutchison & Co., 10 Saltmarket, Glasgow ; and an abridged one by M. Randall, Stirling (without date), with this short title—‘The Exploits of Wise Willie, and Witty Eppie the Ale-Wife of Buchaven.’ The three editions last mentioned, were courteously sent to the editor, all the way from Copenhagen, by Professor Stephens. There is also a modern Glasgow edition, greatly abridged, the text, as issued by Randall, having evidently been used by its publishers.]

## THE HISTORY OF BUCK-HAVEN.

AMONGST several ancient records, this Bucky is not mentioned ; there was a set called Buccaniers, who were pirates, that is to say sea-robbers, and after a strict search for that set of sea-robbers, they dispersed ; what of them escaped justice in the southern climate, are said to have sheltered at or near Berwick upon Tweed. After a smart battle, among themselves, they divided, and 'tis said, the party who gained this Bucky-battle, fearing the English law to take place, set northward and took up their residence at this Buck-haven, so called not only from the great quantity of Buckies that are found in and about that place, but on account of the battle they had with their neighbours at Berwick when they divided, which was then called bucking one another, but is now named boxing or fighting. Another party of these Buckers settled in another town northward of Banff, called Bucky, near the river Spey, which is a large sea-town, but among all the sea-towns in Scotland, the fishers still retain a language, quite different from the people in the country, and they almost all shift the letter H, and use O, instead thereof which no country-people do in Scotland, but themselves.\* There is a corruption of speech, in every county over all Britain, and likewise they use different tones and pronouncing words from others, even some in the South of Scotland, can hardly be understood by those in the North, though both pretend to speak English, and have a liberal part of education : but since learning is now so easy to be obtained, ignorance and corruption of speech are greatly decreased.†

In the county of Fife, on the sea-coast, there stands a little

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\* The inhabitants of Buck-haven have always been acknowledged to be a peculiar people. An account of their origin is to the effect that they are the descendants of the crew of a ship from the Netherlands, which stranded on the coast of Fifeshire in reign of James IV. The village of Buckie, mentioned in the text, is on the Moray Firth, in the parish of Ruthven, county of Banff.

† This paragraph is omitted in the modern and Randall's editions. The narrative in them begins with the next paragraph.

town, inhabited by few but fishers, called Bucky-harbour, because of the sea buckies and shells to be found so plenty on the rocks, in and about that place ; there is little mention made of this town by historians, to know its original extraction and antiquities, but in their own burges-ticket, which was part of it perfect truths, but more of it by way of lampoon ; this ticket was dated the two and thirty day of the month of Julius Cæsar, their coat of arms was two hands gripping each other over a Scate's rumple, their oath was, "I wish the de'il may tak me an I binna an honest man to you, an ye binna de like to me." An article of good neighbourhood they had, whoever was first up in a good morning, was to raise all the rest to go to sea, but if a bad morning, they piss and lie down again till break of day then raise Wise Willy, who could judge of the weather by the blowing of the wind.

Their freedoms were to take all sorts of fish contained in their tickets, viz., lobsters, partans, podles, spout-fish, sea-cats, sea-dogs, flukes, pikes, dike-padocks, and p— fish.

Among these people were said to be one Tom and his two sons, who were fishers on the coast of Norway, and in a violent storm were blown over, and got ashore at Bucky-harbour, where they settled, and the whole of his children were called Thomsons,\* this is a historical saying, handed down from one generation to another. So in course of time they grew up and multiplied, that they soon became a little town by themselves; few of any other name dwelt among them, and were all called the Thomsons ; they kept but little communication with the country people, for a farmer in those days thought his daughter cast awa, if she married one of the fishers of Bucky-harbour,† and Witty Eppie the ale-wife, wad a sworn be-go laddie, I wad rather see my boat and a' my three sons dadet against the Bass or I saw ony ane o' them married on a muck-a-byre's daughter, a wheen useless taupies, that can do naething but

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\* In Randall's and the modern edition this paragraph begins :—' Again, these people are said to have descended from one Tom, and his two sons,' etc.

† 'Other hand,' instead of 'fishers of Bucky-harbour,' in abridged editions.

rive at a tow-rock, and cut corn ; they can neither bait a hook nor red a line, hook sandles nor gather periwinkles.

Now Wise Willy and Witty Eppie the ale-wife lived there, about an hundred years ago. Eppie's chamber was their college and court-house, where they decided their controversies, and explained their wonders, for the house was wide like a little kirk, had four windows and a gavel-door, the wives got leave to flyte their fill, but fighting was forbidden, (as Eppie said, up hands was fair play) their fines, were a' in pints o' ale, and Eppie sold it at a plack the pint ; they had neither minister nor magistrate, nor yet a burly-bailie to brag them wi' his tolbooth ; my Lord was their landlord,\* Wise Willy and Witty Eppie the ale-wife were the rulers of the town.

Now Eppie had a daughter, call'd Lingle-tail'd Nancy, because of her feckless growth, her waist was like a twitter, had nae curpen for a creel, being Embruch bred, and brought up wi' her Lowdin aunty, was learned to read and sew, make corse-claiths and callico-mutches,† there wasna scholar in the town but hersel, she read the Bible and the book of Kirk-sangs which was newly come in fashion, Willy and Eppie tell'd ay what it meant, and said a' the letters in it, was litted by my Lord, for they saw him hae a feather that he dipped in black water, and made crooked scores just like the same, and then he spoke to it o'er again, and it tell'd him what to say.

It happened on a day, that two of their wives found a horse-shoe near the town, brought it hame, and sent for Wise Willy to see what it was. Willy comes and looks at it, Indeed co' Willy, its a thing and holes in't. Then said they, he would get a name til't, aha, co' Willy, but whair did ye find it? aneath my Lords ain house, Willy. Adeed, said Willy, its the auld moon, I ken by the holes in't for nailing it to the lift ; but I wonder it she fell in Fife, for the last time I saw her she was hinging on her back aboon Embruch, a hech co' Willy we'll hae her set up on

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\* The sentence reads thus in abridged editions :—'The Lord o'the manor decided all disputable points, and wise Willie,' etc.

† The word 'mancoes' is substituted for 'mutches' in the two abridged editions. They seem to have the same significance.

the highest house in the town, and we'll hae moon-light o' our ain a' the days o' the year. The whole town ran to see the moon; hout tout, cried Witty Eppie, ye're a' fools together, it is but ane o' the things it my Lord's mare wears upo' her lufe.\*

At another time, one of the wives found a hare with its legs broken, lying among her kail in the yard; she, not knowing what it was, called out her neighbours to see it, some said it was a gentleman's cat, or my lady's lap-dog, or a sheep's young kitlen, because it had saft horns; Na, na, cry'd Wise Willy, its ane o' the maukens, that gentlemen's dogs worrie. What will you do wi't? haith co' Maggy, I'll singe the woo' af't, and mak fish and sauce o't to my Tammy's parrich: No, no, said Witty Eppie, better gie't to my Lord, and he'd stap an iron stick thro' the guts o't, and gar't rin round afore the fire till it be roasted; Na, na, said Wise Willy, we'll no do that indeed, for my Lord wad mak us a' dogs, an gar us rin thro' the kintry seeking maukins till him.

It happened on a dark winter morning, that two of the wives were going to Dysart to sell their fish, and near the roadside there happened to be a tinker's ass tedder'd, and the poor ass seeing the wives coming with their creels, thought it was the tinkers coming to flit or remove him, fell a crying, the two wives threw their fish away, and ran home like mad persons, crying, they had seen the de'il, aye the very horned de'il, an thât he had spoken to them, and cried after them, but they did not ken what he said, for it was worse words than a Highlandman's. The whole town was in an uproar, some would go with picks and spades and hag him a' in pieces, others wad gang and catch him in a strong net, and then they could either hang or drown him. Na, na, co' Wise Willy, we manna cast out wi' him at the first, as he's gotten the twa burden o' fish,

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\* The people of Buckhaven seem to have been free from the old superstition regarding the horse-shoe charm. A horse-shoe nailed to a stable door kept the four-footed inmates free from the power of 'uncanny' beings. The custom still lingers in the country, but it is due more to use and wont than any active belief in its virtues.

he'll ables gang his wa' and no fash nae mair, he is o'er souple to be catch'd in a net, a' your pith 'ill neither hang him nor drown him, an' the kintry he comes frae is a' het coals, he'll never burn, we'll go to him in a civil manner, and see what he wants: get out Eppie the ale-wife, and lingle-tail'd Nancy, with the Bible and the Saum-book:\* so aff they came in a croud, either to kill the de'il or catch him alive, and as they came near the place, the ass fell a crying, which caused many of them to faint and run back: Na, na, co' Willy, that's no the de'il's words ava', it's my Lord's trumpeter touting on his brass whistle, Willy ventured till he saw the ass's twa lugs, now, cried Willy back to the rest, come forward and haud him fast, I see his twa horns, hech sirs, he has a white beard like an auld beggar man, so they enclosed the poor ass on all sides thinking it was the de'il: but when Wise Willy saw he had nae cloven feet, he cried out, Fearna' lads, this is no the de'il, it's some living beast, 'tis neither a cow nor a horse, and what is it then Willy? Indeed co' Willie, 'tis the father o' a' the maukens, I ken by its lugs.

Now some say, this is too satirical a history, but it is according to the knowledge of those times, not to say in any place by another, old wives tell us yet of many such stories, as the devil appearing to their grandfathers and grandmothers, and dead wives coming back again to visit their families, long after their being buried: but this Bucky-haven which was once noted for droll exploits, is now become more knowing, and is a place said to produce the best and hardest watermen or sailors of any town on the Scots coast, yet many of the old people in it, still retain the old tincture of their old and uncultivated speech, as be-go-laddie, also a fiery nature, if you ask any of the wives where their college stands, they'll tell you, if your nose were in their arse, your mouth would be at the door of it.

Now, it happened, when Wise Willy turned old he took a great swelling in his wame, and casting up o' his kail, collops

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\* A similar circumstance is related in the *History of John Cheap the Chapman*. See text and note at p. 93, vol. ii.

and could fish, that nothing staid on his stomach, and a stout stomach had he, for crab-heads, or scate-brose, or fat-brose on a bridal morning ; yet it fail'd him ; he fell sick, and none could cure him, or tell what ail'd him, till a mountebank stage-doctor came to Kirkcaldy, that could judge by people's water, the troubles of their person, and Willy hearing of his fame, pissed into a bottle, and sent it away with his daughter ; the bottle being uncorked, his daughter spilt it by the way, and to conceal her sloth in so doing, pissed in it herself, and on she goes, till she comes to the stage, and cries, Sir Dochter, Sir Dochter, here is a bottle o' my father's wash, he has a sair guts, and never needs to drite ony, he spues a' he eats, 'tis true I tell you my dow ; the doctor looks at it, and says, It is not your father's, surely it is your mother's ; de'il's i' the man, co' she, divna I ken my father by my mother ? Then, said he, he is with child : A de'il's i' the man co' she, for my mother bore a' de bairns before, dat's no true sir, a figs ye're a great liar, home she came, and tell'd Willy her father, that the doctor said he was wi' bairn. O waes me, co' Willy, for I hae a muckle wame, and I fear its o'er true, O plague on you Janet, for ye're the father o't, and I'm sure to die in the bearing o't. Witty Eppie was sent for, as she was houdy, and fand a' Willy's wame, to be sure about it, indeed co' Eppie ye're the first man e'er I saw wi' bairn before ; and how ye'll bear't I dinna ken, ye hae a wally wame, weel I wat, but how men bear bairns I never saw them yet, but I would drink sa't water and drown't in my guts, for an men get anes the gate o' bearing weans themsells, they'll seek nae mae wives : so Willy drank sea-water till his guts was like to rive, and out he goes to ease himself among the kail, and with the terrible hurl of farting, up starts a mauken behind him, thinking she was shot, Willy sees her jumping o'er the dike, thought it was a child brought forth, cries, Come back my dear and be christened, and no rin to the hills and be a Pagan,\* so Willy grew better every day there-

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\* Christening was looked upon by the people of Scotland as almost necessary to salvation. That doctrine held by a large section of the Christian church, was here



after, being brought to bed in the kail-yard : but his daughter was brought to bed some months thereafter, which was the cause of the doctor's mistake.

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PART II.

NOW Wise Willie had a daughter, called Rolloching Jenny, because she spoke thick, sax words at three times, half sense and half nonsense, as her own words and actions will bear witness. She being with child, was brought to bed of a bonnie lass bairn : and a' the wives in the town, cried, Be-go-laddie, its just like its ain daddy, lang Sandy Tason (or Thomson) we ken by its nose : for Sandy had a great muckle red nose like a lobster-tae, bowed at the point like a hawk's neb, and Sandy himself said, that it was surely his or some ither body's, but he had used a' his birr at the getting o't, to fey his ability, being the first time e'er he was at sic a business before, and when he had done a' that man could do at it, said, it was nonsense and shamefa' him, but he wad rather row his boat round the Bass and back again, or he did the like again : For Wise Willy gade wood at the wean, and said, it had mair ill nature in't, than the auldest wife about the town, it piss'd the bed, and shute the bed, skirl'd like a wil-cat, and kept him frae his night's rest ; and a' the auld haggs about the town, ca'd him Sandy de bairn's daddy, and a' the young gilly-gawkie lasses, held out their fingers, and cried, Tie, hie, Sandy, the kirk will kittle your hips for yon yet.

And after a', the blear-ein'd bell-man came bladdering about the buttock-mail, summoned him and her before the hally-band, a court that held in the kirk on Saturday morning ; and a' the bred ladies\* round about, cried, Ay, ay,

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largely mingled with superstition, and the powers of evil were thought to have a malign influence on the body and soul of an unchristened person. The popular ideas on the subject may be found fairly well brought out at p. 34 of the present volume.

\* 'Herd laddies,' in the two abridged editions : but 'ill-bred laddies' in Morren's edition.

Sandy, pay the bill-siller, or we'll cut the cow's tail awa', so poor Sandy suffered sadly in the flesh, besides the penalty and kirk-penance.

But Wise Willy had pity upon them, and gade wi' them to the kirk-court, what learned folks call the session, Jenny was first called upon, and in she goes where all the hally-band were convened, elders and youngers, deacons, and dog-payers keeping the door, the cankerdest Carles that could be gotten between Dysart and Dubby-side, white heads and bald heads sitting wanting bonnets, wi' their white headed staves and hodden-grey jockey-coats about them.

Mess John says, Come away Janet, we're a' waiting on you here.

Min. Now Janet, where was this child gotten? you must tell plainly.

Jan. A deed stir, it was gotten amang the black stanes, at the cheek of the crab-holes.

Mess John stares at her, not knowing the place but some of the elders did; then said he, O Janet, but the de'il was busy with you at that time.

Jan. A by my fegs stir, that's a great lie ye're telling now, for the de'il wasna thereabout, it I saw, nor nae body else, to bid us do either ae thing or anither, we loo'd ither unco' weel for a lang time before that, and syne we tell'd ither, and agreed to marry ither like ither honest fouk, than mightna we learn to do the thing married fouk does, without the de'il helping us.

Whisht, whisht, cried they, you should be scurged, fause loon quean it thou is, ye're speaking nonsense.

Jan. The deil's i' the carles, for you and your minister is liars, when ye say it de de'il was helping Sandy and me to get the bairn.

Come, come, say they, pay down the kirk-dues, and come back to the stool the morn, four pound, and a groat to the bell-man.

Jan. The auld thief speed the dearth o't stir, for less might sair you and your bell-man baith, O but this be a hard warld indeed, when poor honest fouk maun pay for making use o'

their ain a—, ye misca' ay the poor de'il a-hint his back, and gie him the wyte o' a' de ill it's done in the kintry, bastard barns and every thing, and if it be sae as ye say, ye may thank de de'il for that gude four pund and de groat I hae gi'en you, that gars your pots boil brown, and get jockey-coats, and purl-handed sarks and white-headed staves, when my father's pot wallops up rough bear and blue water.

The woman's mad, said they, for this money is a' given to the poor of the parish.

Jan. The poor of the parish, said she, and that's the way o't, a fint hate ye gie them but wee pickles o' pease-meal, didna I see't in their pocks, and the minister's wife gie's naething ava to unco beggars, but bids them gang hame to their ain parish, and yet ye'll tak de purse frae poor fouks, for naething but playing the loun awee or they be married, and syne cocks them up to be looked on and laught at by every body, a de'il speed you and your justice stir ; hute, tute, ye are a coming on me like a when colly dogs, hunting awa' a poor ragget chapman frae the door, and out she comes cursing and greeting : Sandy's next called upon, and in he goes.

Min. Now Saunders, you maun tell us how this child was gotten ?

San. A wow, Mess John stir, you hae bairns o' your ain, how did you get them ? but yours is a' laddies, and mine is but a lassie, if you'll tell me how ye got your laddie, I'll tell you how I got my lassie, and then we'll be baith alike good o' the business.

The minister looks at him, hute, tute, Saunders, lay down four pund and a groat, and come back to-morrow to the stool, and give satisfaction to the congregation, you had more need to be seeking repentance for that abominable sin of uncleanness, than speaking so to me.

San. Then there is your siller stir, I hae gotten but poor penny-worths for't, and ye'll tell me to repent for't, what the auld thief needs I repent, when I'm gaun to marry de woman, and then I'll hae to do't o'er again every day, or they'll be nae peace in the house ; figs it's nonsense to pay siller, repent, and

do't again too, a fine advice indeed master minister, and that is how ye live.

Wise Willy. Now stir, you and master elders, ye manna put them on the black creepy till they be married; they suffered enough at ae time.

A well, a well, said they, but they must marry very soon then.

I trow sae says Sandy, ye'll be wanting mair siller, fule hate ye'll do for naething here.

Hame came Sandy, starving o' hunger, ye might a casten a knot on his lang guts, his mither was baking pease bannocks, up he gets a lump of her leaven into his mouth, auld thief be in your haggies-bag, Sandy, kirk-fouks is ay greedy, ye been wi' the minister the day, ye'd get a good lang grace, he might a gi'en you meat thou filthy dog that tu is, thou hast the bulk of a little whalpie o' my leaven in your guts, it wada been four good bannocks and a scone, and a sair'd our Sunday's dinner, sae wad it een, but an ye keep a reeking house and a rocking cradle three eleven years as I hae done, less o' that will sair ye yet, baggity beast it tu is, mair it I bore thee now, a hear ye that my dow.

The next exploit was an action at law, against the goodman of Muir-edge, a farmer who lived near by, that kept sheep and swine, his sheep came down and broke into their yards and ate up their kail; the wild hares, they thought, belonged to the same man, as they ran towards his house when they were hunted; the swine came very often in and about their houses, seeking fish guts and ony thing they cou'd get, so it happened that one of their children, sitting easing itself, one of the swine tumbles it over, and bites a piece out of the child's backside: The whole town rose in an uproar, and after Grunkie, as they called her, they catched her and took her before Wise Willy: Willy takes an ax and cuts two or three inches off her long nose, now says Willy, I trow I have made thee something Christian-like, thou had sic a long mouth and nose before, it wad a frighted a very de'il to look at ye; but now your fac'd like a little horse or cow: the poor sow ran home roaring all blood and wanting the nose, which caused Muir-edge to warn

them in before my Lord : so the wives that had their kail eaten, appeared first in the court, complaining against Muir-edge. Indeed, my Lord, Muir-edge is no a good man, when he's sick an ill neighbour, he keeps black hares and white hares, little wee brown backed hares wi' white arses, and loose wagging horns, de muckle anes louns o'er the dyke and eats a de kail, and de little anes wi' de wagging horns, creeps in at our water gush-holes, and does the like, when we cry pisue, they ran awa' hame to Muir-edge, but I'll gar my colly haud 'em by the fit, and I'll haud 'em by the horn, an pu' a' de hair aff 'em, and send 'em hame wanting the skin, as he did wi' Sowen Tammy's wi' Sandy, for codding o' his pease, he took aff de poor laddies coat, a sae did he e'en.

A well then, said my Lord, what do you say, but call in Wise Willy.

In he comes, A well my Lord, I shall suppose an ye were a sow, and me sitting d——g, and you to bite my arse, sudna I tak amends o' you for that? Od my Lord, ye wadna hae sic a bit out o' your arse for twenty merks, ye maun just gar Muir-edge gie ten merks to buy a plaister to heal the poor bit wean's arse again. Well said, Willy, says my Lord, but who puts on the sow's nose again? A figs my lord, said Willy, she's honester-like wanting it, and she'll bite nae mair arses wi't, and gin ye had hane a nose, my Lord, as lang as the sow had, ye'd been obliged to ony body it wad cut a piece aft.

A gentleman coming past near their town, asked one of their wives where their college stood, said she, Give me a shilling, and I'll let you see both sides o't, he gives her a shilling, thinking to see some curious sight, now there's one side of your shilling and there's the other, and 'tis mine now.

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### PART III.\*

Now Wise Willy was so admired for his just judgement in cutting off the sow's nose, that my Lord in a mocking manner,

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\* All this part, with the exception of the paragraph given in a subsequent note, is omitted in the two abridged editions.

made him burly-bailie\* of Bucky-hine. Lang Sandy was provost, and John Thrums, the weaver, was dean of guild, but Witty Eppie had ay the casting vote in a' their courts and controverses.

There happened one day a running horse to stand at one of their doors, and a child going about, the horse trampled on the child's foot, which caused the poor child to cry, the mother came running in a passion; crying, A wae be to you for a 'orse it ere ye was born o' a woman, filthy barbarian bruit it t'ou is, setting your muckle iron lufe on my bairn's wee fittie, od stir, I'll drive the hair out o' your head, gripping the horse by the mane and the twa lugs, cuffing his chafts as if he had been her fellow creature, crying, Be-go-laddie, I'll gar you as good, I'll tak you before Wise Willy the bailie, and he will cut aff wi' de iron lufe, and dan you will be cripple, and gang thro' the kintry' on a barrow, or on twa shule-staffs† like Rab the Randy, an a meal-pock about your neck; Her neighbour wife hearing and seeing what past, cried, A ye fool taupy, what gars you say that a 'orse was born o' a woman, do you think dat a 'orse has a fadder or a midder like you or me, or ony ither body about; a what way do they come to the world dan? A ye fool taupy, divna they whalp like the louses, ae auld 'orse hobbles on anither anes back, and dat whalps a young 'orse: Gosh woman, it wad be ill-far'd to see a woman sitting wi' a young 'orse on her knee, dighting its arse, and gien it de pap.

The next occasion was Lang Sandy, and Rolloching Jenny's wedding; which held three days and twa nights, my Lord and my Lady, with several gentlemen and ladies, attended for diversion's sake,‡ the piper of Kirkcaldy and the fidler of King-

\* See note at p. 102 of the present volume. 'My Lord,' as feudal superior would have the appointment in his gift, in the same way as, prior to the year 1636, the prelates of Glasgow, had the power of presentation to the Provostship of the city.

† Probably a stupid synonym for crutches.

‡ In the olden times the lord and lady moved out and in among their people, and took an active interest in their every day concerns. This intercourse was generally productive of good, and the relationship between a superior and his vassals or tenants was of the most pleasant kind.

horn, were both bidden by Wise Willy the bride's father, and if ony mae came to play unbidden, Wise Willy swore they should sit unsair'd, for these twa should get a' the siller that was to be gien or won that day, the dinner and dorder-meat sat a' in Eppie's college, and the dancing stood in twa rings before the door, and the first day with dunting and dangling of their heels, dang down the sea-dyke, some tumbled in and some held by the stanes, the fidler fell o'er the lugs an drouket a' his fiddle, the strings gade out of order, and the tripes turned saft like pudding skins, so the bagpipe had to do for a', and the fidler got nought to do but sup kail, and pike banes wi the rest o' them.

Now my Lord's cook was to order the kettle, but Pate o' the Pans\* play'd a sad prat, by casting in twa pounds of candle among the kail, which made them fat, for some could not sup them, for the candle wicks came ay into their cutties like sutter's lingles in the dish, but some wi' stronger stomachs, stripped them thro' their teeth like ratton tails, an said, Mony a ane wad be blythe o' sic a string to tie their hose wi' in a pinch; my Lord and the Gentry, Mess John and the clerk were all placed at the head of the table, opposite to the bride, but would sup none of the candle kail. Wise Willy and the Bridegroom served the table, and cried, Sup and a sorrow to you, for I never liked sour kail about my house; when the flesh came, the bride got a ram's rumple to pick, she takes it up and wags it at my Lord; saying, Ti hie; my Lord, what an a piece is dat? O, said he, bride, that's the tail-piece, it belongs to you, Me, my Lord, it's no mine, I never had a ting like dat, it's a fish tail, see as it wags, it's a bit o' a dead beast. O yes, said he, bride, you hit it now; but how come you to eat with your gloves on! Indeed my Lord, there is a reason for dat, I hae scabbit hands. O fy, said he, I cannot believe you, so

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\* This and other names in the chap-book give examples of the need there was in a community, consisting really of one large family, with the same surname common to almost all, for nicknames to distinguish between several persons who also bore the same Christian name. A more interesting account of such a circumstance is given by Cosmo Innes, in his work on *Some Scottish Surnames*.

she pulls down a piece o' her gloves, and shows him, O yes, said he, I see it is so ; Aha, but my Lord, I wish you saw my a—, it's a' in ae hatter ; O fy, said he, bride, you should not speak so before Ladies and your maiden ; I wonder, said he to Wise Willy her father, you do not teach your daughter to speak otherwise. A be my sae, my Lord, ye may as soon kiss her a—, as gar her speak otherwise ; I find so, said my Lord, but it lies much in lack of a teacher.\*

The next dish that was presented on the table, was roasted hens, and the bride's portion being laid upon her plate, she says to my Lord, will ye let me dip my fowl arse, amang your sauce ? Upon my word, and that I will not, said he, if it be as you tell'd me ; hout my Lord, it's no my arse, it's but de hen's I mean ; O but, said he, bride, it's the fashion to every one to eat off their own trencher ; you may get more sauce, I can manage all mine myself ; indeed, my Lord, I thought ye liket me better than ony body ; O but, said he, I love myself better than you, bride ; Deed my Lord, I think ye're the best body about the house, for your Lady's but a stinking pridefu' jade, she thinks that we sud mak the fish a' alike, be-go, my Lord, she thinks we sud mak the haddies a' like herrin, and that we can shape them as the hens do their eggs wi' deir arse. O bride, said he, you should not speak ill of my Lady ; for she hears you very well : O deed my Lord, I had nae mind o' that, a well then, said he, drink to me, or them ye like best ; then here's to you a' de gither, arse o'er head. Very well said, says my Lord, that's good sense or something like it.

Dinner being over, my Lord desired the bride to dance ; Indeed, my Lord, I canna dance ony, but I'll gar my wame wallop fornent yours, and then rin round about as fast as ye can ; very well, said he, bride, that will just do, we shall

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\* The coarse language here used is in no way an exaggerated account of what may have actually occurred at the period with which the author is dealing. Great laxity of morals and of speech prevailed ; but vice, it must also be stated, came more to the surface than now. The people were uncultivated, and did not seek to cast a veil of prudery over their failings, however much these were to be reprobated. Swearing was then considered fashionable among the ladies of England : what could be expected from the peasantry of Scotland ?



neither kiss nor shake hands, but I'll bow to you, and ye'll beck to me, and so we'll have done.

Now, after dinner and dancing, my Lord exhorted the bride to be a good neighbour, and to gree well, wi' every body round about, I wat well my Lord, ye ken I did never cast out wi' nae body but lang Pate o' de Pans, and he was a' de wyte o't, it began wi' a hiertieing, and a jamffing me about Sandy, de black-stanes and de crab-holes, where de wean was gotten, and then it turn'd to a hub-bub and colly-shangy, an or e'er ye wad said kiss my a—, my Lord, we are aboon ither on the mussel midden, I trow I tell'd him o' Randy Rob his uncle, his feif-titty it steal'd de sarks and drank de siller, an how his midder sell'd mauky mutton, an mair nor a' that, a sae did I een, my Lord.

My Lord had a friend of his own who was a captain in the army, who came to visit him, and hearing of the Buckers' sayings and exploits ; was desirous to see them, and my Lord as desirous to put them in a fright, sent his servant, and ordered them, both men and women, to come up before his gate, directly the morn about kail-time, and all that did not come, was to flit and remove out of my Lord's ground directly, this put the whole of them in great terror, some ran to Wise Willy to see what it mean'd, Willy said, it was before something, and he was sure that death would be the warst o't, come what will ; But Witty Eppie said, I ken weel what's to come, he's gaun to mak de men o' us sogers, and the wives dragoons, because we've de best fighters ; I ken there is something to come on the town, for our Nancy saw Maggy's gaist the streen, it was bury'd four ouks syne ; \* a hech co' Willy, that's a sign the meal is dear i' the ither warld, when she comes to think on't again ; we will tak our dinner or we go, we'll may be ne'er come back again, so away they went lamenting all in a crowd. My Lord and the Captain were looking out at the window to them, the Captain cries to them, To the right about, to which

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\* Belief in dreams and omens was almost universal, and was fostered by the chap dream-books, whose modern successors may be found in *Napoleon's Book of Fate*, etc.

they answered, good bliss you my Lord, what does that man say? Then said my Lord, turn your face to Maggy Mill-heads, and your arse to the sea; this they did in all haste. And what will we do now? said Willy; no more, said my Lord, but gang away home Willy; O my bows, O my blessings come o'er your bonny face, my Lord, I wish you may never die, nor yet grow sick, nor naebody kill you: ye're the best Lord I ken on earth, for we thought a' to be made dead men and sogers, ye're wiser than a' the witches in Fife.

There was in Bucky-harbour, a method when they got a hearty drink, that they went down to dance among the boats, one, two, or three of the oldest went into a boat to see the rest dance; when e'er they admitted a burgher there was always a dance. One day they admitted a glied Rob Thomson, from the island of May, an' after he was admitted they got account from Wise Willy that glied Rob was a witch, which made them all stop their dancing, and Rob was cried on to make answer to this weighty matter. Gly'd Rob cried none of you shall stir a fit for two hours, I'se warrand you: so Rob spang'd and jump'd over the boat several times and put them in great terror, some cried, O 'tis i' the air, and then they cried they saw him i' the air hinging, so that Rob was obliged to go back to the May, and carry coals to the light house.\*

It was reported that gly'd Rob was born in Bucky and that his father was Willy Thomson's son, who was banish'd for a slave to the May,† to carry coals; he would not tak with him, on

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\* The foregoing paragraph was thus given in the abridged editions:—'There was a custom in Bucky harbour, when they got a hearty drink, that they went down to dance among the boats, two or three of the oldest went into a boat to see the rest dance, and when they admitted a burgher, there was always a dance. One day they admitted gly'd Rob, who was a warlock, and made them all stop their dancing, for which he was carried before wise Willie to answer for that, for which he was banished to the isle of May, to carry coals to the Light House.'

† Willy Thomson must have been guilty of some serious offence, when he was condemned to slavery. In comparatively recent times actual property in the persons who worked in coal-mines in Scotland was to be found, and the old records bear ample testimony to the existence of serfdom, and to the punishment of subjection to slavery being considered a part of the judicial system of the country.

account he had but ae eye. After that there was no more dancing at admitting of burgers ; but the old usual way of scate rumple, and then drink until they were almost blind.

Upon the Rood day,\* four young Bucky lasses were away early in the morning with their creels full of fish, and about a mile from the town, they saw coming down a brae like a man driving a beast, when they came near Tardy-Tib says, 'tis a man driving a big mauken Tib flang her creel and fish away, the other three ran anther way, and got clear ; they said it was a horned devil. Tib told the frightsome story, and many ran to see the poor cadger man and his ass driving the auld mauken. The fishers look on all maukens to be devils and witches, and if they but see the sight of a dead mauken, it sets them a trembling.† The fisher lasses look with disdain on a farmer's daughter, and a' country lasses ; they call them muck-byers and sherney-tail'd jades.

The Bucky lads and lasses when they go to gather bait tell strange stories about Witches, Ghosts, Willy with the Wisp, and the Kelpy, Fairies and Maukens, and boggles of all sorts.

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\* The third of May, when many superstitious observances were made. The first of May was Beltane, and has been traced to the fire-worship of the ancient Caledonians. Rood-day superstitions, however, were of more recent origin. Great precautions were taken against the power of witches and fairies, and if these should be neglected ill-luck would follow. Jamieson, in his *Dictionary of the Scottish Language*, under the word 'Rude-day,' gives a most interesting account of the ceremonies gone through on the yearly return of the festival.

† The 'mauken,' or hare seems to have occupied a most important position in the folk-lore of all countries, but notably of Scotland. Sir Walter Scott, in his work on *Demonology and Witchcraft*, tells how Isobel Gowdie, one of the witches of Aulderm, disguised herself as a hare and after being hunted by hounds for some time, took refuge in a house where she found opportunity to say the disenchanting rhyme :—

' Hare, Hare, God send thee care !  
I am in a hare's likeness now ;  
But I shall be woman even now—  
Hare, hare, God send thee care : '

That is her own story. A most valuable and interesting article, on 'The Hare in Folk-Lore' was contributed to a recent number of the *Folk-Lore Journal* by Mr. William George Black, F.S.A. Scot., and should be consulted by those who wish to know more about this subject.

The Ghosts, like old horses, go all night for fear they are seen, and be made to carry scate or fish, or be carted ; and witches are the warst kind of devils, and mak use of cats to ride upon, or kill-kebbers, and besoms, and sail over seas in cockle-shells, and witch lads and lasses, and disable bride-grooms. As for Willy and the Wisp, he is a fiery devil, and leads people off their road in order to drown them, for he sparks sometimes at our feet, and then turns before us with his candle, as if he were twa or three miles before us, many a good boat has Spunkie drown'd ; the boats coming to land in the night-time, they observe a light off the land, and set in upon it and drown.

The Kelpy\* is a sly devil, he roars before a loss at sea, and frightens both young and old upon the shore. Fairies are terrible troublesome, they gang dancing round fouks lums, and rin through the houses, they haunt, and play odd tricks, and lift new born bairns from their mothers, and none of them is safe to ly with their mothers, a night or two after they are born, unless the mother gets a pair of men's breeches under her head for the first three nights ; when the Fairies are frightened, they will leave an old stock with the woman, and whip away the child. One tried to burn an old stock that the Fairies left in the cradle ; but when the fire was put on, the old stock jumped on upon a cat and up the lum.† Maukens are most terrible, and have bad luck, none will go to sea that day they see a Mauken, or if a wretched body put in a Mauken's

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\* The statement contained in the text gives an excellent account of what was believed to be the attributes of the water-kelpie. In many old ballads references, such as the following, may be found :—

‘The bonnie gray mare did sweat for fear,  
For she heard the water-kelpie roaring.’

† Frequent reference has been made to the supposed power of fairies over unchristened children and their mothers. ‘Changelings’ were greatly feared. If a child developed a strong and uncontrollable temper there arose a suspicion that it was a ‘changeling,’ the meaning being that the fairies had slipped away the mother's own child and substituted a little fiend in human form in its stead. It was believed that the best way to set the suspicion at rest was to submit the little unfortunate to the test of the fire. We have not, however, noticed any case where the test was actually carried out.

fit in their creels, they need not lift them that day, as it will be bad luck, either broken backs, or legs, or arms, or hear bad accounts of the boats at sea.\*

They are terrified for all sorts of boggles both by land and by sea.

THE MINISTER AND MUSSEL MOU'D HARRY.

Mussel Mou'd Harry, the skull-maker,† whose lug was nailed to a tree near my Lord's garden, for cutting young saughs, for to make skulls and creels of. He assumed a head-dress as he had been a devil, and went playing his tricks in the night-time, which frightened the whole town, until the time he was caught by my Lord's piper. He was then sent for to the minister, and was obliged to put on his frightful dress, with the appearance of two horns on his head ; the minister rebuked him, but he had the assurance to tell the minister, that he only frightened his own town, but that he frightened the whole parish, by telling them to repent or be d——d, this is your gate o't stir, so I made them repent by fright, and I think, I sud be paid by your honour for't ; as you tell me stir about my Lord's saughs which I suffered for, if your 'onour's lug had been there, you could not get off so easy, for stir, your lugs is as long as my grey cat's, so I bid you farewel until our next meeting.

FINIS.

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\* The 'mauken's fit' was particularly feared by the fishers on the east-coast of Scotland. Very recently, and it may be so still, it was sufficient to raise the ire of a fisher woman to wish she had a hare's foot in her creel. The wish was regarded as equivalent to a malediction.

† That is, a maker of shallow baskets such as are used by fishers for carrying their fish.



*THE WITTY AND ENTERTAINING,  
EXPLOITS OF GEORGE BUCHANAN.*

[The following pages have been reprinted from an edition having the following on the title-page :—‘The Witty and Entertaining Exploits of George Buchanan, who was commonly called, The King’s Fool. In six parts. Stirling: Printed and Sold by C. Randall, MDCCXCV.’ Some stories to be found in an edition ‘printed in Falkirk’ in 1799, and not in the edition which has been followed here, have been inserted in the text, and the fact noted. In addition to the Falkirk edition, the text has been collated with—(1) An edition published by G. Angus, Newcastle; one by J. Morren, Cowgate, Edinburgh, 1809; and undated Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and Newcastle-on-Tyne editions. Many of the stories are drawn from a variety of sources, and Buchanan is made their hero.]



## THE WITTY AND ENTERTAINING EXPLOITS OF GEORGE BUCHANAN.

### PART I.

MR. GEORGE BUCHANAN was a Scotsman born, and though of mean parentage, made great progress in learning.—As for his understanding and ready wit, he excelled all men then alive in that age, that ever proposed questions to him.—He was servant or teacher to King James VI. as his private counsellor, but publicly he acted as his fool.

It happened one day, that a young airy noble man went into the king's garden to pull a flower for a young lady he fancied : George followed at a distance ; so, when the young man found a flower to his pleasure, he would not pull it himself, but to find it again, without further searching, he covered it with his hat, and went away for his sweetheart : no sooner was he gone, but up goes George, lifts his hat, and pulls the flower, then eases himself on the spot, and covers it with the hat again, and away he goes. In comes the young man, leading his sweetheart to pull the flower below the hat ; but as soon as he lifted the hat, and seeing what was below, he looked like a fool. The lady flies in a passion, off she goes, and never would countenance him any more. The young man being sadly vexed at this affront done to him by George, sent him a challenge to fight him, appointing the day and place where they were to meet. Being to fight on horseback, George gets an old stiff horse, and for harnessing, covers him about with blown bladders, with a little small stone in each, without either sword or spear, away to the field he goes, where the duel was appointed ; so when George saw his enemy coming against him, all in glittering armour, armed with sword and spear, he rode up to him with all the speed his horse could carry him, and his horse, as is said being all covered over with bladders, the small stones in them, made such a terrible noise, that the gentleman's fine gelding would not stand the battle, but ran away, and threw his master to the ground, which caused all the spectators to laugh, and say

the gentleman was more fool than George. The gentleman being so enraged at this second affront, he would fight with George on foot ; but his friends persuaded him that it would be no honour for him to fight and kill the king's fool, and far less to be killed by the fool, so they were advised both to agree ; but the gentleman would try another exploit with George, for to have it said he was still the cleverest man, to hold him a jumping-bout publicly the next day thereafter. With all my heart, says George, and we will end in and about where we began ; they not knowing his meaning in this. The place and hour being set where they were to meet next morning, George in the night caused a deep pit to be made, and the earth of it carried away, afterwards filled it up with dung from a privy, covered it over with a green turf, so that it might not be known by the other ground ; so, according to promise, they both met in the morning against the appointed time : now George being the oldest man, and by them counted the greatest fool, the young spark permitted him to jump first, which he, according to order, performed ; and jumped within a foot of the place where the ground was falsified : the young man seeing this, made his performance afterwards with great airs and all his might, so that he jumped a foot over George, but to the oxters among clean dung ; whereat the whole multitude of spectators cried out with huzzas and laughter. Now, says George, I told you we would end in and about where we began, and that is in clean dirt.

On a time after this, the king and his court was going into the country, and they would have George to ride before them in the fool's dress, whereunto he seemed unwilling, but it was the king's pleasure. So George was mounted upon an old horse, a pair of old riven boots, with the heels hanging down, and a palmer coat patched over with pictures of divers kinds. George rode before them in this posture, which caused great laughter and diversion until they came to an inn, where they alighted to dine ; and in the time they were at dinner George went into the stables, and with a knife cut all the horses chafts, not sore, but so as they might bleed. Now, as soon as dinner

was over, and they mounted on their horses again, George riding before them as usual, in his palmer coat and old boots, they began to make their game of him : then George turned about suddenly, and clapping his hands with loud laughter ; the king asked him, what made him laugh so ? Laugh, says George, how can I but laugh, when horses cannot hold their peace ? O my sovereign, says he, don't you see how your horses have rent their chafts laughing at my old boots ; then every man looking at his horse's mouth, they were all in a rage against George ; the king caused him to be dismounted directly, and charged him never to let him see his face on English ground. Now George knowing that nothing could reconcile the king at this time, he came away to Scotland, and caused make him a pair of great boots and put a quantity of Scottish earth in each of them, and away he goes for England to see the king once more. He hearing the king and his court were to pass through a country village, George places himself up in an old window, and sets up his bare arse to the king and his court as they passed by. The king was greatly amazed to see such an unusual honour done to him, was curious to know the performer ; so he called unto him, asking him to come down, and finding it to be George, Sir, says the king, did not I charge you never to let me see your face again ? True, my sovereign, says George, for which cause I let you see my arse. Ay but says the king, you was never to come on English ground again. Neither I did, says George, pulling off his boots before the king, saying, Behold, my Sovereign, 'tis all Scots ground I stand upon.—The king and his court being so diverted with this merry joke, George was admitted again to the king's favour.

After this, there arose a debate betwixt the king and the queen about votes in the parliament ; as the king had two votes, the queen would have one, and would needs be a parliamenter, or no peace without the preferment : this matter was committed to George by the king ; so it was agreed among the parliamenters that the Queen should be admitted into parliament for a day ; and accordingly she came, and was

received with all the honour and congratulation, as was due, and becoming her high station ; but before any matter of consequence was brought to the board, George seated himself hard by the queen's seat ; all being silent, he rose up quickly, and lifted one of his legs, and then gave a great fart, which set the whole house a laughing ; whereat the Queen was greatly offended, crying, Go take the rogue and hang him ; to which George answered, A fine parliamenter indeed, to hang a man for a sinless infirmity, and that's a fart. The Queen being so enraged at this affront put on her first proposal to parliament, went off in a passion, and never would countenance them any more. But yet to be revenged on George, she would never give the King rest till he delivered George into her hands, that he might be punished at her pleasure : which the king accordingly commanded to be done, knowing that George would rescue himself by some intrigue or other. No sooner was he delivered into her hands, to be at her disposal, but she and her Maries\* pronounced his doom, which is as follows : As he had affronted the Queen among so great an equipage, who ought to be honoured in chief, and above all women in the nation, that he should be stoned to death by the hands of women. Now the time being come that he was to die, according to their appointment, he was taken into a park, where a great number of women was waiting upon him, with their aprons full of stones, to fall upon him, and to put him to death, according to the queen's appointment.

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\* 'Maids of honour,' instead of 'Maries,' in the more recent editions. Jamieson, under the word 'Maries,' says :—'The designation given to the maids of honour in Scotland. . . This Queen [Mary Stuart] had four maids of honour, all of the name of *Mary*. There were Mary Livingston, Mary Fleming—Seaton, and—Beaton. Hence it has been supposed, that the name passed into a general denomination for female attendants. . . From analogy, I am much inclined to think that the term is far more ancient than the period referred to. For we learn from Lye [*Dictionarium Saxonico et Gothico-Latinum*], that the O. E. [Old English] called the queen's maids, the *Queen's Meys*. Hence it is highly probable that our term *Marie* is an official designation, and allied to Isl. [Icelandic] *maer*, a maid, a virgin. . . Thus the *Queen's Maries*, a phrase still common among the vulgar, may be exactly synonymous with the *Queen's Maids*.'

## His SPEECH to his Executioners.

Here's a female band with bags of stones,  
To kill a man for rumple groans.  
I'm clean of rapine, blood, and thefts,  
Could I convert my farts to rifts ;  
Since I, the first, for farting die,  
Close up the place from whence they fly ;  
To commit my crime, I think ye'll scarce,  
If once you do cork up your arse.  
And now since women stones do carry,  
Men need not in the world tarry.  
Judge if such women be chaste complete,  
With forty stones between their feet.  
But since 'tis so, ye will come on,  
The greatest whore throw the first stone.

When he had ended with these words, The greatest whore throw the first stone, every one put it to another to cast the first stone ; but knowing they would attain the character of a whore for so doing, they all refused, till the dying hour was past, and then he took a protest against them, and by that mean gained his life.

After this he was admitted to the Queen's favour and presence, attending the court as formerly. About this time the French king not knowing how to pick a quarrel with Great Britain, sent a letter to the king, desiring it to be read before the Parliament, and the writing was as follows : Will I come? Will I come? Will I come?—This letter being read before the king and his courtiers, they all concluded that the French king designed to invade England ; therefore they wrote a letter on purpose to send to him again upbraiding him with the breach of peace, and putting him in mind of the last treaty. The answer being read before the King and his Nobles, they all condescended that it should be sent as an answer ; but George smiling and shaking his head, cried out,

Many men, many minds ;  
Who knows what he designs ?

Then they asked George what he thought the French king meant by such a letter? to which he answered, I suppose he wants an invitation to come over to dine, and then go back in a friendly manner; but you are going to charge him with a breach of peace, before he has given any signal of offence or war: his letter is indeed dark and mystical, but send him an answer according to his question. Now George being ordered to write the answer, it was, And ye come, And ye come, And ye come. This being sent to the French King, he admired it beyond expression, saying, It was an answer more valiant and daring than he expected; so the enmity he intended was thereby turned into love.

About this time it happened that a malignant party in Scotland sent up a great spokesman to the King and Parliament, for the seducing of the church: George hearing of his coming, went away and met him on the bridge, and the salutation that he gave him was, the cutting off his head, and throwing it over the bridge, then ran to the king with all his might, falling down before him, pleading most heartily for a pardon, or without it he was a dead man; the king most seriously asked him what he had done now? to which he answered, He had only thrown the Scots bishop's hat over the bridge, which made the king to laugh, to hear him ask pardon for such a small fault; but he had no sooner got the pardon sealed by the King's hand, then he said, indeed my sovereign, I threw his hat over the bridge, but his head was in it. Geordy, Geordy, says the King, thou wilt never give over till thou be hanged.

After this, a nobleman in England agreed with the King to put a trick upon George, to try his manly courage, in sending him to a certain house for a bag of money. On his way home through St. James's Park, they caused a sturdy fellow to go and set the way upon him, and take the money; he being armed with sword and pistol, came up briskly, and attacked George with these words, You, Sir, deliver what money you have, or you are a dead man: to which George answered, Sir I have money indeed, but 'tis not my own, and I am sorry to give

it ; nevertheless, since I am not armed as you are to exchange blows for it, you shall have it ; but pray do me the favour as to fire your pistol through the flap of my cloak, that the owners may see I have been in danger of my life before I lost the money ; which he accordingly performed. No sooner had he fired it, than George whips out his hanger from below his cloak, and with one stroke cut off his right hand, wherein he held his sword, so that both his sword and the hand fell to the ground ; but George lifted his hand, and carried it to the King. No sooner did he come before them, but they asked him, saying, Well George, did you see any body to trouble you by the way ? No, said he, but one fellow, who was going to take the money from me ; but I made him give me his hand he would not do the like again. You did, says the fellow's master ? Yes, I did, says George, let work bear Witness, throwing down the fellow's hand on the table before them.

Now this last exploit of George's caused many of the English to hate him, and among the rest, a young nobleman fell a jocking of George, in saying, he would be as famous a champion for Scotland as Sir William Wallace was : Ay, ay, says George, William Wallace was a brave man in his time. True, indeed, says the other, but when he came to London, we did him all manner of justice, and for honour of the Scots, we have his effigy in the shite-houses to this very day. And do you not know the reason of that, says George ? No, I don't, says he : Well, I'll tell you, says George, he was such a terror to the Englishmen when he was alive, that the sight of him yet makes them beshite themselves. The English took this as a great affront, and forthwith caused Wallace's picture to be taken out of that place.

There was a young English girl in love with a Scotsman, and petitioned him several times for to marry her, which he refused, and upon revenge thereof, she went to a Justice, and swore a rap against him, which is death by the law. George hearing this, went into the prison where the young man was, and instructed him how to behave before the judge. So in the time of the trial, George came in, while the judge was crying

to the man, but never a word could he get him to answer, to tell whether he was guilty or not. After the judge had given him over for deaf and dumb, others fell a-shouting in his ears, but never a word he would speak. Then the judge perceiving George, called him, saying, George, do you know what is the matter with this man? Yes I do, very well, says George. What is it, says the judge? Why, says George, the woman made such a noise and crying, when he was ravishing her, it has put the poor man quite deaf, I assure you. Is it so, says the judge. No, no, says the woman, my lord judge, you may believe me, I lay as mute as a lamb, and never spoke a word all the time. Very well confessed, said the judge, and you have sworn a rape against him; go take the whore to Newgate, and let the poor man go about his business, and so it ended.\*

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## PART II.

GEORGE happened one night to be in company with a Bishop, and so they fell to arguing anent religion,† wherein George got the better of him, and the Bishop found himself he was wrong; then one of the company addressed himself to George in these words, thou Scot, said he, ought not have left the country; For what, says George? Because thou hast brought all the knowledge that is in it along with thee. No, no, says George, the shepherds in Scotland will argument with any Bishop in England, and exceed them

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\* This story is not given in Randall's edition; but it has been inserted here from the Falkirk 1799 edition. A similar story is told of 'Tom Tram,' an English chap-book hero, and of Sancho Panza, in *Don Quixote*.

† In the later editions the dispute is said to have arisen about 'education,' not 'religion,' and it is stated of George that 'he blanked the bishop remarkably.' While this story undoubtedly presents an exaggerated picture of the educational virtues of Scotland, it must be remembered that owing to the system of parochial schools instituted by Knox the lower classes in Scotland had facilities for instruction, especially in the classics, which the otherwise more favoured English people did not possess.



mighty far in knowledge. The English clergy took this as a great affront, and several noblemen affirmed it to be as George had said. Wagers were laid thereon, and three of the English clergy were chosen and sent away to Scotland to dispute it with the shepherds, accompanied with several gentlemen who were to bear witness of what they heard pass between them. Now George knowing what way they were gone, took another road, and came into the Scots bounds before them, made up his acquaintance with a shepherd at the border, whose pasture lay hard by the way side, where the clergymen were to pass ; and here George mounted himself in a shepherd's dress, and when he saw the clergymen coming, he conveyed his flock to the road side, and fell a singing a latin song ; and so, to begin the quarrel, one of them asked him, in French, What o'clock it was ? To which he answered in Hebrew, It is directly about the time of the day it was yesterday at this time. Another asked him in Greek, What countryman he was ? To which he answered in Flemish, If you knew that, you would be as wise as myself. A third asked him in Dutch, Where was you educate ? To which he answered in Earse, herding my sheep between this and Lochaber. This, they begged him to explain in English, which he accordingly did. Now, said they one to another, we need not go any farther, What, says George, are you butchers ? I'll sell you a few sheep. To this they made no answer, but went away shamefully, swearing that the Scots had gone through all the nations in the world to learn their language, or the devil had taught them it, for we have no share here but shame.

After that George had ended the dispute with the English clergymen, he stript of his shepherd's dress, and up through England with all the haste imaginable, so that he arrived at the place from whence they set out, three days before them, and went every day asking if they were come, so that he might not be suspected. Now, upon their arrival, all that were concerned in the matter, and many more, to hear what news from the Scots shepherds, came crowding in, to know what was done. No sooner had the three gentlemen declared

what was past between the clergymen and the shepherds, whom they found on the Scots border, but the old bishop made answer, and think you, said he, that a shepherd could answer these questions? It has been none else but the devil, for the Scots ministers themselves could not do it; they are but ignorant of such matters; a parcel of beardless boys. Then George thought it was time to take speech in hand. Well, my lord bishop, says he, you call them a parcel of ignorant beardless boys, you have a great long beard yourself, my lord bishop, and if the grace of God were measured by beards, you bishops, and the goats will have it all, and that will be quite averse to scripture. What, says the bishop, are you a Scot? Yes, says George, I am a Scot: Well, says the bishop, and what is the difference between a Scot and a sot? Nothing at present, says George, but the breadth of the table, there being a table betwixt the bishop and George; so the bishop went off in a high passion, while the whole multitude were like to split their jaws with laughter.\*

About this time there was an act of parliament for the benefit of murderers, that any person if they committed murder, if they forfeited 500 merks, which went under the name of Kin Boot,† because so much of this fine went to the murdered person's nearest relation, as the price of blood, the murderer got a remit. Now George knowing this to be contrary to Moses' laws, was very much grieved to see many pardons sealed with the king's hand for murder, almost one every week; it being so usual for the king to subscribe them, that he would not read them, nor enquire what they were: for which cause George writes a right to the crown, and sent it to the king to be subscribed, which he actually did, and

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\* A similar story will be found in Bacon's *Apothegms*. See *Essays and Historical Works*, Bohn's edition, p. 189.

† Properly 'Kinbot.' The law or custom is much older than the reign of James VI., as the story here indicates. Jamieson derives the word from Anglo-Saxon *cin*, kindred, and *bot*, compensation. The present editor, in his *History of Glasgow*, p. 114, gives an account of an interesting case which occurred in Glasgow in the sixteenth century.

never looking what it was, returned it to George ; no sooner had he received it, but he goes to the king, and told him it was not time for him now to be sitting there ; Whereat the king, greatly amazed, started up, then George in great haste sets himself down on the king's chair, forthwith declaring himself king, saying, You who was king must be my fool, for I am now the wisest man. The king at this was greatly offended, until George shewed him his seal and superscription ; but, from that day forth the king knew what he subscribed.

The next pardon that came to be sealed by the king, was to a gentleman who had killed two men before, and had gotten pardons for them by money. This being the third, the king looked very silent in looking over the petition, George, standing by, asked the king what he was going to seal now ? To which he answered, It is a remit for a man who had killed three men at sundry times, I gave him two remits before. O ! says George, he has killed but one man ; and who killed the other two ? says the king ; you did, says George, for if you had given him justice when he had killed the first, he had killed no more. When the king heard these words, he threw down the pen, and declared that such an act, to save a murderer, shall be null ever after by him.

One day after this, George having no money, he goes away and gets a pick and spade, and then falls a digging at a corner of the king's palace, which the king perceiving from his window, calls what he was wanting there ? are you going to undermine my house, and make it fall ? No, my sovereign, said he, but it is verily reported that there is plenty of money about this house, and where can it be ? I cannot find it ; for it is not within the house to do me service, then surely it must be below it. O George that is a crave after the new fashion : What money you want I'll order it for you. Then, my sovereign, I'll dig no more.

One time after this George being in the country, he came to an inn where he alighted to refresh himself and his horse ; the innkeeper charged him double price for every thing he called for ; George never grumbled at this, but gave him all

his demands, and away he goes on his journey ; and where he quartered the night following, he was used after the same manner, if not worse. Now George having little farther to go, he returned the next day, and came that night to the inn where he refreshed himself the day before ; so when he alighted, the boy asking him, sir, what shall I give your horse ? What you will, boy, says George. No sooner had he gone into his room, but the drawer asked him, What will you have to drink, sir. What you will, says George. The master of the inn came into his room before supper, asking him, What will you have for supper, sir ? What you will, landlord, says George. Now after supper being ended, and a hearty bowl to put all over, George went to bed, and got up pretty early in the morning, he called for the boy to make ready his horse in all haste, for he designed to mount him and go directly : so in a short time he went into the stable where the boy was, calling for his horse, when he mounting him with all the speed he could, and giving the boy a piece of money, saying, here, my boy, this is for your taking care of my horse, I have paid for all I called for in the house, and off he goes. Now, about mid day, he alighted again at an inn to refresh himself and his horse, and there he chanced to be in company with his other landlord, where he was the night before, and charged him with the double reckoning, so George addressed himself to him as follows : Sir, says George, I do believe I was in your house yesternight. Oh yes, sir, I mind of you pretty well ; and where was you last night ? Last night ! says George, I was in one of the finest inns, and the civilest landlord I ever had in my life ; they brought all things that I stood in need of unto me without calling for it, and when I came off this morning, they charged me nothing, and I paid nothing but sixpence to the boy for dressing my horse. Blood and wounds, said the old fellow, then I'll go there this night. Ay, says George, do ; and mind this, when they ask you what you will have for your horse, answer nothing, but what you will, sir. Now George smiled within himself, to think how he had got the one extortioner to take amends of the other. So the fore-

said innkeeper rode that night until many of the people of the inn were gone to bed before he came. No sooner was he alighted from his horse, than the boy asked him, What shall I give to your horse, master? To which he answered, What you will, boy. The boy hearing this, he runs away (leaving him and his horse to stand at the door), up stairs to his master's room, crying, Master, Master, What you will is come again? O the rogue, cries he, where is he? I'll cane him, I'll what you will him by and by, and to him he runs with his cane, licks and kicks him until he was scarce able to mount his horse, and would give him no entertainment there; which caused him to ride the whole length of a cold winter night, after he had got his bones all beat and bruised. So the one pursued the other as a murderer; and his defence was, that he was a cheat and a scorner of his house, until the truth was found out.

About this time the French king sent and demanded from the king of England three men of different qualities; the first was to be a mighty strong man, the other a very wise man, and the third a great fool: so that he might have none in all France to match them in their stations. So accordingly there were two men chosen, the one a strong man, and the other a wise man, but George was to act as a fool: nevertheless, he was the teacher of the other two. On their way to France, George asked the strong man, what will you answer the French king, if he ask if you be a strong man? I'll say I am. Then, says George, he'll possibly get a stronger man than you, who may kill you and affront your country. What shall I say then? said the strong man. Why, says George, tell him you are strong enough untried. Then, says George to the wise man, and what will you say to the king, when he asks if you are a wise man? I'll tell him I am, and answer him all the questions I know. Very well, says George, and what if he ask you what you do not know, then you'll affront your country, and be looked upon as a greater fool than me. What shall I answer then? said the wise man. Why, says George, tell him, he is only a wise man that can take care of

himself ; and I shall come in after you, and take care of you all together. No sooner were they arrived at the king's palace, than the king sent for them to try them. The strong man being first called for, he goes ; then the king asked him, Are you a strong man ? to which he answered, O king, I am strong enough untried ; very good, said the king. After him entered the wise man, to whom the king put the question, sir, are you a wise man ? to which he answered, He is only a wise man who can take care of himself : very good, says the king. With that George pushed up the door, and in he goes with loud laughter, pisses directly in the king's face, which blinded both his eyes, and put the whole court in amaze. Now, now, says the king, it is true enough what the Wise man says, for if I had taken care of myself, I need not have been pissed upon by the English fool. O no, says George, fools always strive to make fools of others, but Wise men make fools of themselves. The king imagined as much as he was made the greatest fool, and charged them forthwith to go home, for he wanted no more of England's strength, wisdom, or folly.

One night after this, a Highland drover chanced to have a drinking bout with an English captain of a ship, and at last the English captain and him came to be very hearty over their cup ; so that they called in their servants to have a share of their liquor ; the drover's servant looked like a wild man, going without breeches, stockings or shoes, not so much as a bonnet on his head, with a long peel'd rung in his hand. The captain asked him how long it was since he caught him ? it is about two years since I haul'd him out of the sea with a net, and afterwards he ran into the mountains, where I caught him with a pack of hounds. The captain believed it was so ; but, says he, I have a servant the best swimmer in Europe. O but, says the drover, my servant will swim him to death. No, says the captain, I'll lay 200 guineas\* on it. Then says the drover, I hold it one for one, and stakes it directly, the day being appointed when the trial was to be

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\* 'One hundred crowns,' in the later editions.

made. Now, the drover, when he came to himself, thinking on what a bargain he had made, did not know what to do, do, knowing very well his servant could swim none. He hearing of George, being in town, who was always a good friend to a Scotsman ; he went unto him, and told him the whole story, and that he would be entirely broke, and durst never return to his own country, for he was sure to lose it. Now George called the drover and his servant aside, and instructed them how to bring him off with safety, and gain too ; so accordingly they met at the place appointed ; the captain's servant stripped directly, and threw himself into the sea, taking a turn until the highlandman was ready, for the drover took some time to put his servant in order : after he was stripped, his master took his plaid, and rolled a kebbock of cheese, a big loaf, and a bottle of gin in it, and this he bound on his shoulders, giving him a direction to tell his wife and children that he was well ; to be sure he returned with an answer against that day se'ennight. So as he went into the sea, he looked back to his master, and call'd out to him for his claymore. And, what waits he for now ? says he who was to swim along with him. He wants his sword, says his master ; his sword ! says the fellow, what is he to do with a sword ? Why, says his master, if he meets with a Whale or a monstrous beast, it is to defend his life ; I know he'll have to fight his way through the north seas, e'er he go to Lochaber. Then, cries the other, I'll swim none with him, if he takes his sword. Ay, but, says the master, you shall, or lose the wager ; take you another sword with you. No, says the fellow, I never did swim with a sword, nor any man else, that ever I saw or heard of ; I know not but that wild man will kill me in the deep water ; I would not for the whole world venture myself with him and a sword. The captain seeing his servant afraid to venture, or if he did, he would never see him again alive ; therefore, he desired an agreement with the drover, who at first seemed unwilling ; but the captain put it in his will, the drover quit him for an hundred guineas. This he came to through George's advice.

## PART III.

AFTER this, George being in Cornwall about some business where he chanced to run short of money, and not knowing what to do, being acquainted with none in that country, and knowing his landlord to be loyal to the government, and a great favourite to the king his master ; takes a piece of brick, and brays it to a small powder mixed with a little chalk, so that it might seem, in colour, like arsenick which is strong poison ; then tying it up in papers, writing on this direction, the strongest poison for the king, and on another paper, the slower poison for the queen. Out he goes on purpose, and leaves the papers lying on a table, where he knew they would be looking at them ; the landlord perceived the direction ; so in comes George in a great haste, and calls out, O landlord, did you see two small bundles I have lost, and I know not what I shall do, for it was my main business to take them to London.—O ! you murdering rogue ! cries the landlord, I'll have you hanged for what you intend. George at this made off, and was going to fly for it, but the landlord called for assistance ; so he was apprehended, and made prisoner of state, and carried him to London by a troop of horse ; when the people there began to know him, and tell what he was, his guard slipt away shamefully, and left him ; so George thanked them for their good company and save convoy.

There was a law made against wearing swords at balls and assemblies, in the reign of King James VI. because they were inconvenient on these occasion ; but George, to be witty on the act, provided himself with a very long scabbard, and got himself introduced to a ball, where the king and his court were present ; George made several turns through the company, making his scabbard hit against their shins, and sometimes slipt it below a lady's fardingale ; and, in short, molested the company so much, that he was taken notice of, and seized as a person who had incurred the penalties of the act aforesaid. But George excused himself, telling them, that the law was



only against swords, and as he only wore a scabbard, was no ways liable. At seeing this, the king and his court were convinced that the law was imperfect, and that George had more wit than themselves.

George, one day easing himself at the corner of a hedge, was espied by an English 'squire, who began to mock him, asking him, Why did he not keckle like the hens? But George whose wit was always ready, told him, He was afraid to keckle lest he would come and snatch up the egg. Which rebuff made the 'squire walk off as mute as a fish.

George was professor of the College of St. Andrews, and slipt out one day in his gown and slippers, and went to his travels through Italy, and several other foreign countries; and after seven years, returned with the same dress he went off in; entered the college, and took a possession of his seat there; but the professor in his room quarrelled him for so doing. Ay, says George, it is a very odd thing that a man cannot take a walk out in his slippers, but another will take up his seat; and so set the other professor about his business.

George was met one day by three bishops, who paid him the following compliments. Says the first, Good day, father Abraham; says the second, Good day, father Isaac; says the third, Good day, father Jacob. To which he replied, I'm neither father Abraham, father Isaac, nor father Jacob; but I am Saul, the son of Kish, sent out to seek my father's asses, and lo! I have found three of them. Which answer convinced the bishops that they had mistaken their man.\*

A poor Scotsman dined one day at a public house in London upon eggs, and not having money to pay, got credit till he should return. The man being lucky in trade, acquired vast riches, and after some years returned, and calling at the house where he was owing his dinner of eggs, asked the landlord what he had to pay for his dinner of eggs he had got from him such a time? The landlord seeing him now rich, gave him a bill of some hundred pounds; telling him, as his

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\* This story, and the one immediately following it, are not in Randall's edition, but have been inserted from the 1799 Falkirk edition.

reason for so extravagant a charge, that these eggs, had they been hatched, would have been chickens ; and these laying more eggs, would have been more chickens ; and so on, multiplying the eggs and their product till such time as their value amounted to the sum he charged. The man refusing to comply with his demand, was charged before a judge ; but mean time, made the matter known to George Buchanan his countryman, who promised to appear in the hour of cause, which he accordingly did, all in a sweat, with a great basket of boil'd pease : which appearance surprised the judge, who asked him, what he meant by these boil'd peas ? Says George, I am going to sow them. When will these grow ? says the judge : They will grow when sodden eggs grow chickens. Which answer convinced the judge of the extravagance of the Englishman's demand, and the Scotsman was assoilized on paying twopence halfpenny.

There was a bell at Dalkieth, which the Popish clergy made use of to extort confessions from the ignorant people, in the following manner : They told the persons whom they suspected guilty, that the bell would rive at the touch of a guilty person, but if not guilty, it would not ; by this means they generally frightened the ignorant into confessions ; for if the bell would rive, the person was then to be condemned to death ; but they magnified the matter so, that the bell was never put to the trial, till George did as follows : he was taken up for saying, that the pope was fallible himself, and could not pardon the sins of others. George owned he said so, but would refer to the bell whether he was guilty or not. The priests, though unwilling, were obliged to comply. George touched the bell, repeating as before, The Pope is fallible, and cannot pardon sin, moreover added, The Pope and Popish clergy are impostors ; and thereupon touched the bell, referring to it for the truth ; but the bell not renting, the priests were disgraced as impostors, and he was honourably acquitted, and the bell was laid aside.

George desired a member of the College of St. Andrews to lend him a book : the other told him, he could not possibly

spare it out of his chamber, but if he pleased he might come there and read all the day long. Some time after the gentleman sends to George to borrow his bellows ; but he sent him word, he could not possibly spare them out of his chamber, but he might come there and blow all the day if he would.\*

A scholar at the grammar school of St. Andrews, coming into a room where the master had laid down a basket of cherries for his own eating, the waggish boy takes it up, and cries aloud, I publish the banns between these cherries and my mouth, if any know any just cause or impediment, why these two should not be joined together, let them declare it. The master being in the next room, overheard all that was said ; and, coming into the school, he ordered the boy who had eaten his cherries to be taken up, or, as he called it, horsed on another boy's back : but before he proceeded to the usual discipline, he cries out aloud, as the delinquent had done, I publish the banns between this boy's breeches and my taws : if any one knows any just cause or impediment why these two should not be joined together, let them declare it. George passing by in the mean time, overheard this proclamation ; I forbid the banns, cried he. Why so, says the schoolmaster ? Because the parties are not agreed, replied he. Which answer so pleased the master, that the boy was set down without any punishment.

A young gentleman that wanted to be witty on the scriptures, eating some cheese full of mites, one night at a tavern ; now, said he, I have done as much as Sampson, for I have slain my thousands and ten thousands. Yes, replied George, who happened to be in his company, and with the same weapon too, the jaw-bone of an ass ; which answer set the whole company a laughing to see the young gentleman beat with his own weapon.

George being in company where three bishops were present at dinner, they knowing George to be a great scholar, and comical withal, they put upon him to say the grace, which he did as follows :

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\* Also to be found among Bacon's *Apothegms*, Bohn's edition, p. 168.

Here are three brethren of the coat,  
Who for thy blessings thank thee not,  
Curse them, Lord, and bless them not. Amen.

Fall on gentlemen, the cause is good. This grace made the bishops look like fools to one another, while George laughed heartily at the confusion they were in.

A candle maker having had some candles stole, was telling it in a company where George was present, who bade him be of good cheer, for in a short time says he, I am assured they will come to light.

George being sent to Paris about some business, went from thence to Versailles, to see the French king's court : and being known there to several of the courtiers, who had been at the English court, one of them took occasion to tell the French King, that George was one of the wittiest men in England ; upon which the French King desired to see him, which he did ; but George, it seems, was out of humour, or at least seemingly so, he spoke but very little to the purpose ; so that the French King told the nobleman that had commended him for such a wit, that he looked upon him as a very dull fellow ; but the nobleman assured the King that whatever he thought of him, George was a very witty and ingenious man : whereupon the King was resolved to make further trial of him, and took him into a great gallery, where there were abundance of fine pictures ; and, among the rest, shewed him a picture of Christ on the cross, and asked him, If he knew who that was ? but George made himself very ignorant, and answered, no ; Why, says the King, I'll tell you, if you don't know ; this is the picture of our Saviour on the cross, and that on the right is the Pope's, and that on the left is my own. Whereupon George replied, I humbly thank your majesty for the information, for though I have often heard that our Saviour was crucified between two thieves, yet I never knew who they were before.

A sharper who had acquired vast riches by cheating, told George, that if such a thing as a good name was to be

purchased, he would freely give ten thousand pounds for one. Sir, said George, it would certainly be the worst money you ever laid out in your life. Why so? said the sharper; because answered he, you will lose it again in less than a week.

One asked George, why men always made suit to the women, and the women never to the men? Why, says he, because the women are always ready for the men, but the men are not always ready for the women.

George went into the mint one day, when they were melting gold, one of them asked George, if he would have his hat full of gold? George readily accepted, but it burnt the bottom out of his hat, as they knew it would, and for that bout they fooled George. However George, to be up with them, bought a fine large hat, and caused a plate of copper to be put betwixt the hat and the lining, and returned next day, they jestingly asked him if he would have another hatful of gold? he said he would; they gave it red hot, and now George laughed at them in his turn, telling them, that this new hat was a good one, and stood fire better than the old one; and so carried it off honestly; and being afterwards prosecute for to return it, he excused himself, telling the judge, that he took nothing but what was given him; and therefore he was honourably acquitted, and the others heartily laughed at.

In the reign of king James the Sixth, George dining one day with the Lord Mayor, after two or three healths the ministry was tossed; but when it came to George's turn to drink he diverted it some time by telling a story to the person who sat next him; the chief magistrate not seeing his toast go round, called out, What sticks the ministry at? At nothing, cries George, and so drank off his glass.

George being one day along with the king and his nobles a-hunting, and being but very sorrily mounted; when he was spurring up his horse, he observed the horse have a trick of falling down on his knees. George immediately thought how he should make use of that very thing to divert his Majesty; therefore pretended that his horse could set hares, and knowing some hare-seats, rode that way, to show the truth of what

he affirmed ; and when he had found the hare, by giving his horse a spur, he immediately clapped down ; this he repeated several times, till he put the whole company in belief that what he said was true ; and one of the noblemen being charmed with the performance of George's horse, would have George to change with him ; George seemed, at first, unwilling to part with his horse ; but at last was prevailed upon to part with him for the nobleman's horse, and a hundred guineas to boot. But afterwards riding thro' a pretty deep river, the nobleman spurring his new horse, he clapped down on his belly ; which George seeing, called out to the company to return with the dogs, for the nobleman's horse had certainly set a hare : which set the whole company a-laughing. The poor nobleman was obliged to leave his horse set in the water, and waded through on foot, all wet to the shoulders.\*

A Scotsman being reduced to poverty, made his court to George to put him in a way ; George told him he would, provided he would do as he directed him. There was an old miser, an usurer and money-changer hard by ; George ordered the poor fellow to pretend an errand to the miser, and when he came to the table where the heaps of money lay, to thrust his hand among the gold, but to lift none, and run off. This the poor fellow did, and was chased by the miser and his servants, who ran after him into the street, calling stop the thief ; the poor fellow was stopt, (as George had desired him to let them catch him). George appeared in the mob, and went along with the poor fellow, who was carried before a judge, where he was searched ; and nothing being found upon him, he was acquitted, and the miser fined in a large sum for accusing him. Afterwards George desired him to go to the same place, and thrust in both his hands, and lift up as much as he could and run off. This he did, but the miser told him, he was not such a fool as to follow him, for he knew he only desired to play the fool to have him fined again. By this means the poor fellow was enriched, and afterwards lived honestly.

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\* This and the preceding story are from the Falkirk edition.

George being at dinner one day, where the broth was very hot, burnt his mouth, and at the same time letting go a loud fart ; It is very good for you, says George, that you made your escape, for I should have burnt you alive had you staid.

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#### PART IV.

A YOUNG curate, with more pertness than wit or learning, being asked in company, how he came to take it into his head to enter into the ministry of the church ? Because, said he, the Lord hath need of me. That may be, replied George, who was present, for I have often heard that the Lord had once need of an ass.

After this, George being sent with the British ambassador into Italy, by the way of Paris ; and as they were viewing the beautiful statues, and large buildings of that spacious city : the King, and many of his nobles in company, as they were walking through the King's garden, among the images of the saints, they came to the image of the virgin Mary, who stood in a melancholy posture with the babe in her arms, one of the noblemen says to the British ambassador, don't you think but she looks as she were angry ? O yes, says George, she's angry when she sees Englishmen and Frenchmen in friendship and unity one with another. No, no, said the French king she loves nothing better than the reconciliation of enemies ; peace and unity is her delight. Then George gets in below the statue, and looks up ; O, says George, I know what is the matter now, some body has driven a great nail in her arse, I see the head of it sticking out, it would vex any living be's a piece of wood. At this the king was greatly enraged against George for saying so, for calling her a piece of wood ; and nothing would satisfy the King, unless that George would fall down and worship the Virgin Mary, and crave mercy of her for the blasphemous reproaches wherewith he hath reproached her. Then George cries out, O may it please your majesty to

omit it at this time, I dare not look her in the face, she frowns on me with such an angry countenance, this dutiful command of your's must be delayed until I return from Italy, and then I shall fulfill your demand, in paying all dutiful respects and worship unto her, according to what she is. So here the ambassador stood bound for George, that he should perform this piece of worship at his return, according to the king's pleasure.

Now, during their stay in Italy, they chanced to be in a nobleman's house where they kept but few servants, because of a spirit that did haunt the house for the space of 200 years before that time, so that no servant could work any kind of labour in or about the house for it, except cooks, for what they vulgarly called a Brownie, it did all itself, and would suffer no fellow labourer to work along with it. On the next morning, George got up pretty early, called for water to wash himself; then directly comes the Brownie with a bason of water in the one hand, and a clean cloth in the other. George perceiving him having such a pale ghostly countenance, not to be an earthly creature said, of what nation art thou? To which it answered in Galic or Earse, a countryman of yours, Sir. The ambassador smiled, and joked George, telling him, it was a devil, and how could it be a countryman of his? O, says George, I'll show you the contrary of that, for the devil dare not stay in our country, George having washed himself, it came again to take away the bason and water; then says George, and how long is it since you left your own country? About 250 years ago, says it. Then certainly, says he, thou art a devil, and not an earthly creature. To which he answered,

I am what I am, and a Christian too.

Then I am what I am to conjure you. (says George.

He taking a handful of water, and throwing it on the old withered face of it, repeating the form of the words of baptism of Earse; saying, if thou be a Christian, thou art old enough now to be baptized. No sooner had he done this, but it went off weeping and crying, O! let never a rogue put trust in his countryman after me. Now, says George, I told you



the devil dare not stay in my country, nor yet look a Scotsman in the face in his own. Why, says the Italian lord, do you imagine, that this is the devil's own country? It appears so says George, for he is the oldest residenter in it I know; but my lord, said he, and if it please your grace, I think the clergymen are very scant in this country, when you have kept the devil so long for a chaplain. The nobleman unto this gave no answer, but expressed his sorrow to be very great for the loss of his Brownie.

Now the ambassador having done his business in Italy they returned homeward, and on their way, the ambassador began to question George how he thought to escape Paris without committing idolatry. No, no, says George, I never did worship any image, nor never shall; but I shall make them worship the worst that is in my guts. No sooner were they arrived in Paris, but George leaves the ambassador, and goes directly to the Virgin Mary, jumps in over the rail to the holy ground (as they termed it) whereon she stood, where few durst go but priests and friars; and there he loosed his breeches, and made such a groaning, easing himself, that he was heard at a distance by the priests and friars who were walking near by, and they perceiving this heinous abomination, ran upon him like a pack of hounds, and carried him before the cardinals and Father confessors, where he was allowed to speak for himself, which he did as follows—May it please your most excellent Worships to hear my reasons, before you pronounce my sentence to be put in execution against me. It was my fortune to be passing through this city a few months ago, with the British ambassador, on our way to Italy; and one day being walking in the king's garden in presence of the king, and many of his nobles, who can bear witness to the truth of the same; I being ignorant of your traditions and rites of religion, foolishly offended, reproaching the Virgin Mary to her face; and ever since she has plagued me with a boundness in my belly, that I have voided nothing but clean hach; so now on my return I went and implored her to open my fundament, and she has done so; I being overjoyed at the miraculous healing, in

getting passage in her presence, I left it as a memorial of the miracle in that place. When hearing this, they all with one consent, lifted up their hands and blessed the Virgin Mary for the wonderful miracle she had done ; and ordered George to go about his business, and declare unto all what was done, to him by the holy Virgin, for the confirmation of their religion. So all the devout Romans came to view his dung, and worship over it ; the king himself kneeled down, and worshipped, bowing his body over it, in presence of many people ; and also caused a holy day to be observed thro' all his dominions, for the miraculous cure.

Now George being a long time absent from Britain, he thought to go and visit the king and his court in disguise. He meeting with an old man driving two old horses, loaded with coals to sell. George here makes a bargain with the old man, for the loan of his clothes, his horses and coals, whip, and every thing to complete him as a real coal-driver ; so away he goes in this dress, until he came before the king's palace, where he began to cry with an audible voice, Buy coals, buy coals ; better buy than borrow. Now the king being in company with his young chaplain, who was a foundling, none knew his original, and had been suffered and educated out of charity by the king's father, yet he was become as proud as lucifer, and as proud in his own conceit as the king himself. Now, the king knowing George's voice, tho' he was in a coalman's dress, desired the chaplain to ask the coalman why he called so loud, making such a terrible noise. The chaplain opened the window, and with great airs called unto him, You, Sir, why do you cry so for ? Why, says George, I cry for people to come and buy my coals, and give me money for them ; but what do you cry for ? What, sir, says the young priest, I cry for you to hold your peace. Then, says George, come here then, and cry for me, and go sell my coals, and I will hold my peace. Sell my coals, says the priest, do you know unto whom you speak ? Yes, I do know, says George, but you do not. What are you ? says the priest ; I am a mortal, and so are you, says George. What is your father's name, since you will not tell

your own? says the priest: You may go ask that at my mother, says George, for I was not sufficient when she got me to know him. What, says the priest, do you not know your own father? I know my mother, and my mother did know my father, says George, and that is sufficient, and more than you can say, perhaps. The priest thinking he was coming too near him, thought to put him off with a scriptural question, by asking him, If he knew who was Melchizedec's father? Indeed, master priest, says George, Melchizedec's descent was not counted, neither is yours, then who can declare your generation? The priest, at this answer, would stand the argument no longer, but closed the window in great haste, while the king, and all who knew the priest to be a foundling, were like to split their sides laughing; so George went off with his coals, and the priest became more humble than he was, formerly, for he thought that every body knew who he was, when the coalman knew so well.

One night after this, an English 'squire, who profess'd to be better versed in poetry than George, laid a wager with another gentleman, five guineas against one, that George could not metre the first words he would say to him in the morning, when newly awaked out of his sleep: so the gentleman went the night before, and told George the story, and bade him be on his guard, for in the morning they would certainly come, and that right early. At midnight and you will, says George, I'll order my servant to let you in. So the English 'squire sat up all night conferring with his friends, whether to put a high verse to him, or mean and simple words, thinking George would be sitting up all night meditating on an answer; so they all agreed, that mean and simple words he would not be thinking on, and have no answer provided for such. Then away they came in the morning very early, with several gentlemen in company to hear the diversion. George's servant opened the door according to his master's orders. The 'squire entered the room first, and wakened George out of his sleep, then said,

Rise up you madman, and put on your cloathes.

To which George answered,

O thou hast lost thy wad man, for I'm none of those.

The English 'squire confessed he was fairly beat, and would match him with no more. Then another gentleman would hold five guineas, that he would give him a word or line, that he could not metre at the first answer ; and to answer it directly as soon as he had done speaking ; but George ordered him first to table the money, and then to proceed, which he did in all haste ; and said as follows :

My belly rumbl'd, and then I farted.

George gripping to the money, answered,

A fool and his money is soon parted.

Then they all cried out, he was fairly beat, and what George had said, was really true ; but he never would lay any more wagers concerning poetry.

After this George got a letter from a bishop, telling him, that he was coming to visit him, and take dinner with him in his lodging ; George sent an answer, that he would wait upon his lordship at the day appointed ; but well did George know, it was not for any love he had unto him, he was coming to visit him, but to spy fairlies ; therefore he thought he should give him something to talk about. So George sent his servant to a bookseller's shop to buy a dozen of small pamphlets, about a halfpenny a piece ; such as a groat's worth of wit for a penny, the history of the king and the cobbler, and such pieces as these ; taking all his own books away, and putting the pamphlets in their place, which he presented to the bishop, when he asked for a sight of his library. What, says the bishop, have you no more books but these ? No more, says George, but my bible ; just no more. O ! says the bishop, I wonder how you can either speak plain, or write a perfect sentence, when you have no other books than these. O ! says George, do you think that I am a clergyman, to borrow other men's sermons to beautify my

works : no, no, not I : all that I write I dite, I meditate out of my own brain. . . This check concerning borrowing put the bishop in a cold sweat, yet he concealed his passion. Then George called to his servant, if dinner was ready yet? to which he answered, Come, master, come, the pot is on the boil, get out the meal pock : then George came into the room where his servant was, and set the bishop at the one side of the fire, and sat down on the other himself, while his servant made a great bowl full of milk brose, and set them between the bishop and George ; then George desired his lordship to ask a blessing to what they were to receive, the bishop did not know what he meant by a blessing, it not being usual for the English to do so, asked at George what it was? But George took up a great ram horn spoon, and put it in the bishop's hand, saying, There it is, my lord. What, says the bishop, call you that a blessing? we call that a spoon. O my lord, says George, it is the best blessing you can ask, if you do not come empty. Well, says the bishop, and how do you call that scalded meal? says George, we call it Scots brose. O! said the bishop, I cannot eat it. O! says he, the thing we cannot eat we sup, my lord, since you are in a Scotsman's house, you must partake of a Scotsman's victuals. Then says the bishop, I always thought the Scots lived well till now ; I would not be a Scotsman for the world. O said George, if a Scotsman live but twenty years, and get but nineteen years meat, he cannot be badly off. What, not badly off, and want a year's victuals? said the bishop ; upon my word of honour, if I wanted, one days victuals, I'd be sure to die the next. O, says George, we drink water when we cannot do better, and that puts us in remembrance of wealth ; for a dish of contentment is good cheer. Then, said the bishop, I'll drink water too if it be good for the memory. Ay do ; said George, and you'll remember me when you do so. Now, after dinner, the bishop took his leave of George, and desired him next day to come and dine with him.

## P A R T V.

NEXT day, George, according to his promise, went to the bishop's lodging ; but no sooner did the bishop see George, than he saluted him with these words :

Your servant, master wise man,  
And yet you have no books :  
How can one have knowledge,  
That no man instructs ?

George answered,

Your servant, master bishop,  
Your salutation's good :  
Your knowledge is in your library,  
While other's is in their hood.

Now, after a sumptuous dinner, the bishop took George into his library, showing him a great quantity of books ; which George praised very much, and among the rest, was an old Hebrew Bible, which George taking up, asked the bishop what book it was ? the bishop looking at it very sincerely, said he could not tell. Why then do you keep a book, you don't know the name of ? It may be the book of black art. No, I don't think that, said the bishop, but can you tell what it is ? Yes, says George, it is the Bible, the best book for a bishop I know, if he had eyes to see the inside of it. So he desired George to read a piece of it : but when he did, he could not understand it ; therefore, he desired him to explain it : which sentence he did as follows, Isaiah ix. 19, "For the leaders of this people cause them to err : and they that are led of them, are destroyed." To which George added, This is the blind leading the blind. So, taking his leave of the bishop, he parted with him, saying these words :

Good night, hail master bishop,  
Of books you have great store ;  
Yet cannot read the half of them ;  
Then what use are they for ?

Many of the clergymen in England desired greatly to be in

company of George, because of his comical and witty expressions ; so George happened one night to be called into a company, where there were two bishops, as also a priest who wanted to be licensed by them. One of the bishops asked George, why the people in Scotland did not love bishops ? Because, says George, they are like old beggars, advanced to be rulers over barrow-men, still instructing them in things they know not themselves, ordering them to carry stones to the builders, which they will not receive, and which they themselves had never power to move ; the Scots having knowledge of this, hate to see bishops have great lordships for their ignorance, and the poor labourer have little or nothing for their toil. One of the bishops looking at George, with an angry countenance, answered, saying, You Scot must be made a bishop yourself, and we bishops made priests, and that will serve well for your turn. No, no, said George, that will not do ; for if I be made a bishop, I'll have no broken bishops to serve as priests under me, for they are such bad masters they'll become the worst of all servants. At this the two bishops left the room in a great passion, leaving George and the young priest only by themselves. Now, now, says George, this proves the bishops to be but hirelings, and not true shepherds, pointing to the young priest, you see they are fled for their own safety and they have left you a lamb, before the mouth of me a fox, and who knows but I may worry you ! Run, run, too, master sheep, says George, and if you have eyes guide them two blind shepherds down stairs, and over ditches, but I am afraid you'll tumble all in a ditch together. This raised such an indignation in the bishops' breasts, that they desired no more of George's company or conversation.

One time after this, George being in the country about twenty miles from London, and on his way homeward, came up after him a fine gilded coach, which George being informed belonged to the bishop of Canterbury, and was going to London for his lordship ; George addresses himself to the coachman, for to have a passage with him in the coach to London ; so he bargained with the coachman for two dollars to carry him to the Bell inn on London bridge ; the one he

gave him in hand, as he entered the coach door, and the other he was to give him as soon as ever he would see him come out at the coach door ; so away the coachman drives for London in all haste ; in which time George wrote the following MOTTO :

Here sits the bishop of Canterbury,  
Who at the schools disdain'd to tarry,  
Far better skill'd at games than preaching.  
Although he lives by others teaching  
Blind leaders of the blind indeed ;  
'Tis blind and lame who chariots need,  
Six brutes with eyes, this brute doth carry,  
I mean the bishop of Canterbury.  
My feet being lame, I gave a dollar,  
To be drove in state like you a scholar ;  
For which, myself I do abhor ;  
Shame caus'd me make another door.

These lines George battered upon the inside of the coach, and when he came within a mile of London, took a knife, and cut a great hole in the backside of the coach, where he came out ; and to make his promise good to the coachman, that he was to give him the other dollar as soon as ever he saw him come out at the coach-door. The poor coachman drove on till he came to the foresaid inn, where he alighted and opened the door to let out his passenger ; but seeing the coach empty, and a great hole in the backside of it, he cried out, he believed he had had the devil in the coach, and that he had taken away the backside of it with him. The people of the inn came all flocking about to see what was done, and then perceiving the lines on the inside of the coach, which the bishop came and read himself, they all concluded it to be done by George, but could make nothing of it ; for, the bishop said, to pursue him might make it worse, but no better.

George was invited one day by a great lawyer to come and see a new building which he had lately built of fine freestone and marble. He desired George to guess what it was built with ; George answers, Do you think that I do not know



what it is built with : No, you do not, says the lawyer : Yes, I do, says George ; it cannot stand long, for malice and hatred is the mortar of it, and the stones are the heads of foolish people, polished over with the tongue of an ass. What, says the lawyer, do you compare me to an ass ? O ! sir, don't you remember that an ass was made an advocate, and spoke against Balaam. The lawyer to this would give no answer, but took good night of George.

Three merchants, pedlars (as they professed to be) came with a pack of goods, to put a trick upon a widow Woman who kept an inn on the highway side ; after they had drunk very hearty, they desired the Woman to lay up the pack securely, and charged her strictly, before witnesses, to deliver it to none of them, unless they came altogether for it again, and in about three weeks thereafter, two of them returned and desired the woman to give them the pack : telling her, that the other man was gone to such a fair with another pack, where they were all to meet ; and that they were fellow-travellers, conjunct in trade, and how they all had a right to the pack alike ; whereupon the poor simple Woman, not dreading any further harm, gave them the pack. So in a few days thereafter, the other man comes and demands the pack ; the honest Woman told him plainly, that the other two men had been there before, and got it away : then he began to demonstrate to the Woman, what great danger she was in, and forthwith raised a process against her by law, which cost the poor Woman a vast of money to defend, as the plea continued more than two full years : and a great court being one day to sit upon the process to decide it, which would undoubtedly have been done in favour of the pursuer, the proof being so clear, and the woman herself not denying what the bargain was when she got the pack to keep. The poor Woman being in great straits, her purse being turned empty, and her attorney told her plainly, as her money was done, he could no longer defend her ; the Woman once more plucked up her heart, and went to London to employ a new attorney to speak for her ; but for want of gold, she could get none to undertake it. George being in a house where he heard the

poor Woman making a mournful complaint to one of her attornies, who gave her no comfort or satisfaction ; for when she told him, she had no money to spend, or give in defence of it, the attorney went away and would hear no more of the Woman's grievous complaint, which made George to laugh very heartily, while the poor Widow sat weeping like one distracted. Poor woman, says George, you need not think that man will speak a word for you, or any else, unless you had brought him a purse of gold to loose his tongue ; but as I have got a scheme in the matter, you may go home, and have patience until the time come ; and then, my life for yours, poor Woman, that I shall send you an attorney, who will do your business for nothing. He gave the poor Woman more courage than any she had spoken with in London ; for every one told her, that all the attornies in the World could not free her. So accordingly at the day appointed, George dressed himself like an attorney with his gown, and every thing as he had been really so. The court being fenced, and the process read over, expences and the value of the pack, having amounted to above seven hundred pounds, was ordered to be put in decret against the poor Widow, which every one was bemoaning, but could give her no relief. Now George kept himself silent, hearing them all with great patience, until the very nick of time, he thought proper to address himself to the judges as followeth. My lords, judges and gentlemen of this honourable Court and company, I have come from London, gratis, out of pure pity, to speak a word or two in favour of this poor Woman, who hath exhausted all her means in defence of a false accusation charged against her ; and now when her money is gone, her speakers are dumb, and I see none to plead the cause of this poor Widow. Now, when sentence is upon the tapis of being pronounced against her, I earnestly desire this court to modify and drop the expences altogether. It is enough when the poor Woman has the pack to pay : for you all know the woman was no way enriched by it, when the other two men got it away. Then the pursuers attorney made answer as follows. Sir, I would have thought that you, who have come from London, and professes to be a doctor of

law, should know better things ; know ye not, that he who gains the plea, gains his expences as well as the sum, or be what it will. Yes, it must, and shall be so, said the judges. Then, said George, This is all I want ; which set the whole court a-laughing, thinking he was a fool and become an adversary to the poor Woman. Give over your sport, gentlemen, says George, I have not done yet.—My lords, judges, you'll bear me in this, if the poor Woman made a bargain with this merchant, and the other two who was with him, for to keep that pack safely, and to deliver it to none of them, until they were all three present ; now, let that man, who is here at the time, go and seek the other two, and they shall have their pack, for she has the pack safe enough ; but she will keep by her first bargain. So I refer to you, judges and gentlemen, if this poor Woman be not in the right. This made the judges look one to another, and the whole Court with one voice, declared the Woman to be in the right, and ordered the pursuer to go and seek his two companions. No, no, says George, the poor Woman must first have her expences, or security for it. Then the judges caused the pursuer to be arrested at the bar, until the Woman got satisfaction for all her trouble and expences. So George returned to London unknown, but for an advocate, whose fame was spread over all England ; which caused many who had law-suits to search through London for him, but could never find the advocate who had gained the Widow's law-plea.

George being one day in the country, and coming thro' a village, there came a great big mastiff dog and gripped him by the leg, until the blood followed his long teeth ; George, with one stroke of his cane came over his eyes, until he fell down and died upon the spot ; 'tis well for thee, says George, that I killed thee before thou wast brought to justice, for thou hadst certainly been hanged for what thou hast done, and thy master severely fined for keeping thee. The owner of the dog hearing George say so, went off without speaking a word to George, for fear it had been so.

A country gentleman came one time, and enquired at George what he thought was the reason he lost every law-suit

or plea he set his face to ; though never so just a claim, the law went still against him. George asked him, whom he employed, and he told him, that he was one of the best and ablest attorneys in England. Yes, says George, I believe he may be so ; but when you go to law again, if you have a mind to win it, when you give your own attorney a guinea give your adversary two ; for these attornies are much after the nature of an ass, they won't speak right, if you do not throw a multitude of angels before them (meaning pieces of English money, called angels by name). The gentleman returned in a few weeks thereafter, and heartily thanked George for his good advice, for he was not afraid now, but he could gain any plea he took in hand, just or unjust.\*

Two drunken fellows one day fell a-beating one another on the streets of London, which caused a great croud of people to throng together to see what it was ; a taylor being at work up in a high garret, about three or four stories high, and he hearing the noise in the street, looked over the window, but could not well see them ; he began to stretch himself, making a long neck until he fell down out of the window, and alighted on an old man, who was walking on the street : the poor taylor was more afraid than hurt, but the man he fell on died directly. His son caused the taylor to be apprehended, and tried for the murder of his father ; the jury could not bring it in as wilful murder, neither could they altogether free the taylor ; the jury gave it over to the judges, and the judges to the king : the king asked George's advice in this hard matter. Why, says George, I will give you my opinion in a minute ; you must cause the taylor to stand in the street, in the same place where the old gentleman was when he was killed by the taylor, and then let the old gentleman's son, the taylor's adversary, go up to the window from whence the taylor fell, and jump down, and so kill the taylor, as he did his father ; for I can make no more of it. You see it was a great mercy for the taylor he had the old gentleman below

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\* This story has been inserted from the Falkirk edition. It is not in the one by Randall.

him, else he had been killed on the spot ; and that it was the old gentleman's lot or misfortune to die there. The taylor's adversary hearing this sentence past, he would not venture to jump over the window, and so the taylor got clear off.

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## PART VI.

GEORGE being one night in company with some English noblemen in presence of the king, they began to demonstrate such a fine place as England was, both for beautiful buildings and fruitful fields: one gentleman said, he knew a place in England, though they should crop the grass even with the ground at night, and lay down a crown on it before a hundred witnesses, against to-morrow you would not know where to find it. That may seem very strange to some, says George, but it is no mystery to me, knowing, there would be enough of them who saw the crown-piece laid down, ready for to come and take it up before tomorrow. But, says George, I know a place in the west of Scotland, where, if you'll tether a horse at night, against the next morning you will not see him. What a pox will take him away? says the Englishman. Only such people, says George, as will take away your crown-piece. O! says the English nobleman, you know what I mean. Then, says George, you talk much of towns you have in England, I know three towns in poor Scotland, for properties you have none such. Pray, says the gentleman, what are these properties? Why, says George, I know one town where there is a hundred bone bridges in it; another town where there are fifty draw-bridges in it; another town where, tho' a man commits murder, treason, or owes never so much money, he runs to that town, and gets in below a stair, no laws nor justice can harm him. The nobleman offered immediately to stake a hundred pounds, that there was no such towns in Europe, besides in Scotland. They desired George to tell but the names of those towns, for they would find him out, and know whether he was a liar or not. So he told their names, and two men were sent to

Scotland to see them : the first was Duddingstone, near Edinburgh, where they came and asked for the bone bridges there ; and the people shewed them steps almost between every door, of the skulls of sheeps-heads, which they used as stepping-stones. The second was a little country village between Stirling and Perth, called Auchterardoch,\* where there is a large strand which runs through the middle of the town, and almost at every door there is a long stock or stone laid over the strand, whereupon they pass to their opposite neighbours, and when a flood came, they would lift their wooden bridges, in case they should be taken away, and these they called their draw-bridges. The third was a village called Cambusbarron, which they pass through from one end to the other, but there was not a stair in it all ; so they returned to England, and told what manner of bone and draw-bridges they were : and how there was not a stair in all that place, therefore no man could run in below it.

As George was on the road travelling to London, the weather being very rainy and cold, he alighted at an inn to refresh and warm himself ; but the fire-side was so surrounded with people, he could scarce see the fire : George finding this to be the case calls to the hostler, and orders to give his horse at the door half a peck of oysters : You mean oats, Sir : No, no, says George, it is oysters ; and base is that horse, that will not eat oysters. The people at the fire hearing this, all started up and ran to the door to see the horse eating oysters : the moment they left their seats, George took an opportunity to plant himself before the fire, with a table and a cloth beside him. In a little they came back again, one by one, saying, This horse will eat no oysters : Well, well, says George, he is either too full, or too saucy ; so you may bring them in, and I will eat them myself.†

Now George being old, and highly advanced in years ; finding his natural strength and state of health daily decaying, he petitioned king James to let him return to Scotland, for

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\* Auchterarder.

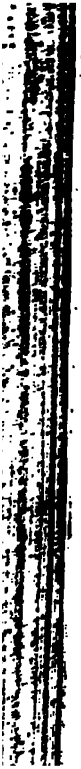
† From the Falkirk edition.

to visit his friends, and land of his nativity ; which he most willingly granted, (not knowing his design was never to return) for George had a great desire to resign his soul and breath in that place of the world, where he received them ; and that his body and bones might be laid among his ancestors, which was counted a great honour in former ages.

So accordingly George came to the parish of Buchanan, in the west of Scotland, where he visited all his friends and relations before his death, during which time the king sent several messages to him to return in all the haste he could ; but he absolutely refused, telling him, that he would never see him again : which grieved the king very much to hear him express himself in that manner. After this, the king sent him a letter, threatening him very sharply, if he did not appear in London in the space of twenty days, he would send his lyon heralds with a party, who would bring him to London, whether he would or not. Unto which, as an answer, George sent him a famous letter of admonition, both anent the government of his kingdoms, and the well being of his soul, which caused the king to weep very bitterly, when he read it over, with the following verse :

My honour'd liege, and sovereign king,  
Of your boasting great, I dread nothing :  
On your feud or favour I'll fairly venture :  
E'er that day I'll be where few kings will enter.

FINIS.





## GLOSSARY.

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### A

*Ae, ane, ain*, one.  
*A-bizin*, making a hissing noise, such as hot iron does in water.  
*Ables*, perhaps, mayhap.  
*Amry*, a cupboard or press.  
*Assoilzied*, acquitted.  
*A-thort*, along, across, about.  
*Auld Nick*, a familiar name for the Dèvil.  
*Aught*, possession.

### B

*Babee*, a copper coin of the value of a halfpenny sterling, also applied to the English coin. The word is derived from the French *bas-piece*, base money; though many believed it had its original in the fact that during the minority of James VI. coins with the effigy of the 'baby' king were issued.  
*Badrons*, a cat.  
*Baggity*, greedy.  
*Baist*, great.  
*Balk, bauk*, crossbeam in roof of a house; *hen-bauk*, the beam where the fowls roosted, generally above the doorway.  
*Bane-kame*, a dust-comb.  
*Banning*, swearing.  
*Bannock*, a thick oatmeal cake; sometimes a scone.  
*Bannock-stane*, a stone used for supporting the girdle on the fire.  
*Bap*, a kind of scone, baked with yeast, generally lozenge-shaped.

*Barronry*, barony.  
*Bear*, barley.  
*Beek'd*, warmed, heated by the sun.  
*Be-go*, not an uncommon exclamation; probably a chewed oath.  
*Begunk*, a cheat, a deception, properly a verb, but used as a noun at p. 61, vol. ii.  
*Belling*, bubbling up like soapy water.  
*Beltane*, the 1st of May, when, in the olden times, fires were lighted in honour of the god Bel, or Baal. Many superstitious observances lingered in this country until a century ago; and in some districts they are still celebrated in a covert way. (*Vide Shaw's Hist. Prov. Moray.*)  
*Belyve*, by and bye, in a short time.  
*Besom*, a brush or broom.  
*Bicker*, a cup.  
*Bide*, to stay, to endure.  
*Bilchy*, strong, lusty.  
*Bill*, a bull.  
*Bittock*, a little bit, a short distance.  
*Birr*, to make a whirring noise.  
*Bizing*, v. *a-bizing*.  
*Bladdering*, blethering, talking.  
*Blate*, bashful.  
*Blawirt*, the blue bottle plant, also known as witch-bells.  
*Bleds*, blairs.  
*Bleachers*, bleachers.  
*Bleuflum*, a sham.

*Bobet*, danced.  
*Bock*, to vomit.  
*Boggle*, a spectre or ghost.  
*Bone-comb*, a dust-comb, so called from being made of bone instead of horn.  
*Boss*, empty; also, a vacancy.  
*Bottle*, a sheaf.  
*Bouk*, bulk.  
*Bookie*, bulky.  
*Boul-horn'd*, obstinate.  
*Bow*, a boll.  
*Bowed*, bent.  
*Bow-kail*, kail or broth made with cabbage; also, a cabbage.  
*Bowster*, a bolster.  
*Brattle*, to make a clattering noise.  
*Bray*, to grind.  
*Brewket*, or *Brucket*, black and white streaked or spotted.  
*Brizel'd*, bruised.  
*Brochan*, thin oatmeal porridge.  
*Brocket*, v. *Brewket*.  
*Brogged*, pierced.  
*Broe*, soup.  
*Brogue*, a trick.  
*Bublie-cock*, a turkey.  
*Buckie*, a spiral shell.  
*Bucking*, pushing, butting, fighting.  
*Buckle*, to marry.  
*Buckled*, married.  
*Bun*, bound.  
*Bute*, behaved.  
*But and ben*, the outer and inner apartments of a house.  
*Bystart*, bastard.

## C

*Caddled*, upturned, disordered.  
*Caff-cog*, chaff-dish.  
*Callan*, *Callen*, a boy, a young man.  
*Caller*, fresh.  
*Can'as*, canvas.  
*Cannilie*, easily, gently.  
*Canker'd*, cross, ill-natured.

*Cantrips*, charms, spells.  
*Cap*, a wooden bowl.  
*Capstride*, to cheat; originally, to drink out of one's place in company when the loving-cup was going round.  
*Carle*, an old man.  
*Carlin*, *carline*, an old woman.  
*Cat and Dog*, a boy's game. It is also known as *cat and bat*. Jamieson suggests it was an early form of cricket. It is still common, and in the summer season boys may be seen playing at it in any village in Scotland.  
*Chafits*, cheeks, jaws.  
*Chaft-blades*, cheek or jaw bones.  
*Channering*, fretting.  
*Chappen*, a quart measure.  
*Cheek*, side.  
*Cheek for chow*, side by side.  
*Chiel*, *child*, a servant, a young man.  
*Chirten and chappen*, pressing and knocking.  
*Chuckies*, hens.  
*Claes*, clothes.  
*Clarty*, dirty.  
*Clash*, idle talk, gossip.  
*Clatter*, talk.  
*Clawing*, scratching, rubbing.  
*Cleavings*, the lower part of the human body.  
*Clipock*, a name given to a sharp-tongued woman, descriptive of her failing.  
*Clout*, a cloth; also, a knock.  
*Clukny*, a hen.  
*Clungest*, emptiest.  
*Clutes*, hoofs, feet.  
*Cobletehow*, probably hot-pressed in a fanciful way.  
*Cod*, a pillow.  
*Cogbome*, *cogboin*, a little wooden trough for feeding sheep or swine.

*Colly-shangy*, uproar, disturbance.  
*Corse*, a cross, market place.  
*Corse-claiths*, burial clothes.  
*Couper*, a seller of horses or cattle.  
 (v. *Introduction*, vol. I., p. 70.)  
*Coupt*, tumbled.  
*Couties*, colts.  
*Cow*, to poll the head.  
*Cracks*, talk, conversation.  
*Creim*, a booth or shop.  
*Crish*, grease.  
*Crocket*, croaked.  
*Cronoch*, a dirge, or death lamentation.  
*Crouse*, courageous, brisk, lively.  
*Crowdie*, gruel made of meal stirred in cold water.  
*Curpen*, the crupper, the rump.  
*Curple*, the crupper.  
*Cull'd*, coaxed, cajoled.  
*Cumstrarie*, perverse.  
*Cupple-balk*, a rafter, v. *balk*.  
*Curch*, to bend or move.  
*Curr'd*, crouched.  
*Curroch*, a small basket carriage.  
*Cusser*, a stallion.  
*Cussen*, cast.  
*Cutties*, spoons.

## D

*Daddy*, father.  
*Dadeling*, slovenly.  
*Dadet*, struck, knocked.  
*Daffing*, sporting, fun.  
*Daft*, silly, stupid, giddy.  
*Dale*, a long piece or deal of wood.  
*Daly*, silly, dressed up like a doll.  
*Dearth*, high price.  
*Dighting*, cleaning, wiping, dressing.  
*Ding*, to knock.  
*Dinging*, knocking.  
*Docus*, stupid, easily led.  
*Dods*, ill-humour, sulks.  
*Doil'd*, crazy, silly, in dotage.

*Doit*, an old Scotch coin, equal to a penny Scots, or the twelfth part of an English penny; the word is used to signify worthlessness or extreme poverty.  
*Dorder-meat*, a bannock given to farm servants after stopping their work, to stay their appetite until supper time; also a meal of any kind.  
*Douce*, sedate, modest, quiet.  
*Douked*, ducked, as in water.  
*Doup*, the bottom of anything.  
*Dows*, pigeons, doves.  
*Dradghey*, a funeral, also the feasting accompanying it.  
*Dramack*, *Drummock*, oatmeal and cold water mixed.  
*Drouket*, drenched, wet to the skin.  
*Druggit*, a kind of coarse cloth.  
*Drummel'd*, made muddy, troubled.  
*Dubs*, pools, gutters.  
*Duds*, rags.  
*Duddy*, ragged.  
*Dufe*, a simpleton.  
*Duket*, a dovecot.  
*Dunting and Dangling*, knocking and swinging.  
*Dwallion*, a dwelling.

## E

*Earding*, burying.  
*Eerock*, a chicken.  
*Elf-shot*, shot by fairies, or the disease produced by the injury, bewitched.  
*Ell*, a measure equal to three feet nine inches.  
*Elshin*, a shoemaker's awl.  
*Elwand*, a wooden cloth measure, the length of an ell.  
*Even*, to equal, or compare.

## F

*Fair strae death*, a death in the common course of nature.

*Fairing*, a present given at a fair,  
a present generally.

*Fake*, a sight, vision.

*Farl*, an oatmeal cake.

*Fash*, trouble, bother.

*Fashious*, troublesome.

*Fashing*, troubling.

*Fastern's-e'en*, the evening before  
the first day of Lent; Shrove-  
Tuesday. Its annual return  
was made the occasion of  
many superstitious observances.

*Fealins*, failings.

*Feket*, an undershirt or waistcoat  
made of flannel or worsted.

*Fekless*, weak, poor-spirited.

*Feif-titty*, thief-sister.

*Feike*, screw, force.

*Fey*, try.

*Fied*, feed, engaged.

*Figs*, a petty oath.

*Fint*, *feint*, an interjection pro-  
bably derived from the word  
'fiend.'

*Flighter*, an unsteady, high-flown  
person.

*Fliting*, scolding.

*Fluke*, a flounder, or flat fish of  
any kind.

*Flyte*, to scold.

*Forfoughen*, exhausted, fatigued.

*Forjesket*, jaded; also, disreput-  
able.

*Forrent*, opposite, or concerning.

*Freit*, *frit*, a superstition; also, a  
charm against evil.

*Fule haet*, very little.

*Fundred*, foundered.

*Furich*, bustle, haste, hurry.

*Furlat*, *furlat*, four pecks, a quar-  
ter of a boll.

*Futer*, a silly, useless person.

*Fyking*, troublesome, restless.

## G

*Gabbie*, dimin. of *Gab*, the mouth.

*Gaits*, goats.

*Gamon*, nonsense.

*Gate*, way, road.

*Gaun-gear*, live stock.

*Gaunting*, yawning.

*Gartan*, a garter.

*Gavel*, gable.

*Gear*, stock, possessions.

*Geid*, gave.

*Gemlet*, gimlet.

*Gigglet*, wanton.

*Gilly-gawkie*, *gilliegaunkie*, a foolish  
woman.

*Gimmer*, a young woman.

*Girning*, fretful, petted.

*Girth*, saddle strap.

*Glaied*, *gly'd*, squint-eyed.

*Glam*, to snatch.

*Glaket*, foolish, light-headed.

*Goodman*, the master of a house.

*Goodum*, *guddame*, grandmother.

*Goodwife*, the mistress of a house.

*Gouls*, souls.

*Gourd*, gorged, swelled.

*Gowke*, the cuckoo; to *hunt the  
gowke* is to go on a foolish and  
fruitless errand.

*Groats*, oats with the husks taken  
off.

*Grunkie*, a name applied to a  
pig.

*Gruzling*, grunting and boring for  
food as a sow does with its snout.

*Guidame*, v. *Goodum*.

*Gule-fitted*, yellow-footed.

*Gut*, the gout.

*Gutcher*, a grandfather; generally,  
forefathers.

*Gullie*, a large knife.

## H

*Haf-gate*, half-way.

*Hag*, an old woman.

*Hagwife*, a midwife.

*Hail yerts*, whole years.

*Haining*, saving, sparing.

*Hallen*, the square space in the  
doorway of a country house.

*Hally-band*, the kirk session.  
*Hamsheughs*, a disturbance; also,  
 a misfortune.

*Hantle*, a considerable number.

*Harle*, a quantity; also, to draw  
 or pull violently.

*Harn*, coarse pack-sheet.

*Harnes*, brains.

*Hate*, *haet*, a small quantity.

*Hatter*, a rash.

*Haverel*, a foolish talker.

*Heads and thraws*, lying alternately, heads and feet, like herring in a barrel.

*Heckle*, a hook, a weaver's comb.

*Herie*, a word used by married people towards each other, equivalent to 'my dear.'

*Herns*, v. *harns*.

*Heugh*, the shaft-head of a coal-pit.

*Hillocat*, *hillocket*, giddy, hair-brained.

*Hinderlets*, hind parts.

*Hirpling*, halting, walking slowly and painfully.

*Hizzy*, a girl, a huzzy.

*Hobble*, to dandle on the knee, an awkward style of walking, a state of perplexity.

*Hodden grey*, undyed woollen cloth.

*Hoddled*, waddled.

*Hoiting*, following, running.

*Hotchen*, swarming.

*Houdie*, *howdy*, a midwife.

*Houghed*, hamstrung.

*Hows*, hollows.

*Huggers*, stocking legs.

*Humeld*, without horns.

*Hurdies*, buttocks.

*Hurl*, noise, force.

# I

*Ill-far'd*, ill-looking, ugly.

*Imock-powder*, powder made of the shells of ants' eggs.

# J

*Jamf*, *jamph*, to make sport of, to torment.

*Jimcrack*, a knock.

# K

*Kail*, vegetable broth.

*Kankert*, ill-natured.

*Keb*, jump at, be glad of.

*Kebbock*, a large cheese.

*Keckle*, to cackle.

*Keek*, to look slyly, or pryingly.

*Kill-kebbier*, a support for a kiln.

*Kil-logie*, an open space before a kiln fire.

*Kimmer*, a gossip, or neighbour.

*Kite*, the stomach.

*Kittle*, to tickle; also, difficult.

*Knocking-stane*, a stone mortar, on which the hulls were broken off the barley with a mallet.

*Knoist*, a lump.

*Kuddle*, to fondle, caress.

*Kye*, cows.

# L

*Laddock*, diminutive of lad.

*Lade*, a load.

*Lammas*, the 1st of August.

*Lang-gae*, the phrase, 'before lang gae,' signifies simply, before long.

*Lang-lonen*, all alone.

*Laveruck*, a lark.

*Leepet*, thin, meagre.

*Lenno*, thread-gauze.

*Leuch*, laughed.

*Libby*, properly *lippie*, a quarter of a peck.

*Libbet*, castrated.

*Lift*, the sky.

*Lingle*, a shoemaker's thread; also, a bandage.

*Lingle-tailed*, applied to a woman wearing misfitting clothes.

*Lint*, flax.

*Litster*, a dyer.

*Litted*, dyed.

*Logie*, v. *kil-logie*.

*Loup*, to jump.

*Louting*, bending

*Lufe*, the palm of the hand.

*Lugs*, the ears.

*Lum*, a chimney.

### M

*Maeslie-shanket*, probably a reference to bowed legs.

*Maggs*, a halfpenny; also a gratuity.

*Masket*, infused.

*Mauk*, a maggot.

*Mauky*, maggoty.

*Mauken*, a hare.

*Maumier*, mellow, sweeter, pleasanter.

*Mavis*, the thrush.

*Mzwing*, mewing.

*Maw-turned*, sick, squeamish.

*Mense*, discretion, good manners.

*Mensefu'*, discreet, well-bred.

*Merk*, an old Scottish silver coin, equal to thirteepence and one-third of a penny, sterling.

*Mevis*, v. *Mavis*.

*Mill*, a snuff-box.

*Mim*, prim, demure, prudish.

*Minny*, mother.

*Mirk*, dark.

*Mow*, a heap.

*Mules*, the 'mools,' the grave.

### N

*Neb*, a beak; in a ludicrous sense, the nose.

*Naist*, next, nearest.

*Neuk*, *nuik*, a corner.

*Nidity nod*, shaking, bobbing up and down.

*Nossack*, a good drop.

### O

*O'ercome*, overplus.

*Ouk*, *oulk*, *uk*, a week.

*Oxter*, the armpit.

### P

*Packshon*, bargain, agreement.

*Padock*, *puddock*, a frog.

*Paid*, *pait*, drubbed.

*Partan*, a crab.

*Peck*, a dry measure containing two gallons.

*Pickle*, a small quantity.

*Pig*, *pigg*, an earthenware vessel.

*Pillionian*, a kind of coarse blue cloth.

*Pinging*, whining, complaining.

*Piping hot*, boiling hot.

*Pirn*, a reel for winding thread or yarn.

*Pisweip*, a lapwing.

*Plack*, a small copper coin, worth one-third of a penny, sterling.

*Plash*, to wet; 'wet to plash,' thoroughly drenched.

*Plotted*, scalded.

*Podle*, a tadpole.

*Port*, a gate, as of a town.

*Pow*, the head.

*Pownie*, a name given to a turkey-hen. See note to p. 52, vol. ii.

*Prat*, a trick.

*Prik't*, fastened, pinned.

*Prin*, a pin.

*Prute-no*, an expression of contempt.

*Puddock*, v. *padock*.

*Pund*, a pound Scots, equivalent to one shilling and eightpence, sterling.

*Purpey*, purple.

*Pyet*, piebald.

*Pyking*, poking.

### Q

*Quean*, a young woman; sometimes used in a bad sense.

### R

*Raird*, a noise, a roar.

*Raisins*, necessities.

*Rake* (of water, or coals), as much as can be carried at one time.

*Rash-rape*, a rope made of rushes.

*Rattle-scul*, one who talks without thinking.

*Ratton*, a rat.

*Red, redd*, to put in order.

*Red-wood*, mad, in a violent rage.

*Reeking*, well ordered.

*Reinge*, to clear out, to rinse.

*Retour*, return, as the return journey of a coach.

*Rift*, an eructation.

*Rifting*, belching.

*Rigget*, striped.

*Rigging*, the roof of a house, the human head in a ludicrous sense.

*Ripples*, a weakness in the back and reins.

*Rippling-kame*, a flax-comb.

*Rive*, to tear.

*Rolloching*, outspoken.

*Rout*, to bellow; also, a blow.

*Rowt*, assembled.

*Royte*, a noisy animal.

*Ruddoch*, a contemptuous name for an old woman.

*Rugh*, rough.

*Runkly*, wrinkly.

*Runt*, the stalk of a vegetable, such as a cabbage.

## S

*Saep*, soap.

*Sandle*, the sand-ell or sand-lance.

*Sannock Garner*, probably a familiar name for the devil.

*Saugh*, the willow.

*Scart*, to scratch or scrape.

*Scorn*, to torment, to rally.

*Scour*, to clean out.

*Scour'd*, ran quickly.

*Scride*, to scrape, as the bow on the strings of the violin.

*Sculdudery*, immorality.

*Sculls*, wicker baskets, such as are used by fishers.

*Scunnert*, disgusted.

*Scythed*, shot quickly.

*Sea-cat*, the sea-wolf or wolf-fish.

*Sea-dog*, the seal.

*Servet*, a table-napkin.

*Shap*, a cod, as a pea-cod.

*Sheavling*, distorting.

*Shern*, cattle ordure.

*Shevelin*, walking unsteadily.

*Shough*, slough, moss.

*Shule*, shovel.

*Shure*, sure.

*Sickertly*, firmly, surely.

*Sikes*, the phrase, 'flay the sikes,' means to give a good beating.

*Sinsyne*, since.

*Skail'd*, dispersed.

*Skaiith*, harm.

*Skein*, a length of worsted or thread.

*Skellat*, a small bell used by town criers.

*Skelped*, struck.

*Skirl'd*, cried, screamed.

*Slag*, a small quantity.

*Slung*, a sling, a throw.

*Snishing*, snuff.

*Snoaking*, prying, smelling about like a dog.

*Soncy*, plump, well-conditioned.

*Soughing*, a rushing sound.

*Souse, sosse*, the fall of a soft body, to throw one's self into a seat.

*Soup*, a mouthful, a spoonful.

*Sowens*, flummery, made of the dust oatmeal remaining among the seeds, steeped and soured.

*Spanged*, leaped, jumped.

*Spaul*, limb.

*Speir'd*, asked.

*Spence*, a larder, the parlour of a country house.

*Spence, to*, used to denote 'the bedding.'

*Spout*, drink.  
*Spout-fish*, the razor-fish.  
*Sprittled*, speckled.  
*Spruch*, spruce, smart.  
*Spue*, to vomit.  
*Spunkie*, Will-o'-the-Wisp.  
*Squattle*, to drink greedily.  
*Stark*, strong.  
*Stay*, *stey*, steep, difficult.  
*Steighling*, crowding, cramming.  
*Sticket*, stopped; as, 'a sticket minister,' a man who has failed or been stopped in his studies for the ministry.  
*Stirk*, a young bull.  
*Stirra*, a stout, romping boy.  
*Stively*, stoutly, firmly.  
*Stock*, a stalk.  
*Stot*, to stagger.  
*Stoup*, a deep and narrow wooden vessel for holding water.  
*Sugh*, to breathe heavily.  
*Sumf*, *sumph*, a stupid, silly fellow; a blockhead.  
*Sunks*, a saddle.  
*Supple*, the part of a flail that strikes the grain.  
*Sutter*, *sutor*, a shoemaker.  
*Swabing*, a beating.  
*Swats*, small beer.  
*Sweith*, an interjection signifying 'be quick, make haste.'  
*Syne*, after that, then.

## T

*Tadder*, a tether, a hawser.  
*Taupie*, *tawpie*, a foolish woman.  
*Tent*, care.  
*Theckit*, thatched.  
*Thole*, to bear.  
*Thraple*, throat.  
*Tirlie-whirlie*, any ornament, a whirligig.  
*Tirr'd*, unroofed.  
*Tocher*, a dowry.  
*Tod-lowrie*, a name given to the fox.

*Toom*, empty.  
*Tost*, an application.  
*Totum*, a very small person.  
*Touting*, blowing, sounding.  
*Toy*, a linen or woollen head-dress, which hangs down over the shoulders.  
*Trykle*, treacle.  
*Tug*, a hawser.  
*Tullie*, a quarrel.  
*Tut*, an expression of contempt. equivalent to 'pshaw.'  
*Tyke*, a dog.

## U

*Uk*, *uke*, v. *ouk*.  
*Unco*, strange, unusual, very,  
*Unfiery*, unsteady, infirm.

## V

*Veals*, calves.

## W

*Wale*, to choose.  
*Wallop*, to leap; also, to beat.  
*Wally*, large, fine, ample.  
*Wame*, the belly, the stomach.  
*Wammel*, to move awkwardly.  
*Water-wag-tail*, the bird called the wag-tail, or motacilla.  
*Waught*, a drink.  
*Wauker*, a fuller.  
*Webster*, *wabster*, a weaver.  
*Whaken*, large, overflowing.  
*Whalpie*, a puppy.  
*Whalp*, to whelp.  
*Wheen*, *whin*, a number.  
*Whiltie-whaltie*, a state of palpitation; to play pit-a-pat.  
*Whinge*, to whine, lament.  
*Whit*, a jag or prick.  
*Widdling*, waddling.  
*Widdyfu'*, one who deserves to fill a widdy or halter, a romp.  
*Wierd*, fate.  
*Winnle*, an instrument used by women for winding yarn.



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<i>Win</i> , dwell, reside.	<i>Yearning-bag</i> , a bag containing the stomach of a calf, used for making milk curdle.
<i>Wirry</i> , to strangle, to worry.	<i>Yellow</i> , a chewed oath.
<i>Wood</i> , <i>wud</i> , furious with rage, mad.	<i>Yence</i> , once.
<i>Wyfe</i> , to whiff.	<i>Yerdet</i> , buried.
<i>Wyles</i> , caution.	<i>Yird</i> , the earth, the grave.
<i>Wylie</i> , a kind of flannel used for vests and petticoats.	<i>Youdeth</i> , youth.
<i>Wyte</i> , blame.	<i>Youket</i> , coupled, married.
	<i>Yule</i> , latterly Christmas, but formerly the name given to an annual feast in honour of Odin.
	<i>Yule, youl</i> , to howl like a dog.

**Y**

*Yael*, old, barren.

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THE END.

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